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- ART. I.—1. *Etudes sur l'Histoire du Gouvernement représentatif en France.* Par le COMTE L. DE CARNÉ. 2 Tomes. Paris. 1859.
2. *La Monarchie Française au Dixhuitième Siècle.* Par L. DE CARNÉ.
3. *Mémoires de Madame de Maintenon.* Par le DUC DE NOAILLES.
4. *L'ancien Régime et la Révolution.* Par A. DE TOCQUEVILLE. 1856.
5. *Essais de Politique et de Littérature.* Par M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. 1859.
6. *L'Ecole Libérale.—Avenir religieux des Sociétés modernes.* Par M. ERNEST RENAN. 1860.
7. *Du Passé et de l'Avenir du Peuple.* Par l'ABBÉ DE LAMENNAIS.
8. *Du Protestantisme en France.* Par M. SAMUEL VINCENT. 1860.
9. *Liberté et Centralisation.* Par CHARLES DOLLFUS. 1860.

MANY persons in modern Europe still forget that division is a condition of unity. Being persuaded that the greatest good consists in universal pacification, they imagine that all the disagreements and troubles of mankind may be averted by the intervention of the State. 'China,' remarks Ernest Renan scornfully, 'is the ideal they propose to themselves.'

To estimate the vast importance of the Reformation as a  
VOL. XVII. NO. XXXIII. B

political and social movement, we need only to study carefully the History of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It appears trite and commonplace to remark that a living unity is better than a dead uniformity, or that an enduring national prosperity can co-exist only with the perfect liberty of the subject. But from the days of Pisistratus to those of Machiavelli, the most fatal errors in government have resulted from the attempt to establish false relations between the individual and the State.

The ancient idea of social order differed fundamentally from the modern. The 'liberty' of antiquity was only another term for national independence. In reality, Sparta was no more free than Sardis. The development of the individual was entirely subservient to the law of the State. In old heathendom, religion was a national affair. In the first regular edict which was passed against the Christians, in the eighty-seventh year of our era, the Roman Emperor Domitian considered the offence of dissent from the established religion in the same light as a crime of high treason. And in the two remarkable letters that passed between the moderate Trajan and the younger Pliny, we have an instance of the policy which approved the judicial persecution of religious opinions appearing to be in opposition to the national worship. Such a despotism could be maintained only on one condition: — that the opinions and customs of all the surrounding nations should be in unison with it. And could we imagine a world so constituted that the principles of absolute government and universal centralization should be easily preserved, the existence of human depravity, with the absence of any counteracting influence, must inevitably involve the ruin of that world.

Thus it was that each nation of antiquity (possessing for a time some organic principle of its own; but being always narrow and circumscribed in its social conservatism) passed rapidly through the several phases of its development; and disastrous decay succeeded to its most brilliant splendour.

The Germanic races, (as Ernest Renan has remarked,) in bursting the bonds of the Roman Empire, effected the most important political revolution that the world has ever seen. It was the victory of the individual over the State. The despotism of the Empire had so enfeebled the civilized world, that the luxurious and effeminate majority was speedily overcome by an earnest and vigorous minority. Then commenced a new era. The tendency of the Germanic races was to absolute individualism. The theory of the State was completely strange to them, and the system of feudality resulted from the clashing



of the old and the new ideas. The royalty of the Middle Ages was merely an extension of personal rights. The King was the proprietor of the crown, and his authority was limited by charters and obligations. The bold and liberal barons who dictated conditions to the weak and vacillating John, had no idea of the nation as an absolute source of power. All such theories of government were confined to the peripatetic schoolmen who raved of Aristotle, without dreaming of putting his precepts into practice.

Christianity had, indeed, taken the place of Paganism; whilst, in accordance with the old *régime*, the Christian priesthood claimed its descent from an ancient hierarchy with a form and organization clearly defined. From the commencement of the fourth century (the epoch of their alliance with the Roman Empire) the churchmen had shown a decided preference for absolute authority. The Roman pontiffs considered themselves the chiefs of Christendom. In the name of a principle of universal centralization they endeavoured to revive the ideas of antiquity. Even as early as under Charlemagne, their influence was silently leavening the nation.

When, in the earlier stages of its history, the Christian religion was no longer persecuted by the State, it was not simply tolerated as free, but unfortunately became subject to the Roman ideas, and transformed into a function of political power. In fact, since the period of Constantine, it may be said that the ancient Church has been more or less ruled by the interests of temporal kingdoms. In France the Church was transformed into a spiritual State, and the State into a kind of temporal Church. In a struggle between two great powers, the interests of one or the other become necessarily dominant. France, even during the most brilliant period of the Gallican Church, never attempted the most feeble approximation to a pure theocracy: the interests of the State remained always the most powerful. But in its centralized administration the uniform government was eager to avail itself of the assistance of the priests. The absolute monarch was little content with his power over the interests of his people, when he could not tyrannize over their consciences. The confessional was the citadel of the Church; but this citadel was in the power of the State.

'France,' exclaims M. Dollfus, 'has been verging towards a triple Catholicism; a Catholicism which must embrace the whole physical, intellectual, and moral man, in the narrow constraints of political power.' The roots of Catholicism have struck deeply in France, but they have undermined the founda-

tions of national liberty. The intolerance of the Middle Ages was carried down into modern times. The Church, by its union with the monarchy, forced the State to act as executioner for her. Christianity thus inaugurated the most fatal type of spiritual tyranny. Diocletian and Nero founded no regular Inquisition. On the death of a tyrant in pagan Rome, the persecuted wretches might hope for a respite from their sufferings. But it remained for a centralized Church to establish the permanent scaffold in France; and it was reserved for the poetic and romantic Middle Ages to stifle all liberty of thought and conscience, by the most atrocious punishments which the cruelty and inveterate hatred of man could devise. St. Louis, the worthiest monarch who ever sat on the throne of France, and the most liberal sovereign of his times, was yet a terrible persecutor.

Thus it is in countries where an absolute government prevails, that a national and despotic Church produces the most disastrous consequences. Philip II., the Domitian of modern times, scarcely exercised a more important influence upon the religion of thousands, than did the amiable Madame de Maintenon through her control of the cowardly Louis XIV. France has been proud of her concord. She has boasted of her grand uniformity; but it was her concord which led to the horrors of the Revolution, and it was her uniformity which engendered the scepticism of the eighteenth century, and the flippant deism of the present day. It has been the error of France to oppose the free spontaneity of man's spirit; to forget in what sense the domain of the soul is spiritual, and independent of official organization. The mistakes into which France has fallen in her government, the difficulties which she has experienced in the establishment of a constitutional government, have been partly the work of Catholicism. A false idea of sovereignty has been engendered by a tendency to the Roman ideas. The theoretical monarchy of the Gallican Church must necessarily be a Louis XIV., possessing full power over the bodies and souls of his subjects. Nor has the Church itself been otherwise than injured by this alliance:—Catholicism has been guilty of the most fatal imprudence (as in the days of Caesar Borgia and those of Machiavelli) by materializing itself in its central relation with the State.

The theory of one universal Church and one Christian monarchy has dazzled some of the most powerful minds in all periods of modern society. Frederick Schlegel compares it to Gothic architecture, which has never been brought to perfection; and sighs after the time when his lofty ideal of a 'paternal

royalty, an enlightened priesthood, a mild aristocracy, and a free-spirited, yet controlled, commonalty,' will be fully realized. Futurity may reap the benefit of this ideal conception of a Christian State, when the wildest theories of Condorcet are no longer matters of speculation, but of well-authenticated history. When the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More is to be found on earth, or when we meet with the human perfectibility of which Godwin and Shelley dreamed, the unquestioned supremacy of that 'Divine corporation, embracing all social relations,' in which Schlegel believed, may be acknowledged and valued as a solid basis of peace. Till then, the theory must remain as impracticable as it is grand.

If a single domination were to extend over modern Europe analogous to the *orbis Romanus* of ancient times, the interests of justice would be sacrificed to the maintenance of order, and the foundations of truth would be sapped. To the principle of diversity, as an invincible barrier to such a domination, the vitality of modern society may to some extent be ascribed. The division of Europe into separate States is the chief guarantee of its liberty; it is this division which preserves the world from the fate of Babylon and Greece. A divided civilization has a thousand resources within itself; whilst every society which, by disorganizing tyranny within, makes an apparent approximation to unity, is fated to hopeless degeneracy, having no elements of reform within its narrow circle.

From an early period in English history, feudality bore its fruit in parliamentary freedom of opinion, and the healthy division of power. The civilians were rarely trammelled by the dogmas of the ecclesiastics. Side by side with the teaching of the monks, advanced a bold and independent feudalism, which spoke in liberal and undaunted language as early as the days of Wycliffe.

The error of the French aristocracy, on the contrary, from the commencement of the dynasty of Valois, was to neglect its legitimate function to limit the prerogative of the King, and prevent the exaggerated development of the idea of State. Brilliant, frivolous, and indolent, the French nobility lost sight of their true vocation. From the commencement of the seventeenth century, all their duties seemed to be merged in serving the King. All their superiority consisted in antagonism to the bourgeoisie. The consequence of this mistake was the servile and voluptuous Court of Versailles.

Nor was this all. Roman Catholicism, in accustoming her adherents to abdicate their personal responsibility, and to shift upon her shoulders all care for the education of their children,

and the direction of their own consciences, had offered the most serious impediments to national liberty. Virtue and religion in a people must develope, like the petals of a plant, from within; they cannot be imposed by unnatural pressure from without. 'The institution of a government invested with the power of setting the world to rights,' remarks a modern French writer, 'appears at first sight a great benefit. It has only one fault, that is, that at the end of fifty years it will have enfeebled the nation a hundred times more than a long series of exterminating wars.' A nation kept in perpetual pupillage will probably lapse into a dull lethargy, or a vulgar materialism. The conservatism and organization of the Chinese empire have produced a state of decrepitude without parallel in the annals of mankind.

Every nation is the builder of its own destinies. The French character at the present time still contains in itself the essential elements of Rome and Gaul; but the Roman ideas have ever triumphed in France over the Germanic and the Gallic. The centralizing spirit of ancient Rome is still to be found amidst the brilliant inconsistency of the Gauls. Liberty is dependent on character as much as on intelligence. The ardour, the sociability, the love of war, and the fickle vivacity which still animate the French, are singularly distinct from the pride, dignity, and patience which are the fundamental virtues of the Saxon race. The French, as it has been said, have coveted liberty too much as a mistress; and, weary of their fanciful pursuit, she still continues to elude their grasp. Their fiery impulse and impetuosity have been succeeded by periods of lassitude and torpor. They are rather vain than proud, and more ambitious than moderate. It was the lust of conquest which destroyed ancient Rome. Liberty is slow to contract alliances with those who are amorous of glory, and eager for the excitement of war.

'*L'ennui*,' remarked Boileau, '*naquit un jour de l'uniformité*.' The absorption of the individual by the State is fatal to the independence of the subject. We have no better instance of the excessive uniformity which renders the productions of their best writers fatiguing and monotonous, than in the brilliant literary mechanism of the age of Louis XIV. All progress, as Mr. Buckle has remarked, is impossible with an exaggerated centralization. The sentiment of a paternal government, anxious for the welfare of its children, is charming only at a distance. On a nearer view this æsthetic and irreproachable system, this masterpiece of political architecture, is only a magnificent ruin. There are, as it has been said, two methods of national decay: dissolution, when all political power

is merged in democracy; and crystallization, when the individuality of the person is lost in the will of the State. It is difficult to find the medium between these two extremes; it is hard to strike the balance between immobility and anarchy. A certain centralization is necessary for the maintenance of law and justice, but its legitimate rules are not to be exaggerated. The State is not to be confounded with society. If we examine the history of France from its commencement to the present day, we shall find the Latin spirit continually tending to the same disastrous results. Richelieu and Louis XIV. prepared the Revolution, and the Revolution in its turn became the precursor of the Empire,—a gradual prostration succeeding to its most violent convulsions, and its reforms being without lasting root. Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon—paradoxical as it may seem to class the two names together—were both representatives of the centralizing spirit which has been fated to crush the independence and stifle the energies of France.

When France, following her taste for uniformity, and the theocratical tendencies of Roman Catholicism, had at last succeeded in realizing the strangest phenomenon of modern times,—the monarchy of Louis XIV.,—(a sort of Mongolian ideal, when the astonished world beheld a King, seated on a Christian throne, vested with the rights of an Eastern despot,) the Revolution of 1789 was the immediate consequence of such an aberration.

‘Perfection in outward life,’ remarks Dr. Arnold, ‘is the fruit of perfection in the life within us. The history of a nation’s internal life is the history of its institutions and its laws.’ The French Revolution was a force put in movement by the most opposite impulses, whilst its results have been scarcely perceptible either for good or for evil. In the eyes of a school only too well known, it was less a period of political development than an epoch of grand moral progress, intended to introduce to the world truths which Christianity had not taught. Mirabeau and Robespierre, no less than Rousseau and Condorcet, hoped to transform humanity, and to render this world a paradise of happiness and eternal joy. According to the interpretation of this Utopian school, everything changes place. Crime becomes virtue, and virtue crime. But, according to another dogmatic opinion, the Revolution was emphatically the work of the evil one; and it opened a new era of sophisms and lies, as closely interlaced as the circles of Dante’s hell. Both these opinions are more or less one-sided. There was that in the Revolution common to all eras, in which good and evil have been closely intermingled, and in which the evil has triumphed through the

depravity of man ; yet it may be historically considered as an impulsion independent of the will of the nation at large. It bears, as De Tocqueville has observed, a striking analogy to those religious revolutions whose intense excitement will bring together or separate the most various characters of every language and climate. Just as Schiller has remarked, that the Thirty Years' War had the effect of uniting the most different people in the closest bonds of sympathy ; so the French Revolution operated in a similar manner through the violent passions of the time.

In studying the early history of the European nations, we have remarked that England is the country where feudalism has borne the most lasting fruit in its parliamentary government and equable division of power. Thus, in examining the political institutions of the Middle Ages in England, France, and Germany, we are struck by the marvellous similitude between the laws and institutions of peoples so different. But we soon approach the transformation period, when the fusion of races becomes more complete, and the old servants are dominators of the soil. The enfranchisement of the *Tiers Etat* marks an important transition period in French history. 'The bourgeoisie,' remarks Augustin Thierry, 'became a new nation.' It elevated itself between the nobility and the serfs, and destroyed for ever the social duality of the feudal times. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries may be considered as the heroic period of the Middle Ages in France as elsewhere. The Chronicles of Geoffroy de Villehardouin, who gives an account of the Crusades under Innocent III., allow us a curious insight into the history of this period. The spirit of the thirteenth century, the romantic age of religion and war, when everything was done by impulse, was calculated to manifest the peculiar traits of French character. The knights of these times were Christians without theology, simple and artless, believing in the Pope, and at the same time waging war with his agents. The moral of these Chronicles was the will of God, chastising all sin by temporary reverses ; while success in war was considered as synonymous with His favour. A century elapsed between these Memoirs and those of De Joinville, during which time two hundred poets and troubadours sang of love or the glories of the monarchy, and Christianity was allowed to rule over Christendom in one hierarchy of unquestioned supremacy. The theory of the Papal Church gradually arose, shaping itself according to the emergencies of the times. Joinville accompanied St. Louis in his first crusade. He seemed to have some touches of classical culture, and delighted in comparing Louis IX. to Titus. We get a



clearer view of real history through the details of Froissart. In his time, France alternately suffered war and amused herself by fêtes, without caring to look into the prospects of the future. We may mark the slow and insensible labour after national unity even amidst the confusion of feudal society. Froissart loved like a child everything that appertained to the nobility. Social franchise and municipal rights having been partly obtained by the influence of towns on the country, the idea most prevalent in the second period of the Middle Ages was the intense devotion of the middle class to the monarchy. This sentiment was carefully inspired by private interest, since the feudal monarchy could not better strengthen its power than by raising new men, and placing them in direct antagonism to the nobility and the army. The affranchised descendants of the serfs consecrated their blood and their noblest efforts to protect St. Louis against his barons, and to extend his royal prerogative. However, irreparable disasters, provoked by the rash follies of the nobility, and the improvidence of royalty in the fourteenth century, opened France to her enemies, and destroyed the resources of the kingdom. A notable change then took place in the spirit of the bourgeoisie, who were at once transformed into defiance, and promulgated bold and liberal opinions like those which were asserted by the feudal barons of John. Side by side with the tyranny of the monarchy and the Church, the antagonistic and self-dependent spirit of the civilians had been advancing, which, breaking loose from laws and dogmas which had not been established in the hearts and wills of the people, soon developed a powerful counteractive force.

This was one of the most important crises in the history of the French constitution. To the reiterated demands for subsidies, provoked by the calamities of war, the representatives of the towns replied by complaints, soon followed by menaces and projects for the entire reformation of the State. When, after the battle of Poitiers, France saw her King a prisoner, and her noblemen killed or captives, the bourgeoisie, as Froissart tells us, began to murmur, '*A tant haïr les chevaliers et les escuyers retournis de la bataille.*' This general fermentation was increased every day by new misfortunes, when eight hundred deputies (of whom four hundred were burgesses) took the matter into their own hands with an ardour which overreached its object. Deliberating without order, and with revolutionary violence, the assembly of 1356 formed a stormy committee for the public welfare, and notified to royalty (represented by a young prince in his minority) its own decrees and resolutions. Thus, in the fourteenth century, the monarchy of France was



supplanted by the republic, and the horrible insurrection of the Jacquerie, without being of lasting benefit, united to complete a combination of miseries unparalleled in the history of the world. Being abandoned by the clergy and the nobility, the *Etats* soon found themselves at the mercy of the lowest democracy; and then followed a series of strange and prophetic events, in which royalty was threatened by popular menaces; and Etienne Marcel ordained (in language almost conformable to the terms of 1789) the sovereignty of the people, and the transfer of the power of the crown to the nation in general. This man shed blood less to gratify his own passions, than to obey the instruments he professed to rule. He endeavoured to change the dynasty of Valois to that of Evreux; and, during these disorders in the capital, strangers profited by the universal anarchy, to add to it the desolations of war. Such, says Carné, is the page of history in which the middle classes of 1789 could have read, almost five centuries before, an exact description of their hopes and disappointments. If the consummate prudence of Charles V. relieved France in a crisis more fearful for her popular agitations than even through the success of her foreign enemies, the calamities of the following reign plunged her anew into the abyss of suffering. During the stormy minority of Charles VI., and the miserable insanity of that monarch, the *Tiers Etat*, excited by the spectacle of public scandals, and rendered desperate by unreasonable taxation, endeavoured to revive the political ideas of 1355. Amidst the violent agitations of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the concerted attempts of the towns and the universities after the battle of Rosbecq, a strong monarchical reaction took place. The legitimate end of the *Tiers Etat* had been compromised by violence and audacity, and the unfortunate attempts at freedom of the fifteenth century only led to a firmer centralization, and provoked a newer and stronger alliance between Popery, royalty, and nobility.

Royalty had now become the symbol of French nationality, and gained ground, day by day, in spite of the resistance of the burgesses. From this epoch began a sensible opposition between the Parisian burgesses and the more peaceful *Tiers Etat* of the surrounding provinces. These last were composed of the commercial classes, who, though attached to the municipal franchise, and anxious to extend their importance and wealth, had neither taste nor intelligence for public life, and could only comprehend one theory of government, that of the ancient Roman jurisprudence. To such minds in this age, there was only one right, the State: and only one representative of the State, the King.

The sentiment of civil equality was strong; that of civil liberty was null. They thought much more of participating in power than of aggrandizing their own persons; and their principal object was the abasement of all talent and force to the common restriction of one superior law. Thus the absolute power of the royalty was the necessary consequence of the narrow despotism of the burgesses. These found their true expression in Louis XI., whose crafty and tyrannical character has been so skilfully drawn by our popular novelist, and who was an instrument destined to realize the ideas and to satisfy the anticipations of the burgesses. Philip de Comines has left us an impartial picture of the character of that master whom he regarded with a mixture of admiration and fear, of affection and defiance. He gives us the most exact idea of this singular man, who so abased his subjects that he went in his severity beyond the most cruel exigencies of envy; and who so humbled his victims that no generous sentiment was allowed utterance from the public conscience, where deadness and numbness remained even after his iron hand had ceased to stifle it. Comines praises the skilfulness, the address, and what he calls the 'wisdom' of Louis XI.; which was only the cunning of the Italian Iago, the principle of that Machiavelli who justified wickedness in a prince to secure good ends.

Since the time of Louis XI., to the awaking of public passions by the religious wars, the most audacious spirits in France were deprived of any temptation to revolt. The nation was characterized by a general stagnation, and by a want of original ideas; whilst even its feeling of humanity was only a feeble instinct. The States-General ceased to be regularly convoked, and were insensibly supplanted in their political action by the great judicial courts instituted by royalty, which succeeded in transforming the right of remonstrance into a right of permanent control.

The universal impulsion of the Renaissance soon began to give the intermediate classes a social importance which had never before been attained. The Renaissance was a sort of resurrection of the French spirit. Italy, invaded by the French arms, had given to the nobility a taste for letters and the fine arts, whilst the study of the antique had transformed the national taste. For some time, men turned with enthusiasm to the acquisition of ancient languages. All creative force was merged in erudition. The *Tiers État* devoted themselves to the new studies as to a glorious profession, whilst from their ranks came forth the imitators and rivals of the Italian artists. In civil and political society, the same rage for the antique pre-

vailed. Francis I. tried to revive the Roman legion. The nobles dressed in the fashion of ancient Greeks and Romans: and learned men, like Boëthius, died pronouncing grave discourses in imitation of the heroes of Plutarch. The brilliant exploits of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., when they thought to conquer new lands, and reclaim fresh frontiers, were politically of little importance; but these exploits put the French in the possession of classical treasures, and they, in the most communicative language of the modern world, soon called all Eastern Europe to share in their discoveries. And if the Renaissance attempted to revive the wisdom of pagan antiquity, the Reformation endeavoured to restore the purity of primitive Christianity. Ignorance and pedantry, which had hitherto been impervious to all improvement, were in a measure dissipated by the new ideas which endeavoured to disengage religion from the meshes of false philosophy. The Reformation in France had the honour of ruining the old scholastic system. Calvin did away with it in theology, before Descartes banished it in philosophy. The Catholic clergy were recalled to their senses, and endeavoured to reform their manners and their learning. The Reformation was every where the starting-point of a new era of intellectual and moral excitement; but nowhere can it be studied under all its various phases better than in France, where fanaticism, heroism, learning, and policy, were all combined in their greatest exaggeration. There is nothing which more amazes us in the history of mankind than the slowness with which toleration is comprehended by the best of men. The moment we adopt an opinion which we conceive to be orthodox or right, we are ready to imagine that it is our first duty not only to propagate it, but to enforce its acceptance upon others; whilst, where our feelings are interested, and our sympathies are enlisted, everything is calculated to excite our passions, and exasperate our judgment to the most unlimited extravagancies. Everything becomes important in its alliance with religious principle; the frantic cry of the Jews, the passionate, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' uttered in the fanaticism of the moment, has been the exclamation of numerous voices, in all periods of human society.

France, which, as a nation, has ever willingly recognised the civil obedience of the subject, was in the earlier periods of her history unusually fettered by the restrictions and ties of the social state. The necessity of free inquiry was as little comprehensible to the French as it had been to Pliny in Rome; and where a religious opinion appeared to be in opposition to the law of the State, it followed that it was immediately to be

put down by force. Holding the fundamental maxim, '*Une foi, une loi, un roi*,' they could not imagine the co-existence of two religions, any more than that of two sovereigns. Yet in the earlier part of her history, the Reformation made rapid progress in France; and it is only by a careful analysis of its career, that we are able to fathom the curious question why a protest by so large a portion of the people against the Roman despotism, should have been followed by no effectual resistance. One of the earliest confessors of the faith, James Lefevre, claimed the protection of Marguerite de Valois. The remarkable genius of this noble lady has, by a strange illusion of posterity, too often been attributed to her royal brother. But the importance of her influence was unfortunately counteracted by the match projected between Henry II. and Mary of Scotland, whilst the persecution which followed had the effect of maddening the people with a taste for blood.

Towards the close of the reign of Francis I., and that of his son Henry II., the Reformation made such rapid progress, that it becomes almost impossible to mention the learned and celebrated men who were numbered amongst its adherents. They might, as M. de Felice observes, have repeated the saying of Tertullian: 'We date only from yesterday, and are yet everywhere.' The massacre of the Vaudois, far from injuring their cause, had raised the indignation of the people of France. The dying Francis complained that his orders had been exceeded, and adjured his son to save his memory from the execration of posterity by taking vengeance upon the merciless assassins. Looking at the dawn of the Reformation in France from an exclusively modern point of view, it is easy to regret that Calvin, Farel, and their first disciples, had not the same liberal and extensive views which characterize the Protestants of our day. It must, however, be remembered that intolerance was not confined to them, but was the error of the whole sixteenth century. It was nothing remarkable that, like all its contemporary and rival sects, the Reformed Church of France had been constituted from its very commencement in a dogmatic manner. Dispute speedily gives rise to new forms of thought. A man may be earnest in discussing liberty of opinion; but this liberty too often resolves itself into the right of professing those opinions which he regards as established and true, whilst all other independence of thought is declared to be pernicious and damnable. The Reformed Church of France was demanded a reason for her faith, and she found herself obliged to render it; under the organization of Calvin, this faith became the most rigorous and the most logical which the world has ever seen.

Calvin's spiritual republic, in the very centre of the French monarchy, is one of the most curious anomalies ever beheld in history. The ecclesiastical discipline of the French Reformers still savoured somewhat of the ancient Roman ideas. Ecclesiastical organization is no part of real religion; it is only a power of putting religious ideas into active circulation. But the systematic spirit of Calvin pleased itself in conceiving a plan which should be perfect and complete in all its parts, and which should embrace from the same point of view the most rigid Church discipline, and the most efficacious civil government. During his life-time, he became the soul of his own theory of Church and State; and as long as he maintained his empire, he exercised a wonderful power over the souls of men. But the work which Calvin had accomplished was doomed to be thwarted in a measure by the genius and determination of the tyrannical Guises.

The duplicity of Catharine de Medici (learned in all the Machiavellian arts of dissimulation) was the most powerful weapon against the guileless simplicity of the Reformers. The intellectual power of the Huguenot minority of France was sufficient to alarm the terrified court; whilst, at the close of the conferences of Poissy, the Calvinists were effective enough to enact an amendment of the laws which had been made for their extermination. But while Theodore de Bèze was openly discussing with Cardinal Lorraine in the presence of the King, the treacherous Queen was already holding secret consultations with the Duke of Alva, and darkly hinting at the horrible catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. '*E pietà,*' she cried to her trembling son, while Coligny was writhing in the agonies of death, '*lor ser crudele, e crudeltà lor ser pietoso.*' What darker picture can we need of the foul intolerance of the age, or of the miserable depths to which fanaticism may reduce our common nature, than that of Pope Gregory and his Cardinals marching in procession to the church of St. Mark, while the blood of the victims still deluged the streets of Paris, to render solemn thanksgivings to Almighty God for the indelible crime of a guilty people? Remarkable it may seem to those who argue that judgment is not always reserved for a future world, that nearly every member of the race of Valois died a violent death, and scarcely any actor in this horrible tragedy was allowed to go unpunished. The wicked Catharine had reckoned too much on the ancient principle of vassalage; while the personal conscience of the Huguenots of France still asserted its independence.

It is a curious question, What would have been the future

history of France, if Henry IV. had held firm to the faith of his childhood? The time-serving resolution which he adopted from motives of expediency, has rendered him the idol of France, and the hero of Voltaire's *Henriade*. His resolution for a time restored peace to a distracted country, and his plausible sophistry secured him an undisputed reign of seventeen years; but he perished by the hand of the assassin, and the dark fatality, which, like the curse of the Stuarts, pursued every member of the House of Bourbon, seemed to vindicate the sacred obligations of truth from that wisdom which is merely human, and to prove that the path of unswerving integrity is, even in this life, that of the truest safety. Henry of Navarre satisfied his conscience by the fact that his intermediate course enabled him to promulgate the Edict of Nantes; and thus he thought to serve his faithful followers better by his apostasy than by his truth. But it must be remembered that this 'perpetual and irrevocable' law was revoked by a grandson of his own. The banished Jesuits returned only maddened by oppression, whilst the revocation of Henry IV.'s Protestant charter furnished the means for a more complete extermination of the Protestant faith than ever could have been imagined in his days. Thus the glorious reign of Henry did nothing for the future liberties of France. The States-General remained as powerless as ever; and the Roman Catholic centralization continued as absolute and complete. His reign was like the interval of a storm; the thunder-claps were over for a time, and the treacherous sun came out. People, at such times, are apt to be oblivious of the future; and, thankful for a period of repose, are ready to vest all their rights in a virtuous prince, forgetting that a good king does not make a good constitution, and that a Henry IV. may be succeeded by a Louis XIV.

Meanwhile the old centralization was gaining more and more strength in France. France was becoming a country in which, however separated by distinctions of caste, there were few varieties in the characters of the men themselves. The passiveness of the French peasants, who seemed scarcely more alive than the hovels they inhabited, was becoming more and more remarkable. The struggles between the King and the Parliament became less active as all men sank down to one level of thought and opinion. The deadness of the provinces, whilst Paris was the only city of political importance, was becoming fatal to the liberties of the people. The equilibrium of independence was already disturbed. The minorities were becoming of less importance; and, out of Paris, (which was the stronghold of centralization,) France itself had ceased to exist.



The nobility were sharing in the general degradation, forgetting their important vocation to limit the power of the monarchy. They became brilliant and frivolous in their lives, the degraded servants of the King, re-enacting the tyranny of their master by taking vengeance on their own dependents. Louis XI. governed his kingdom by slaves like an eastern despot; and from his time the bourgeois and the noble had each some grievances in common. Democracy was already secretly flourishing in the midst of an absolute government, whilst the word 'individuality' was still unknown in the French language.

Meanwhile the fatal tendencies of society were spreading more or less to the Reformed Church. The Calvinistic discipline had always been antagonistic to the lightness and frivolity of the French mind, and was, after a time, thrown off as intolerable. The Church soon departed from her original purity. The dangerous seductions of the court of Catharine proved more fatal to the integrity of the Huguenot nobles than all the horrors of St. Bartholomew; whilst the sanguinary habits they had contracted by constant war were little calculated to strengthen their moral vigour.

Posterity looks upon Henry of Navarre as a worldly-wise man who, wearied by the controversies of parties, had learnt to accommodate his conscience to the exigencies of prudence, and who carried on the game of ambition under the name of religion. The Protestantism of England was, humanly speaking, decided by a fortuitous marriage; but we tremble even now to think of the probable consequences, had an heir of Philip II. been seated on the throne of our land. In like manner it may be said that the tide was turned in favour of Roman Catholicism in France through the double-dealing of a prince who thought himself wiser than the Eternal. It has been universally acknowledged by the historians of all parties, that the national faith of France ran imminent peril, before the vows by which Henry bound himself at the solemn engagement of St. Denis. The establishment of a Protestant dynasty in Paris would have been equivalent to a decisive victory of Reform in France. But the policy of Henry came in time to save the ancient centralization.

Yet the efforts of the League must not be undervalued in the momentous struggle. In determining doggedly to combat to the last for the interests of the Papal religion, the burgesses of this celebrated union had banded themselves together on a general principle, independent of private interest, and had determined to merge their own cause in what they supposed to be that of the country at large. The excitement and fanaticism



of these men rivalled that of the ancient Crusades.\* Under the auspices of the Church, if the League had triumphed, it might have been impossible to prevent the establishment of a new dynasty sustained by the efforts of the *Tiers Etât*. The house of Guise might have constituted a popular monarchy on the vast base of municipal federation. Such a result would have been an improvement in one respect,—that such a dynasty must have been constructed on a contrary principle to that exaggerated centralization which had prevailed in the Capetian line, and which provided Richelieu with a plan for his fatal and exclusive system. In the contest of the sixteenth century men of all ranks were for the first time apparently drawn together in the fraternity of the same faith, and under the banner of the same party. The League dissolved only after the seeming victory of the *Tiers Etât*, and after developing a sentiment of obstinacy and power in the burgesses, which they transmitted as a natural heritage to their children. Yet even Thierry and Carné admit that this event had its fatal side in the excessive preponderance which the royal power afterwards obtained; transferring to itself the praise of a victory which had been the achievement of national power.

Helped by the subtle genius of Henry IV., and the inflexible will of Cardinal Richelieu, the monarchy was not long in restraining all independent force by its own personal caprice. What was an irreparable loss for the nobility proved still more disastrous for the *Tiers Etât*. The national assemblies were forgotten, and the Commons despoiled of their liberty. A single force remained to the burgesses to counterbalance their losses,—the force of opinion, of which Paris was the only exponent. In 1740, Montesquieu wrote, 'There is nothing in France but Paris and the distant provinces, which exist only because Paris has not yet had time to devour them.' In 1750, the Marquis of Mirabeau exclaimed, speaking on the same subject, 'Capitals are necessary: but if the head become too large, the body is apoplectic, and all must perish;' and this force increased from day to day, through the various crises of two centuries, till it brought about the fatal explosion of 1789, when the burgesses endeavoured to regain their lost power. A violent revolution then naturally took place. The bourgeoisie was powerless for resistance, and only strong for aggres-

\* It must, however, be remembered that other agencies were necessary to carry on the strong machinery of the League, such as the plots of the Guises, and the secret counsels of Philip from the depths of the Escorial. Without such aids as these the enthusiasm of the burgesses might never have been roused, and their efforts would have proved futile.—See *History of the United Netherlands* by John L. Motley, D.C.L.

sion, whilst the force of opinion in their hands was transformed into revolutionary violence. Yet such had been the apparent magnificence of the French government, that not only did it call forth the enthusiasm of Machiavelli in the fifteenth century, but Burke was so far deluded by its outward splendour, that at a later period France appeared to him to contain all the elements of a good constitution, suspended before its completion. Judging from the testimony of experience, we reason now in a very different manner; and the establishment of such an absolute government in France appears to us but a national calamity, equally fatal to all classes of society. The government, having taken the place of Providence, endeavoured to impose its laws on all dissentient individuals. Dr. Arnold has gone so far as to argue that there can be no valid objection to the moral theory of Church and State. Burke and Coleridge were advocates of the same opinion; but all have entertained doubts on points of practical detail connected with the same theory in its exaggeration. The centralized system in France found its most unfortunate exponent in the fanatical Louis XIV.

Although the House of Bourbon affected to lean exclusively to the nobility, it could not have acted in a more destructive manner to the interests of the aristocracy. On the other hand, in its dealings with the middle classes, though it behaved with apparent indifference and contempt, it could not have more effectually prepared the way for their real aggrandizement. The nobility obtained the disastrous privilege of being allowed to ruin themselves at Versailles; and were satisfied to indemnify themselves for their loss of local influence by the effeminate amusements of a degraded court, whilst a ridiculous prejudice excluded them from all industrial avocations, and all active functions in the State. Meanwhile the government, in its administrative system, encouraged the progress of new men; and these soon gained a personal importance in business matters, causing them to resent more keenly the humiliation of their position. At the same time royalty committed the fault of isolating itself from the bourgeoisie by the most rigid etiquette, throwing this party more and more on its absolute independence, and so strengthening by its policy the very men whose hearts it wounded by its disdain. The destruction of political liberty naturally followed this separation of classes. In England, the closest sympathy has ever existed between the aristocracy and their dependents. In France, the peasant hated the lord as only the first comer on the soil. '*Le seigneur n'est qu'un premier habitant,*' was the scornful exclamation of the bourgeoisie. Thus enmity was engendered between two classes

which should have been mutually dependent, and the *solidarité* of society was destroyed.

The statesman who carried these prejudices to their utmost exaggeration was Cardinal Richelieu, who wrote, as the organ of the upper classes, to the *Tiers État* in 1614, that it was the greatest insolence to attempt to establish any sort of equality between the *Tiers* and the *noblesse*; and that there was between them as wide a difference as between a master and his valet. Yet this was the minister who delivered to obscure agents the transaction of the most important affairs of the kingdom; whilst, by his encouragement of luxury and extravagance, he was undermining corps after corps of the nobility. In establishing a marine, in organizing great industrial companies, in founding colonies and extending the public debt, Richelieu was preparing for trade and finance a manifest preponderance over the territorial nobility, before whom no career was open but that of arms, and no amusement but dissipation. It seems, as Carné remarks, as if this extraordinary man took pleasure in himself evoking all the forces which were soon to be combined against his own work. He imposed silence on the Parliament, but encouraged the drama, and founded the Gazette of France. The pitiless minister who condemned to indigence the mother of his king, loaded the most obscure writers with his largesses; and he who would not permit the nobles to be seated in his presence, commanded a poet to be covered. A certain intellectual fermentation had been existing in the nation since the sixteenth century. Lights had spread, and the materials of antiquity had been sought out: but lettered men still lived in solitude and inaction; their spirits did not inhabit the real world, and the events of the day seemed of little importance to them. But Richelieu called literature from the cloisters to exercise an influence over the State; and addresses in the vulgar tongue began to stir the hearts of the people.

Soon it appeared that the literature of France was destined to attract the attention of the world. The writings of Balzac, Mezeray, St. Real, La Mothe, Cardinal de Retz, and others, were read with avidity; whilst Pascal, Molière, Arnauld, Racine, and Corneille, (various as was the character of their genius,) from time to time astonished the world with their productions.

A want of order and discipline had already made itself apparent in the State. The Fronde had in vain attacked everything, effecting and overturning nothing. But, according to the policy of the crafty cardinal, the court, which had become odious to the people, was quietly removed from Paris;

and the new king ascended the throne as though he would make all such disorder disappear with the dignity and prestige of his name. Louis XIV. began his reign in possession of the hearts of his people; but his glory terminated with the discovery of the vices of his private character. The glitter and semblance of obedience still remained, but the substance had disappeared. The *éclat* of the monarchy, even in the plenitude of its power, began to be shadowed by disagreements, already too evident, between the manners of the court and the new interests which were swaying the nation. Malcontent agitators were already disseminating their opinions; but revolt, when it reached the foot of the throne, always retired with respect. The prestige which surrounded royalty, masked much that was contradictory in the situation of the government; and, in a court which repulsed men of industry and finance, majesty became unapproachable except to those of noble extraction.

In this complicated state of things, royalty had no more loyal adherents than its industrious Protestant subjects. Truth, in times of confusion and controversy, is often to be found, not with the bragging majority, but in the quiet and unobtrusive minority, which makes itself respected by the silent eloquence of good deeds; whilst toleration and peace occasionally prevail in time against the power of numbers.

But all such hope of salvation for France was destroyed by the hypocrisy of its dissipated monarch. In reality, no more fatal consequence for official Catholicism could have resulted than the synonym which was thus accidentally established between the profession of religion and social abuses. Orthodoxy became the badge of ignorance and cruelty, leading directly to the scoffing infidelity of the eighteenth century, and the bloody irreligion of the Revolution. The destruction of Port-Royal, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, (happening in a more advanced state of civilization,) were more fatal to Roman Catholicism than the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The ethical and dogmatical powers of the Church of Rome (as Macaulay well remarks) were turned against each other, bringing about a more fatal reaction from the Catholic principles than Protestantism would ever have accomplished. The Albigenes and Huguenots attacked only a part of the Romish system; but the followers of Rousseau and Voltaire were ready to annihilate the whole.

At the death of Louis XIV. an immense public debt bore witness at once to the real misfortunes of his apparently brilliant reign, and to the pressing necessities which were soon to change the face of society. The decline of the fortunes of Louis may be

dated from the period of his intolerance. The policy of Henry IV., of Richelieu, and of Mazarin, was struck to the core by his imprudent fanaticism, and all Protestant Europe resounded with the cries of the Reformed. The reaction against the despotism of Louis XIV. found its leader in the Prince of Orange; and so prevailing was the spirit of imitation, that if Cromwell may be accused of causing, in an indirect manner, the death of Louis XVI., King William no less established the precedent for the dethronement of Charles X. In the last days of his life, the aged Louis, reduced to the most pitiable extremities, received Samuel Bernard at Marly; and a Jew who consented to lend some millions to his government, was allowed to approach his person, and loaded with flattery. Never was there a more mistaken policy than that which occasioned the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. All classes of Roman Catholics in this age seemed to have been blinded by their intolerance. In Hungary, Leopold persecuted the Protestants with the most unrelenting cruelty; whilst Charles II. sent his brother James to Louis to announce his speedy intention of throwing himself into the loving bosom of the Holy Mother Church. The singular access of devotion in Louis XIV. came upon him at a time when, to the scandal of France, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Fontanges publicly disputed his heart.

Madame de Maintenon wrote bitterly of Colbert, who refused to join in these excesses of persecution, that he thought more of his finances than of his religion. But it was in vain that the prudent minister lamented the injury to industry and commerce which was thus inflicted in an already disturbed country. A large number of the Protestants were nominally converted; but besides the immense crowd of emigrants there remained a mass who had to be proselytized by force. 'The King,' cried Madame de Maintenon, 'will be covered by this enterprise with glory before God and man.' 'In the reign of the House of Valois,' exclaimed the Bishop of Valence, 'the Church was always suffering; in those of Henry IV. and Louis le Juste, always militant; but it is only under the auspices of Louis le Grand that we can call her triumphant.' 'Take your inspired pens,' said Bossuet in his excitement, 'ye who compose the annals of your Church; hasten to enrol Louis with Constantine and Theodosius.' Madame de Sévigné wrote, 'I admire the policy of our king in destroying the Huguenots. An open massacre, like that of St. Bartholomew, would only have given vigour to their sect; but his majesty has sapped their foundations little by little.' Madame de Scudéri added, 'The conduct of the

king will draw upon him the benedictions of Heaven ;' and Bussy wrote, on his part, 'A hundred years of war, which have cost the lives of three hundred thousand men, have only increased the power of the heretics ; but two years of vigorous policy have uprooted them for ever.' La Bruyère joined in the universal praise ; Quinault and Madame Deshoulières celebrated it in rhyme. The great Arnauld (exiled himself for his religion) joined in the same eulogium. 'The example of the Donatists,' said he, 'authorizes the steps which have been taken against the Huguenots.' Innocent XI. hastened to thank the king in the name of the Church, though he had a private grudge against the unprincipled monarch ; and it cost him much to be forced to praise him publicly. To the glory of Fénelon he it remembered, that he alone had courage to raise his voice against the criminal atrocities of his times. 'Above all things,' said he, 'never force your subjects to change their religion : no human power can interfere with an impenetrable liberty of conscience. Force cannot persuade men ; it only makes hypocrites.'

So much for the liberality of the times. But disastrous, indeed, were the consequences which such intolerance entailed upon a country already enfeebled by oppression and tumult. It mattered not that the Reformed were amongst the most faithful adherents of the monarchy. It signified little to the fanatics of the time, that the country had been enriched by their industry and commerce. The emigration of these persecuted men (which had begun in the seventeenth century, after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew) soon increased to an alarming extent. England, Holland, and Denmark invited the refugees. More than sixteen thousand are said to have taken refuge in London alone. The town of Saumur lost half its inhabitants. The number of these emigrants has probably been greatly exaggerated ; but the expulsion of these workmen naturalized in other countries the manufactures and inventions which had hitherto been peculiar to France, and impoverished commerce to a remarkable degree. Great numbers of relapses soon took place amongst those who were said to have abjured ; these were at once incarcerated in the galleys, or condemned to the horrors of the Bastille. The Calvinistic marriages were dissolved, and children declared to be illegitimate. Some took up arms in self-defence. In 1688, the elegant pen of Madame de Sévigné wrote : '*M. de Grignan donne la chasse à ces démons qui sortent des montagnes, et vont s'y recacher.*' 'If the law of majority,' still urges the Duc de Noailles, 'had been invoked to justify these measures, they would certainly have been carried.'



Meanwhile Colbert had been continuing the work of Richelieu with redoubled vigilance and ardour. The man who covered France with manufactures, the protector of navigation and industry, did not hide from himself the political consequences which these important innovations could not fail to bring about. In the midst of the pomp of Versailles, where even the grandeur of his office could not always protect him from disdain, the grave and abstracted son of the merchant of Rheims appeared already to scan that future which would involve at once his glory and his vengeance.

Miserable, indeed, were the last days of the Grand Monarque! The aged king, defeated in war, having outlived all the great men of his era, with his country three millions in debt, hated by the nation of which he had once been the idol, is a spectacle on which the just man cannot gaze without pity. Still more terrible were the reverses of his children. The brilliant monarch who ordered the voice of a dying Protestant to be drowned by drummers placed around the gibbet, could have little anticipated that a grandson of his child, his successor on the throne of France, should have his last words drowned in like manner by the drummers round his scaffold. Under the Regency, it became impossible any longer to hide the frightful confusion which soon changed manners and overturned fortunes. Men could no longer be blind to that transformation which caused the middle classes to rise through the irremediable degradation of the nobility. The French peasant was worse off in the eighteenth century than he had been in the thirteenth. 'Louis XIV.,' says L. Carné, 'would have died of shame, could he have guessed that the proud nobility of his court, who pressed round Madame de Maintenon, and who affected to imitate the superstitious piety of the king, would soon quit the galleries of Versailles for the vulgar amusements of Paris, and marry their children to the sons and daughters of the lowest adventurers in trade.' He would have died of anger if he could have suspected that before his remains were hastily deposited in St. Denis, the despotic will by which he attempted to survive his own death, would be treated as so much waste paper. Yet all this might have been predicated from the very nature of things. When a government spends every year more than it receives, it is forced to have recourse to credit, and to make its principles bend to expediency. When an aristocracy, despoiled of every participation in political power, is allowed no privilege but that of turning spendthrift, it is not wonderful that it shows itself unscrupulous as to the means of getting money. And when, in the midst of general alarm and disorder, the



judicial corporations alone preserve a calmness and an energetic spirit of action, a day must come when the ascendancy of such men will be irresistible. The influence of the provinces became less and less; and although the Parliament of Paris had abdicated every political privilege since the Fronde, its imperceptible influence extended day by day, at the risk of dominating every other.

Meanwhile the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the cruel persecutions of Port-Royal, had produced a literary reaction, and a war of pens against France, which prepared the intellectual revolution of the eighteenth century. In politics, under Jurieu, it founded the idea of independence and popular sovereignty. In criticism, under Bayle, it propagated doubt and infidelity. And in philosophy, under Hobbes and Locke, it inaugurated the revolution against the idealism of Descartes and Malherbe. It is impossible to exaggerate the passion of scepticism which animated the French in the eighteenth century, and the influence which men of letters exercised upon the character of the subsequent Revolution.

Rousseau was one of the first writers to give a form to the speculations and unbreathed hopes of the innovators. He felt a wild joy in attacking the bases of a society which had wounded his own pride, and shook off the dust of his shoes whilst he predicted its ruin. Without paying attention to the established order of things, he attempted to retrace his steps to the origin of power, and to be the exponent of the primal laws which existed between man and man. In his theories of a state of nature, he was the first to open the breach which was afterwards widened by Raynal, Mably, Paine, Robespierre, St. Simon, and Fourier,—different minds animated by the same thought, and the same democratic passions. Yet for the mass of the burgesses, as Carné remarks, Rousseau remained an eloquent dreamer, whose theories had no more influence upon real life than upon the education of infants. Rather to the teaching of Montesquieu may be ascribed the precise direction which was given to the thoughts of these rising men, who were to be the artisans of their own fortunes. Montesquieu had a profound faith in royalty. Democracy only existed for him in the writings of Thucydides, or the remembrances of the Agora at Athens. Yet he could not comprehend royalty without a complete hierarchy, of which it should be the summit. He wished the nobility to throw aside the scruples of caste, that they might form a more lasting institution; and he entreated them to achieve political power instead of mere empty honours; to become the holders of rights instead of privileges. To

regulate without destroying the things as they were, was the aim of Montesquieu, in which he was earnestly aided by the rising men of his times.

Thus, whilst the men of literature prepared the Revolution by agitating the minds of contemporaries, the men of law hastened its approach by increasing the power of legislation; and the men of finance rendered it almost inevitable by enlarging the deficit year by year; till Louis XVI. (with resources pitifully small) was constrained to face the extraordinary expenses of the American war and the financial crisis, which led to the great convulsion. But through every phase of the Revolution we may trace the influence of these two men, Rousseau and Montesquieu, who opened two lines of thought, which, if not opposed, were at least as diverse as they were influential. The Socialist party and the Constitutional party still remain distinct; M. Louis Blanc yet representing, in a modified way, the school of Rousseau, and M. Guizot that of Montesquieu. The infidels of the eighteenth century are not to be treated as a school of mere scoffers. Mere negation, as Macaulay has remarked, is powerless to inspire enthusiasm; and the secret of the strength of these sceptics lay in their generous anxiety for the public welfare. Irreligion, thus accidentally associated with philanthropy, triumphed over religion, associated with cruelty and vice.

The spirit of Voltaire was already in the world before he appeared; but it remained for him to give expression to the unuttered thoughts of his contemporaries. Kings solicited correspondence with him, and the effect of his influence upon society could scarcely be over-rated. During the life of Louis XV. the atmosphere became more and more impregnated with revolutionary influences. When the struggle took place respecting the will of Louis XIV., the princes of the blood invoked, even with humility, the assistance of Parliament. The Church, at this time, was regarded as the first of political powers, and was the most detested of all. The agitation became more violent and convulsive on the death of Louis XV., and the pretensions of Parliament more exorbitant under his successor.

The smallest deeds of Louis XVI. appeared more arbitrary and more difficult to support, than all the despotism of his grandfather. Courage and decision were wanting among the ministers of the Crown. The efforts of M. de Calonne and M. de Lamoignon were useless. Louis XVI., by his imprudent liberality, only hastened the impending catastrophe. His eyes were opened to the abuses of the government; but he talked of reforms without making them. Amiable and vacillating by

nature, no monarch could have been less calculated to comprehend and to continue the brilliant centralization of Louis XIV., which was more personal than administrative. 'The State,' said Louis XIV., 'is myself;' and, under his tyrannical management, he endeavoured to reduce society to a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government should be the shepherd. 'Who,' exclaimed the tribune Riouffe, arguing on the same principle, 'can know better the interests of the governed than those who govern?' But the men of France in the days of Louis XVI. were no longer docile animals. In the struggle which succeeded, the most powerful interests were opposed to each other.

The University and the Church each fought for supremacy, each seeking for that sovereignty over national education which should reduce all men to one common intellectual level. The constant suspicion of the *Tiers Etat* against the power of the clergy, accelerated the spread of Jansenism in the seventeenth century. But the burgesses soon became intoxicated by the declamatory rationalism of Voltaire and Rousseau. When the rude sons of these working men were called upon the scene of political power, they appeared with troubled spirits, hearts baffled in affection, and souls void of faith. The intellectual fop of the age in France was a rationalist with Rousseau, a cynic with Voltaire, a scoffer with Diderôt, and occasionally a sentimental naturalist with Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The nobility had their peculiar troubles. Decapitated by the tyranny of Louis XI., crushed by the subtle genius of Henry IV., and becoming ciphers under Louis XIV., there was no trace left among them of the chivalry of the Crusades. Cowardly and effeminate through the dissipation of Versailles, destitute of love for a country which had abased their pride, on the first murmurings of the tempest they abandoned the soil which trembled beneath their feet. The clergy had also their grievances. Pursued, under the reign of the house of Valois, by the suspicions of the Parliament, having sold themselves for secular assistance to crush the ascendancy of the Protestants, the Church had become a hierarchy in the service of the court. Orthodoxy was now only a badge of ignorance and absurdity. The Church of Rome still remained splendid in outward show, but her foundations were undermined. She had followed Louis XIV. in all his fanatical excesses, and had applauded his savage acts when he imposed his royal faith upon his subjects, at the same time that he revelled in vice. But after the tyrannical act of 1682, a terrible debt of gratitude had been incurred by the prelates of the Church of Rome, who found

themselves forced to assent to the monstrous proceedings of the king and his successors. Day by day they became weaker in intellect and looser in morals. The difficulty of their position became greater and greater. The Church was united to the State, protected and paid by her; but the Church had ceded, in exchange for this protection and these emoluments, a large portion of her power, and the whole of her independence.

Amidst this confused state of things, it was, as Carné has well remarked, that, in its impenetrable dealing, Providence raised upon a throne, as upon a prepared scaffold, a victim whose virtues were powerless to turn the nation from its excesses; but whose blood did not flow in vain for France or for his race. Louis XVI., who, by the purity of his principles, the rectitude of his conduct, and the solidity of his intellect, would have been an admirable monarch for a properly ordered State, was precisely the most incapable to ward off the Revolution, by taking upon himself the initiative of the transformation which was inevitably impending. Never did prince find less in his helpers the qualities he most wanted himself. Amongst twenty ministers, he had not one counsellor. Instead of making strenuous efforts to terminate the deplorable crisis, the ministry complicated it by incoherent negotiations.

The form and pressure which seem to be communicated to events by a long succession of predisposing and hidden causes, point to a law which cannot fail to strike us in the spectacle of great social perturbations. But although in modern times we have ceased to look upon revolutions as isolated facts of history, we can still discern in them the 'finger of the Almighty,' 'overruling the actions of men, without interfering with the freedom of the agents.' The irresistible cry of the human conscience is sufficient to bid those chimeras vanish, which seek to justify all crime by the discovery of a rigorous connexion between cause and effect, and to explain all acts of energy by rules of mathematical law. Nothing can be more false than such theories, because nothing can be more incomplete; for these phenomena can only be explained by the grand law which governs them, and which reconciles the inevitable decree of Providence with the spontaneous action of the responsible agent.

The French Revolution was one of those times in which the worst of men are allowed to become the instruments of Divine Justice. And yet nowhere is it more apparent that every nation is the artisan of its own fall; and that in the long series of events there is no violence which is not the fruit of crime, and no political convulsion which has not been provoked by some infraction of the laws of justice.

The tremendous effect of the Revolution in aiming a blow at the centralized government of Church and State in France, is appreciable through all the political changes which have succeeded it, and bears a marked influence on the intellectual activity of the present day. The earnest thought and sober consideration which are now apparent amongst the enlightened minority of Frenchmen, is a movement which probably cannot be over-estimated in its effect upon the future history of the country. The abundance of serious studies which have lately appeared in French journals and publications, on the principles of moral philosophy, on the causes and meaning of the Revolution, and on the *ancien régime*, and the governments which have succeeded it, are the more remarkable, when we contrast them with the frivolity and want of reflection which have generally characterized the youth of France. But the exception proves the rule; and we may allow ourselves to hope that the secret of the future destinies of a large nation of our fellow-creatures whose interests must be dear to the heart of all Christian people, may be influenced more by the thoughtful and laborious few, than by the political indifference of gay and unsympathizing numbers. Amongst the most hopeful of the signs for good may be noticed the abating of prejudice, and the inclination, amongst the wiser of these writers, to avail themselves of the wisdom and experience of others. On the progress of this eclecticism depends much of the future liberties of France. Freedom of speech is one of the earliest signs of a return to constitutional independence. The late apparently slight relaxations of the imperial system, and the reform which these have inaugurated, will not be without their value, were it only for the bold expression of opinion to which they have given rise in the Senate and *Corps Législatif*.

'All nations,' remarks M. Prévost-Paradol, referring to the mutual relation between France and other countries, 'may profit by the example of their neighbours. If you deny that there are in politics truths of experience which are as important as those of reason, and that there should exist between free governments certain analogies which no enlightened man can despise; if you think to render service to your country in suppressing the most indispensable of these resemblances, you pretend to a patriotism and an originality, which can have no real foundation.' The same liberal writer points to the inevitable suffering which must accrue to a dissenting minority, under a national tribune and press as rigorous as that of the old system. Truly it may be admitted, that a centralized State has its logical complement only in an absolute religious centralization.

Under all forms of religion the majority of the French, essentially Papal in their tastes, have leaned to the ritual and ceremonial of Roman Catholicism. But the nation, at once revolutionary and servile in its conduct towards the State, has shown the same fickle temperament in its behaviour to a favourite Church. The same violent blows which have been directed against the throne have been levelled against the altar. And just as the monarchical faith has been sapped, probably never to rise again, so a self-complacent Deism has been gradually taking the place of Popery. Educated men and women go to confession because it is the fashion,—alienated in their consciences, and with a smile of scepticism on their lips; and when, says M. Dollfus, 'the enemy has planted his flag in the very heart of the citadel, who can hope to defend the outworks?'

The necessary limits of this paper preclude us from entering largely into the discussion of the prospects of religious liberty in France. Samuel Vincent (in common with other pastors of the Reformed Church) does not hesitate to affirm that the present is the most favourable epoch which has occurred since the Edict of Nantes, for the furtherance of Protestantism amongst the people. According to these pastors, the intellectual agitation of the age, the spread of philosophy, and the balance of power maintained at present in Europe, are all favourable to the interests of religious Reform. They anxiously call upon their brethren to be prudent and patient at a crisis of the utmost importance; and they entreat them to remember that a spirit of reverent examination in accordance with liberty of conscience is the most effective force they can oppose to the dogmatic and spiritual tyranny of the Church of Rome. 'The authors of the Reformation in our country,' argue these writers, 'erred from a want of toleration. From the moment they admitted the monstrous and Romish doctrine into their creed, "*Hors de l'Eglise point de salut*," the Reformation was virtually at an end.' Far from this, M. Vincent and his friends advocate the free circulation of the Bible, to be interpreted by the individual conscience instead of the infallibility of the Pope. Freedom of discussion is not to be feared. With a tacit union of opinion on the essentials of the Gospel, they can tolerate differences on non-essentials. Unity, they argue, is possible with liberty; diversity is one of the principles of life. 'What,' they ask, 'can be, at first sight, more various than the numerous sects of Protestantism? What an infinite development of minute distinctions and differences! Yet this diversity has its limits; so that, if some original thinker shall choose to renounce some vital doctrine which is common to every Protestant sect,



he forsakes Protestantism for ever, to enter some other section of the religious world.'

Nor can it be denied that a large proportion of the thinking Roman Catholics are ready to admit that the Papacy (*if* an institution which had its uses in past ages) has now become somewhat unnecessary and obsolete; and that Protestantism, as the legitimate development of modern ideas, (as to worship, administration, and the public conscience,) has more to hope than to fear from the progressive movements of society. The State, in these matters, is not likely to prove adverse to the public mind. Its present representative is a man who studies history, who is clear-sighted to his own interests, and has proved himself to be 'wiser in his generation' than an ordinary absolute ruler. What, therefore, a sweeping measure of decentralization might possibly effect at once, 'restoring valuable fragments of her ancient liberties to France, and strengthening the emperor's dynasty,' the progress of events may accomplish insensibly and at last.

The recent debates have proved that political life is not yet extinguished in France, however it may be crippled by forms and restrictions. Once quickened into growth, constitutionalism may destroy the decaying roots of absolutism. A free press, a responsible ministry, and independence in religion, may follow in the wake of free discussion. The Emperor cannot fail to perceive the manifest tendency of his own concession; and, having challenged public opinion to weigh reasons and adopt conclusions regarding the measures of his own administration, will probably wait to be guided by events.

Under these circumstances the tyranny exercised over consciences can no longer be maintained. The French State in past centuries systematically disregarded the tendency of public opinion. Its policy was never shaped and modified by the criticism of thinking men. The State never troubled itself with considerations as to its competency to interfere with supernatural matters. On the contrary, it has always been guided by its own political interests, and religion has been useful to it. Portalis made no secret of this policy. He recalled the example of Plato and Cicero, who spoke of Providence as the basis of all legislation. 'Even a false religion,' said he, 'has at least the advantage of opposing an obstacle to the introduction of arbitrary doctrines, and of supplying individuals with a centre of belief. Governments may thus become assured that there are known and unchangeable dogmas of faith; and superstition becomes regularized and restrained in certain bonds, which the greatest enthusiast does not dare to break.' On this



principle, just as the State must have a code of laws to regulate its interests, so it requires a depôt of doctrines to fix its opinions. By the law of the eighteenth Germinal, religion became more than ever an object of public administration. The Charter appeared to do more for public liberty; but this improvement was chiefly apparent. The influence of Napoleon himself may have done something to inculcate moderation, when he publicly repudiated that one of his successors who should venture to tyrannize over the faith of his subjects; adding, 'I authorize you to give him the name of Nero.' Yet the Protestants of France cannot but remember the fatal tyranny which was exercised in the case of M. Lenoir,\* as late as 1851, and the intolerance which caused M. Pilatte to be persecuted for preaching in the Rue Mouffetard. The pretence in the latter case was, that if the Gospel was allowed to be proclaimed in public, it was on the condition that women, children, and minors should be excluded from hearing it. It is the ingenious device of those who fear the disastrous effects of Reform in France, to accuse their fellow citizens of high treason; to declare that France is menaced with conquest from the religious agents of England, and that to read the Bible is to denationalize the country. The pretence of such men, as M. Paradol observes, is, that the people are only suited for the preventive *régime*, as the horse is for the saddle, and are as unadapted to live in liberty as a fish is to live out of water. But human nature in our day has too much spirit to be contented with an ideal paradise of ignorant peasants, living and dying by habit, and thinking by decree. A schism appears inevitable between the different elements of Roman Catholicism. Sooner or later, the political and the sincere parties in the Church will find it impossible to agree. The reign of ancient Catholicism is past; the priests have lost a large part of their authority over the masses. 'The tide of popularity,' as Samuel Vincent observes, 'is retiring like a river abandoning on its banks the bark which its waves once supported with pride.' The efforts made in France for many years past to replace Roman Catholicism upon its ancient basis have singularly failed. Attempts have been made in all directions,—attempts to impose upon the people by a language of pomps and ceremonies, and to obtain power over the more enlightened by philosophical discussions. The most absurd pilgrimages and the most incredible miracles have found their advocates. At the same

\* 'Les gendarmes ont interpellé M. Lenoir pour savoir s'il était autorisé à venir ainsi professer une religion autre que celle de la localité; et sur sa réponse négative, ils l'ont arrêté au nom de la loi.'—*Rapport de M. Lambel à la Cour de Cassation, affaire Lenoir, Novembre, 1851.*

time that Romanism has been offered to the people as a sort of elevated Fetichism, it has been presented to students as a cold philosophy; and these singular contradictions have emanated from the same centre. Notwithstanding these inconsistencies, the rupture of De Lamennais still remains an isolated but a very significant fact.

The independent Church of the Ultramontanes, in its logical form, is perfectly irreconcilable with the moderate and established Church of the Gallicans. According to the idea of the Middle Ages, the Pope was the absolute sovereign of the Church. All rights, according to this idea, were concentrated in the ecclesiastical body. Therefore the administrative system of France was a complete invasion of this doctrine. The ideal Pope of the Middle Ages was a superhuman being, raised above the affairs of this earth; but, being deprived of this supreme rôle by the absolute power of the monarchs of France, he became a second-rate pontiff, reduced to human expedients little worthy of his dignity. The Ultramontane party, who would revive such an organization, must be prejudicial to the interests of the State: religion, according to such a system, becomes a distinct power, as Islamism has been in the East. Therefore the Gallicans and Ultramontanes have been distinguished by the party names of 'Patriots' and 'Catholics.' The unity of Protestantism is spiritual, but the centralization of Ultramontanism requires a capital, an army, and an official establishment. If we are to seek for a country where such an administration has been most successfully carried on, we may find it in Italy. The intellectual and spiritual condition of Italy may furnish us with an illustration of the problem. The Pope sacrifices his nationality to his Catholicism; if he is a good Catholic, he is no longer a patriotic Italian. Such a system, in the present state of things, is absurd to the last degree. The armies and military forces of Roman Catholicism could never hope to compete with the nations of Europe. They must succumb before the power of larger masses. 'Prussia,' remarks Ernest Renan, 'with its sixteen millions of men, is scarcely strong enough to make a figure in Europe.' When the Pope can marshal an army like that of France, and a fleet like that of England, he may have more hope of maintaining his power. Even then, he would be unable to descend to the petty details of perfect administration, and could never be a good and practical sovereign. The hypothesis of a temporal Parliament connected with the Papacy would be somewhat difficult to realize. This pontiff, (it has been remarked,) so unearthly that he can submit to no sovereign, must he not submit to his own subjects? The Catholic,

whose conscience must be revolted at the thought of a heavenly vicegerent submitting to any external restraint, must be horrified at the thought of this infallible and impeccable chief submitting to the decrees of a ministerial cabinet. This inconsistent connexion with terrestrial things is beginning more and more to disgust those religious persons in France, who remember that the domain of religion is within the soul, and cannot be subjected to any official restraint.

The example of De Lamennais furnishes a curious illustration of this fact. Ardent and impulsive in his character, possessing much enthusiasm with little common sense, he promulgated to his wondering friends the most Utopian ideas of future society, and a pure theocracy upon earth. 'Catholicism and liberty!' was the cry of De Lamennais after the Revolution of 1830. The world, according to him, was destined to be constituted under a new form; and he was in a perpetualecstasy at the marvellous spectacle which was soon to be seen upon earth. 'Sin,' he said, 'has necessitated princes to protect man against his fellows. All are born equal; nothing coming into the world carries with it the right of commanding. The power of just princes is legitimate; it is the power of God, who wills that order should reign, and of the people who elected them: but they who reign of their own right are illegitimate; for their power is of Satan, and their domination is of pride. Every one is bound to resist them. He is the truest ruler who is the servant of all.' Again he said, 'Liberty does not consist in the domination of one thing over another, but in that which nothing dominates. If there exist a people who estimate justice and liberty less than power and gain, build a high wall around that people, that their breath may not contaminate the rest of the earth.' Nor did he hesitate to exclaim against the 'execrable murder of men who differ from us in faith,—bloodshed as an offering to God, that demons delighted to drink.' 'Men,' he declared, 'never began persecuting till they despaired of convincing, or blasphemed in their hearts the power of truth.'

With such novel ideas as these, he demanded nothing less than a complete separation between Church and State, repudiating the protection of the State to escape being bound to its service. The great error of De Lamennais resulted from his ignorance and fanaticism. He was simple enough to suppose that the Church of Rome would range itself with him on the side of the liberty of the people. He hoped to regenerate the world, and was firmly persuaded that all political and social miseries might be prevented by a solemn decree from the Holy See. He required an universal change. The words, '*boule-*

*versement*, 'déluge,' 'création nouvelle,' appeared without ceasing from his chimerical pen. He was the dupe of his own ideas; and when he returned to the living world, his great hopes were destined to be disappointed. Growing angry with the episcopacy, he exclaimed, 'They will sell the whole Church, not for thirty, but for a single piece of silver.' Childish still in his obstinacy, after repeated defeats, he set out for Rome, determining to summon the Papacy to condemn him, or to follow him. Becoming there the unwilling spectator of crimes and follies, which abased his pride and wounded him to the quick, he exclaimed, 'This is a *crescendo* of stupidity and infamy, of which God only can know the end. I hope my stay will not be long at Rome. It will be one of the best days of my life when I emerge from this great tomb, where I find only crawling worms and mouldering bones.....Twenty more years of this, and Catholicism must be at an end. God will save true religion by His people. My policy is the triumph of Christ; my legitimacy is law and justice; my country is the human race, which He has bought with His blood.' Useless was this anathema of the Papacy; and more useless still was the condemnation of his writings, which broke his own heart. The sombre eloquence of De Lamennais was injured by his perpetual excitement; and his unhealthy imagination was distorted by his ignorance and inexperience. Bitter were his longings for death. He was, as M. Paradol observes, one of the few voyagers so wearied and wounded by their struggles in this world, that they hasten to knock at the mysterious door of another life. His experience was a proof of the singular failure of Ultramontaniam in the present epoch of society.

Other advocates of the same theory have laboured with more moderation. The Vicomte de Bonald was distinguished for the formality of his mind, whilst he thought with more clearness and precision. He wanted to systematize the old French monarchy, borrowing from Montesquieu and Bossuet what would result in another Louis XIV. 'Absolute power,' he declared, 'is, in my opinion, the best.' The political doctrines of Comte Joseph de Maistre were also intimately associated with the support of the Papacy. The Comte de Montlosier (who, in a memorable speech, accused the English of being 'drunk with pride and beer') was, in his earlier life, an advocate of the same doctrines; but before his death he deserted altogether to the liberal party, and was refused the last sacraments.

Another system of philosophy was started by the Baron D'Eckstein. He endeavoured to unite religion with metaphysics and psychology.

When we have impartially studied the writings of these various men, the problem as to the future destiny of religious systems in France remains still unsolved. The languishing Papacy may be revived for a time by the doctrines of philosophy; but these can do little to build up the old ruins, or to relay the ancient foundations. The Papal system has been treated in such writings rather as a means than as an end.

The fatal antagonism, which becomes more apparent day by day, between the old Roman absolutism and the liberal ideas of modern times, renders it probable that (humanly speaking) Roman Catholicism will find itself, sooner or later, in direct collision with the spirit of modern France.

The more enlightened thinkers of our day are looking with interest at the English and American constitutions, whilst the ideal of the Papacy is still that of Spain. Indifference and estrangement are almost inevitable under such a state of things. What, then, are the prospects of religion in France? Will Roman Catholicism degenerate into a political institution, becoming merely an ornament and an amusement to the vulgar, while it loses more and more of its power over the enlightened masses? Will materialism or epicureanism be satisfactory to the public conscience in an age of inquiry and consideration? Will the Reformed Church of France (so simple and unattractive in its forms, so unfortunately unpopular and connected with the ancient antagonism) be able to reanimate its forces, and to assert its influence over the civilization and liberty of the country?

These questions can be only partially answered by a reference to other considerations. The position of the Reformed Church of France has in past times been narrow and constrained, in consequence of its political connexion with the dominant Romanism. The official direction of the Protestant worship has too often been confided to illiberal members of the other community, and only such tolerance has been shown to it as has been accorded to petty theatres and public entertainments. The Reformed Church has, in centuries past, been injured by odious oppression, and rendered desperate by tyranny and injustice. We must not look impatiently for extended charity or a largeness of spirit from the immediate descendants of martyrs.

But Protestantism itself (as it has been said) may triumph, even though the Reformed Church may still be confined to a minority.

Protestantism is the spirit of examination, as opposed to unfounded authority. Protestantism, as the assertion of free-

dom of inquiry and independence of conscience, is gaining day by day upon the civilized world.

England, Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and America are outweighing the influence of Spain and Portugal; Italy is trembling in the balance; and the Colonies, destined to civilize other continents, are professedly Protestant. The intellectual movement can no longer be restrained. If one fact, says M. Vincent, is more patent than another, it is that enlightened Europe will accept no religion without liberty of conscience. And this liberty, (the necessary condition of an earnest and independent mind,) must it infallibly degenerate into deism, atheism, or hopeless indifference for a great and enlightened people? God forbid that we should thus judge, in opposition to the testimony of reason and experience.

Romanism can no longer remain what it is. Its worship, its discipline, its dogmas, and its government are things of the past. Whether the change, which every omen portends, will be effected by the gradual reformation of Roman Catholicism itself, or by a yearly diminution of its relative importance, we are unable to judge. But to treat with indifference a religious movement which is already beginning to be apparent in France, or lightly to conclude that a large proportion of our fellow-creatures are utterly devoid of that longing after religion, that keen craving after something higher than itself, which is inherent in the spirit of man, is unworthy of us as believers in the power of revelation. 'The soul is created eternal, and therefore it cannot rest but in God.'

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ART. II.—*Routledge's Edition of the American Poets.* 1852.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE'S Edition of the American poets has laid the public under another obligation to these enterprising publishers. A few shillings will now put the purchaser in possession of just as many volumes of poetry,—poetry which, if not of the highest class of composition, is good enough to challenge for itself a prominent position in the literature of the nineteenth century. The names of Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Willis, Holmes, Whittier, and Sigourney, which form the selection we have at present to deal with, present us indeed with a very singular illustration of the different standard by which poetry is judged in the present day, as compared with that which existed not long before the days of Cowper. When Johnson wrote his *Lives of the Poets*, he gave the public some



account of fifty-two gentlemen whom he was pleased to dignify with that name; and when we mention that out of these fifty-two, nearly thirty comprise such poets as Broome, Duke, Spratt, Walsh, Hughes, Yalden, &c., we may easily imagine what chance these worthies would have of inducing the publishers of 1861 to invest in their manuscripts. We may well say that in such matters *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. There are a cloud of poets in our times whose ambition never exceeds the corner of a newspaper, or the column of a magazine, before whose genius nevertheless those stars of Dr. Johnson's constellation would 'pale their ineffectual fires,' and be counted for nothing.

With such an abundance of comparatively excellent poetry, it is no wonder that our taste has become proportionably fastidious. We must be content, when the market is badly supplied, to put up with somewhat indifferent wares, and even to be thankful for that which in other circumstances would be declined without ceremony. And so it happens that authors who, had their lot been cast in a remoter age, would have stood fair for being handed down to posterity on the page of the literary biographer, can neither get their poems read while living, nor their lives discussed when dead. Time was when they would have been sought out by their admiring contemporaries, toasted at dinner parties, feasted at clubs, and lionized in every locality honoured with their presence. But we might as well attempt to restore the Heptarchy as to bring back those days. The poets who would have flourished then can make no headway now. Their volumes may be found at the various book-stalls, very neatly got up and well printed, but all of them in the first edition.

The great excellence to which the art of poetry has attained may be gathered from the fact, that writers so accomplished as those referred to at the beginning of this article have not, with the exception of one, produced anything like a 'sensation' with the public. They are, we believe, but very little known to the great mass of English readers; and yet it is not too much to say that their united works form one of the most charming collections of poetry in the English language. Notwithstanding this, we cannot be blind to another fact, that the poets of America do not in their own sphere stand out in successful rivalry with the great names that country has produced in other departments of literature. Neither Bryant, nor Longfellow, nor any other, is to poetry what Edwards and Tappan are to metaphysics, what Irving and Bancroft are to history, what Wayland and Stuart are to moral philosophy and theology. The great poet of America has not yet appeared. We do not profess to account

for this. It must be admitted that to some extent America is at a disadvantage in respect of those materials on which a great national poet can work. Two hundred years ago she had no literature at all. Her people—the people of that America we now speak of—are a nation only in an accommodated sense of the word. The individual mind of the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, cannot be looked for among those who are—or rather ought to be—as much English as ourselves. The major part therefore of American poetry might, as far as internal evidence is concerned, have been written in any part of the United Kingdom. The grand historical transactions that fire the genius of the bard are wanting among our Transatlantic brethren. Skirmishes with the Indians are poor things for satisfying the aspirations of the muse; and the war of Independence not only lacks the venerable antiquity which throws its mystic charm over such a subject, but was itself unmarked by any of those brilliant actions which may be fitly enshrined in song. Bunker's Hill, Lexington, Brandywine, and other names, are not devoid of a certain amount of importance, but for a poet they are not up to the mark. For a similar reason, the grand and glorious natural scenery of the western world cannot awake the inspirations which that panorama of wonders might otherwise call forth. The mountains, to which our Alpine ranges are pigmies, tell no tales of the past, except to geologists. The great lakes, those mighty inland seas so curiously linked together, are equally void of traditionary interest. The noble rivers, that might almost scorn the Danube as a tributary, have no green and hoary castles dozing on their banks, and wash no venerable towns whose origin goes back into the dim and uncertain distance of the ages past. Travellers who have visited the city of St. Petersburg tell us that when their first ecstasy of astonishment has subsided they gradually get dissatisfied. Their eyes, no longer dazzled by the splendour of the gilded domes and towers, and the number of the proud palatial buildings which every where meet the view, discover that everything is provokingly fresh and modern. It could not well be otherwise. It was a wonderful achievement of genius and enterprise to raise upon a wilderness of mud one of the finest cities of Europe; but to make an *old* city surpassed even the energies of Peter the Great. What St. Petersburg is to the cities of Europe, that is America to the countries of the old hemisphere. We hear, indeed, of the buried monuments of a power and greatness that have long since passed away; and what antique literary treasures may yet be brought to light by the perseverance of some future Macpherson it is impossible to

decide. But, as yet, these strange discoveries have not added to the wealth of the intellectual world. For all purposes of tangible history America is but of yesterday.

Accordingly, when the genius of poetry or romance, as developed in America, wishes to expatiate in the scenes of the past, to find its worthiest subjects there is no alternative but that of crossing the Atlantic. That beautiful prose poem *Hyperion* could not have been gendered by all that America contains from Greenland to Tierra del Fuego. Here it is that the Rhine is greater than the Amazon. Here it is that the old town of Andernach, with its tower, and the great flight of stone steps, and the old keeper and his wife, whose daughter, 'the maiden with long dark eyelashes,' is asleep in her little grave under the linden-trees of Feldkirche with rosemary in her folded hands, is greater than all the cities of New England. And so the famous sketcher of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow found all the difference between the scanty materials upon American ground, and that fulness of traditionary treasures in which his genius revelled amidst the gorgeous visions of the Moorish Alhambra. In fact, both Irving and Longfellow are never more at home than away from home. Spain and Germany are worth to them more than America north and south. We may be told, indeed, that true genius can always take the whole world for its theatre, that Milton could have written *Paradise Lost* in Denmark as well as in England, and that Shakspeare is still Shakspeare whether in *King John* or in *Julius Cesar*. It may be so; but how great a portion of the renown acquired by the latter bard is yet due to the inspiring associations connected with the land of his birth, is a question which needs not here be formally discussed.

In general, however, it must be granted that the great elements of poetry are the same every where. Wherever life, with its cares and pleasures, tears and laughter, comes upon the scene; wherever there are births, marriages, and deaths; wherever love and hatred, with all the storms and calms of human passion, find their place; there is the store-house from which the poet may at any time fetch his ample materials. On these never-to-be-exhausted subjects the poets for all time have invariably based their greatness; on no other conditions will the world continue to listen to them. Burns among the glens and valleys of Scotland, Wordsworth 'booing' in his daily walks about Rydal Mount's romantic solitudes, and Tennyson wrapping his cloak about him in the rough winds that blow along the wolds of Lincolnshire,—all walk by this rule. Men who do not, may win distinction in some particular department, but there is

no immortality for them. Falconer was great upon shipwrecks, and Darwin upon garden-stuff; but the world has forgotten them both.

Steering their way by the old and unchangeable landmarks, our American poets have in all their undertakings so far succeeded that in no case that we are aware of has there been anything like a decided failure. On the whole, no writers appear to us to have taken more correctly the gauge of their own capacities, and to have more uniformly kept aloof from all attempts at soaring where they had no pinions to bear them. None of them have ventured upon great epics. None of them, we imagine, ever indulged the day-dream of Coleridge, that he would spend ten years in amassing all knowledge, historical, scientific, metaphysical, and theological, and then, fusing the whole encyclopædic mass in the fires of his genius, produce a poem that would astonish the earth and heavens. In general, they have aimed at nothing that they have not accomplished; and their work has in the main been done so well, that for our own sakes we could have wished their standard of excellence had been less faithfully adhered to. Nothing has more puzzled us, in going through these volumes, than to make the selections suitable for illustrating the powers of the different authors; for to transcribe the pieces which seem to challenge an equal claim to our attention would be to copy the major part of the collection.

We may notice, among the qualities which recommend these volumes of poetry, their freedom from mannerism. With, perhaps, one exception, it may be said that they are not the production of any school. The authors do not belong to the 'spasmodic' fraternity, who find the secret of success to lie in images and expressions so extravagant, that criticism itself stands aghast at the look of them. They do not believe that all subjects can be heightened merely by prefixing to them the epithet 'great,' like poets who talk about the 'great midnight,' the 'great eternity,' &c. They never seem to be aware that the chief excellence of a poem is to be remarkably obscure, emitting now and then a glimpse of meaning, but indignantly resisting the temerity that would grasp it altogether. They never take up with far-fetched, out-of-the-way trains of thought, in which the unintelligible is made to do duty for the original. Readers of ordinary comprehension can master what they have written. Let us add to this, that the moral tone of their poetry is, with scarcely an exception, sound and healthy. It is too much to hope for poetic utterances which shall never clash with what we deem to be scriptural doctrine; but there is no deliberate

attack upon the great principles of revealed truth, no sophistical confounding of vice and virtue, no wanton pandering to the bad passions and propensities of man's nature. They have not come into the counsel of those gifted but perverted sons of genius whose imaginations are set on fire of hell, and who, living or dying, are a curse to their species.

There are other American poets, and some of them men of mark, besides those we are now dealing with. It has, however, been rendered necessary by our present limits to take only the seven whose names are before us, and to confine our observations to so much of their poetry as is contained in these volumes. First on the list we have WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Bryant, we believe, was the earliest known to the public as a standard American poet, some of his best pieces having been published more than forty years ago. He appears to have been one of those favourites of the muse, who have almost lisped in numbers; for his editor tells us that while Tasso, Cowley, Pope, and Chatterton, all did wondrously in their boyish days, none of them has exceeded Bryant in precocity of poetical talent. At the age of ten he was a contributor to the newspapers. Three years later he published two poems, called *The Embargo*, and *The Spanish Revolution*, which had the honour of eliciting a controversy in the periodicals of the day as to the possibility of such productions having emanated from so juvenile a writer. His friends had to come to the rescue, and to give the public the same satisfaction which their incredulity at another period required in the case of Barnum's dwarf. With a somewhat amusing array of statistical evidence, they inform the said public that this prodigy of genius is a native of Cummington in the county of Hampshire; that in the month of November, 1808, he arrived at his fourteenth year; that 'these facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice;' and lastly, that if, in spite of all these assertions, some parties should still be sceptical upon the subject, authority has been given to the printer to disclose the names and places of residence of the principal referees. Bryant's reputation was mainly established by a volume of poems published in 1821, and which contained, among other well-known pieces, the celebrated lines called *Thanatopsis*. Of this collection the leading poem is *The Ages*, a philosophical disquisition on the past, present, and future. The 'golden days' that once were—though none but poets have discovered that there were such days, and they themselves are sadly perplexed in fixing the exact chronology—are, he thinks, long gone by, but not so as to leave us in a hopeless condition;

inasmuch as the Power that made all things will certainly so govern mundane affairs as to bring about a happy issue.

'Has nature, in her calm, majestic march  
Faltered with age at last? does the bright sun  
Grow dim in heaven? or, in their fair blue arch,  
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,  
Less brightly? When the dew-lipped spring comes on,  
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky  
With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?  
Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny  
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

'Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth  
In her fair page; see, every season brings  
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;  
Still the green soil with joyous living things  
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,  
And myriads still are happy in the sleep  
Of Ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings  
The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep  
In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep.'

This being the case, are we to suppose that the love, which thus keeps all things in its embrace, shall suffer evil to gain the ultimate triumph?

'O, no! a thousand cheerful omens give  
Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.  
He who has tamed the elements, shall not live  
The slave of his own passions; he whose eye  
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,  
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span  
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,  
In God's magnificent works His will shall scan—  
And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.'

Sketching the dark scenes of ancient history down to the coming of Christ upon earth, then travelling through the superstition of the Middle Ages to the period of the Reformation, he describes in beautiful language the dawning of civilized and Christian life upon the western world:—

'Late, from this western shore, that morning chased  
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud,  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.



Erewhile, where yon grey spires their brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud  
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell'd near.

'And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles in his soft embrace the gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of him;  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring  
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,  
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,  
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

'Then all this youthful paradise around,  
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay  
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned  
O'er mount and vale, where never summer ray  
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way  
Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild;  
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossom gay,  
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,  
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

'There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake  
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,  
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,  
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er,  
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;  
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,  
A look of glad and guiltless beauty wore,  
And peace was on the earth and in the air,  
The warrior lit the pile and bound his captive there;

'Not unavenged—the foeman from the wood  
Beheld the deed, and, when the midnight shade  
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood;  
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—  
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,  
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew;  
When on the dewy woods the day-beam played,  
No more the cabin smoke rose wreathed and blue,  
And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.'

But now another race has filled these borders, towns have  
shot up, the lands are tilled, and new colonies spread onward to  
the western seas. While Freedom holds her empire over this  
glorious land, Europe still writhes in shackles. But happier  
days are doubtless in store for her; and who knows but that

at some period—though possibly far distant—she will rival America herself in glory? Such is the course of the Ages.

A far greater favourite, as we take it, with the public is the poem of *Thanatopsis*—so well known that it would be superfluous here to quote it. Scarcely has poetry ever achieved a more signal triumph than in thus throwing its rich and magnificent drapery over that which is naturally the most gloomy and forbidding of subjects. The reader, as he becomes lapped in those soft Lydian airs that breathe around him, the mystic and dreamless quiet of the slumberers in earth and ocean, hardly knows whether to choose the sweetest realities of the waking world or the grand repose of the countless millions who have done with the toils of life, and rest where no storms can trouble them. To 'lie down with the patriarchs of the infant world,' with kings, with the wise, the good, the fair; to rest by the ancient hills, in the quiet valleys, in the venerable woods, or by the murmuring brooks and rivers, which, with

'Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man :

this is what the poet arrays with such inviting charms that we lose for the moment our jealousy of life's rapid progress, nor wish 'to lay our ineffectual finger on the spoke of the great wheel of time.' His picture of the whole world as one cemetery; of its vast and boundless solitudes—whether in the Barcan desert or in the woods where the Oregon 'hears no sound but that of his own dashings'—all peopled by the silent multitudes who in the ages of the past fretted their short hour upon the stage of life, is not less imposing than are the concluding lines of the poem pure and beautiful,—

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd  
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

With six other poets before us waiting for their turn, it were a vain thing to attempt any lengthy analysis of Mr. Bryant's volume. Every part of it is pervaded by that purity, tenderness, and elegance, which, though eminently characteristic of American poetry, appear to be more happily combined in him

than in any of his contemporaries. Had we space for copious extracts we might take his 'Rivulet,' his 'Death of the Flowers,' 'The Hunter's Vision,' 'The Strange Lady,' and many others of equal beauty; not forgetting that exceedingly pleasant poem, 'The Evening Wind.'

As a truly popular poet—the man of the million—no American songster has obtained such a favourable hearing as HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. How it may be in his own hemisphere we know not, but certainly in this part of the world Mr. Longfellow's poems have had a greater circulation than those of all the other American poets together. Possibly it might be no great disgrace even to be ignorant that Bryant and others had written poetry at all; but it would argue a strange isolation from the world of letters to know nothing of *Excelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*. These, and other lyrics from the same pen, have been promoted to the rank of household words. Young ladies everywhere sing *Excelsior* to the accompaniment of the piano; and promising lads, just gliding out of their teens, are imbued by thousands with the stirring sentiments of the *Psalm of Life*,—resolved at all hazards not to quit the world without leaving some 'footprints on the sands of time.' Nay, we have heard of a certain minister, better known as a popular lecturer, who frequently commences his Sabbath worship with, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers,' &c. This somewhat strange effusion, while in many quarters regarded almost with a veneration due to inspired words, has not always been spared from running the gauntlet of adverse criticism. There is no mystery about the success it has obtained. It has a certain number of pithy aphoristic utterances on the value of time and the greatness of men's destinies; and these, given in the full flow of poetic grandiloquence, produce their effect. There is genuine poetry in the composition, though some of the lines are exceedingly uncouth, and the figures such as will not bear much handling. To many a reader who refuses to sacrifice logic for sound, the following lines are still a stumbling-block:—

'Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our life sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time:  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.'

How it is that these footprints can make any permanent impression on the 'sands' of time—how it is that this forlorn brother sailing o'er the solemn main can manage to see these prints on the shore, or what is the particular connexion between seeing them and taking heart again, are, we confess, things not easily understood. It is useless, however, to quarrel with them now; the world has consented to receive them. A more important question, we think, remains. What is to be understood by the lives of great men reminding us that we may make our own lives 'sublime?' Sentiments like this have occasioned a deal of castle-building. The sophistry that identifies a sublime life with a life that makes a great figure in the world, is a very common snare and delusion. The true sublime of life is to turn to the best account the means which Providence has actually placed at men's disposal; and were this actually done all the world over, the number would be very small of those who were sublime enough to have books written about them. As a rule, the lives of great men cannot do much by way of example, whatever they may suggest in the way of instruction; for that which has made them great in the world is not imitable by the generality of mankind. It is all very well that examples should be given of those who, through difficulties mostly regarded as insurmountable, have made their way to eminence of whatever kind; but that is a false and pernicious teaching which leaves the impression that where what the world calls 'greatness' is wanting, the sublime of life is wanting. No more important lesson can be learned than that the ordinary, the unpoetical, business and duties of every-day life are enough to stamp that life with its true greatness; that

'The simple round, the daily task,  
Will furnish all we want or ask;'

for those ordinary duties are very often neglected by many a precocious aspirant after greatness, whose life in consequence exhibits a sad predominance of the sublime over the beautiful. It would be captious thus to dwell on an occasional poetical extravagance, were it not that sentiments of a false or doubtful character are, when embodied in popular poetry, mischievous in the extreme. In *Excelsior*, the leading idea—that progress must be resolutely maintained, come what will—is unexceptionable; and this moral, conveyed as it is in words of much force and beauty, makes us comparatively indifferent to the circumstantialities of the tale, which have in some quarters been mercilessly ridiculed. 'We have no very bright example,' it is said, 'of the true spirit of progress, in the career of a hasty and

inconsiderate youth, who, at a very unreasonable time of the night, hurries through an Alpine village with his *Excelsior* banner in his hand, and, disregarding all manners of peril from torrent, precipice, and avalanche, treads his way upward, eventually perishing in the snow, where the monks of St. Bernard find him on the following morning.' This statement cannot be gainsaid. The jury at the coroner's inquest would, doubtless, express their opinion that deceased met his death from causes too clearly attributable to want of proper caution. But when the voice comes 'like a falling star,' answering to the watchword of the noble victim, we must have done with these matter-of-fact objections, or take them elsewhere.

No greater injustice, however, could be done to Mr. Longfellow than that of testing his merits as a poet by the verses which have found most favour in the drawing-room. He is confessedly at the head of all the American bards. No other has written so much and so well in the main, although we can easily point out in the other collections some single poems which please us better than any thing this author has produced. His longer pieces,—*Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *Miles Standish*,—his many and varied lyrical effusions, and his translations from the German, Spanish, and other languages, are scarcely ever below mediocrity, and are generally of great excellence. True, his flights are never of the highest character; he never rises to those altitudes upon the mount of song, where the great poets of the world have 'based the pillars of their imperishable thrones.' On the other hand, it must be remembered that the men to whom the genius of poesy has distributed its noblest of gifts have mostly written for a limited class of readers. *Paradise Lost* has never been a popular poem; *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*, can hardly yet be said 'to take' with the people. Tennyson's poetry is not for the million; and Wordsworth is still 'like a star, dwelling apart.' It may be said in reply to this, that poets of less calibre are not much complimented by being told that their popularity is mainly owing to the fact that the best poetry is not the most highly appreciated; and this may be granted. But there is another side to the story. To gain the ear, to stir the pulses, to delight the imagination of the thousands and tens of thousands on whom the highest efforts of poetic genius are comparatively lost, is no mean triumph. Mr. Longfellow has done this. His pages are everywhere instinct with life, beauty, and grace. Seldom very sublime, seldom very pathetic,—for the cast of his mind is on the whole gleesome and joyous,—no writer exhibits a better combination of those general qualities which make poetry pleasant

and loveable. The healthful and breezy freshness of nature is on all his productions ; and in the rich and teeming variety of his muse we have the results of that passion for the fair and bright things of the present and the past, so well described in his own *Prelude*.

The poet is equally happy in the varied subjects which lay his muse under contribution. He sings of the charms of nature, the pleasures of love, the beauty of life, and the mystery of death ; rings changes upon bells and old clocks ; holds converse with skeletons ; and revels in the old romantic legends of Germany and Scandinavia. His *Evangeline*, and *Children of the Lord's Supper*, have triumphed over the fantastic and barbarous metre in which he has thought proper to put them ; and had he chosen to cultivate his dramatic genius, he would, if his *Spanish Student* may be taken as a specimen, have attained a very proud position in that department of literature. Among the sweetest of his lyrics we have *The Rainy Day* :—

'The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

'My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

'Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common lot of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.'

Yet there is probably no poem in the collection which exhibits so great a mastery of composition as the *Goblet of Life* :—

'Filled is life's goblet to the brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.

'No purple flowers, no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of misletoe.



'This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

'And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

'Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its lowly flowers;  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

'It gave new strength, and fearless mood;  
And gladiators fierce and rude  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued  
A wreath of fennel wore.

'Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less;  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give.

'And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

'The prayer of Ajax was for light:  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noon-day night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

'Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

'O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid, to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

'I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!  
 The battle of our life is brief,  
 The alarm,—the struggle—the relief,—  
 Then sleep we side by side!'

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is one of the youngest of the American poets. He has evidently taken Tennyson for his model, and to a very considerable extent has been successful. In native genius he is probably not inferior to Bryant; but he has been more concerned to write much than to write well, very few of his poems being free from lines that greatly mar their beauty. To the author himself these defects may possibly be excellencies of a higher order; for it is no uncommon thing for poets to imagine that a certain number of uncouth lines, with now and then an irregular and difficult metre, impart to the composition the charm of a graceful negligence. With some readers this takes; for there is a school of readers, as well as a school of writers; and a poet may calculate that in such quarters he will be admired very much for his noble independence of those rules which are generally deemed indispensable to the art of poetry. It is true, nevertheless, that in lengthy compositions a few prosy or imperfect lines may afford a variety which is tolerable enough. 'An imperial crown,' says Dr. Johnson, 'cannot be made of one continuous diamond; the gems must be held together by baser matter.' But in short lyrical pieces one bad line condemns the whole. Nothing will suffice here but that faultless grace and finish which can be obtained only by weighing each separate word with the utmost care in those scales which are 'obedient to the touch of down or dewdrop.' This is the *ars celare artem*. No one but the builder of the structure must see how it was got up. As the finest pictures are said to be those which seem to have cost the painter the least effort, so the most perfect poems bear the least evidence of the painful process by which they were elaborated. They must not betray any indication of the trials and failures, the shifts and turns, the bitter expostulations with refractory words and syllables, that have marked the progress of that which when complete seems to have passed like a flash of light through the mind of the author. A third part of what Mr. Lowell has written would, if it had the finish which he seems capable of giving it, have done more for his reputation than all he has published. Of his best-sustained efforts the verses entitled, *My Love*, may not be an unfair specimen:—

' Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear ;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

' Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know ;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

' Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair ;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

' She doeth little kindnesses  
That most leave undone, or despise ;  
For nought that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

' She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings,  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

' Blessing she is,—God made her so ;  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her ceaseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

' She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

' She is a woman ; one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

' I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

'And on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them, and between,  
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.'

The volume before us contains poems, memorial verses, and sonnets; and as we take the last to be the best-finished of Mr. Lowell's compositions, we give the following:—

'What were I, love, if I were stripped of thee,  
If thine eyes shut me out, whereby I live,  
Thou, who unto my calm soul dost give  
Knowledge, and Truth, and holy Mystery,  
Wherein truth mainly lies for those who see  
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive,  
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,  
And only in the Infinite are free?  
Without thee, I were naked, bleak, and bare  
As yon dead Cedar on the sea-cliff's brow;  
And Nature's teachings, which come to me now,  
Common and beautiful as light and air,  
Would be as fruitless as a stream which still  
Slips through the wheel of some old ruined mill.'

'The hope of Truth grows stronger, day by day,  
I hear the soul of man around me waking,  
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,  
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,  
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,  
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,  
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder;  
The memory of a glory passed away  
Lingers in every heart, as in the shell  
Ripples the bygone freedom of the sea,  
And every hour new signs of promise tell  
That the great soul shall once again be free;  
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell  
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.'

We must be brief with the poetry of MR. N. P. WILLIS. No way unworthy to be ranked with America's good poets, there is yet little of what is distinctive in his compositions. He has several Scripture pieces,—*'Absalom,' 'Lazarus and Mary,' 'The Leper,'* &c.,—which, though chaste and elegant, are marked by the defect under which such productions nearly always labour; they stand out badly in comparison with the majestic simplicity of the original subjects. The thankless work of gilding refined gold is that of seeking to embellish by poetry

the touching incidents of Scripture narrative. His long and semi-Byronic poem, *The Lady Jane*, might have been omitted from this collection with no disadvantage whatever; and there are a few smaller ones, such as *A Child's first Impressions of a Star*, which, though wonderfully popular in some domestic circles, appear to us to be exceedingly far-fetched. But that Willis has the true spirit of poetry in him, may be easily gathered from the following specimens, which, though very good, are not much above the average merit of his writings.

#### DEDICATION HYMN.

- ' The perfect world by Adam trod  
Was the first temple—built by God;  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
And heaved its pillows one by one.
- ' He hung its starry roof on high—  
The broad, illimitable sky;  
He spread its pavement green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.
- ' The mountains in their places stood,  
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"  
And when its first pure praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- ' Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea  
And earth and sky a house for Thee;  
But in Thy sight our offering stands,  
An humbler temple made with hands.'

#### IDLENESS.

- ' The rain is playing its soft pleasant tune  
Fitfully on the sky-light, and the shade  
Of the fast-flying clouds across my book  
Passes with gliding change. My merry fire  
Sings cheerfully to itself; my musing cat  
Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,  
And looks into my face as if she felt,  
Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.  
Here have I sat since morn, reading sometimes,  
And sometimes listening to the faster fall  
Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir  
Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,  
With the slow steps of indolence, my room,  
And then sat down composedly again  
To my quaint book of olden poetry.

' It is a kind of idleness, I know ;  
And I am said to be an idle man,  
And it is very true. I love to go  
Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye  
Rest on the human faces that go onward  
Each with its gay or busy interest :  
And then I muse upon their lot, and read  
Full many a lesson in their changeful cast,  
And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight  
Of human beings bred humanity.  
And I am better after it, and go  
More grateful to my rest, and feel a love  
Stirring my heart to every living thing ;  
And my low prayer has more humility,  
And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this,  
'Tis very true, is only idleness !

' I love to go and mingle with the young  
In the gay festal room, when every heart  
Is beating faster than the merry tune,  
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips  
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks  
Flushed with the beauteous motion of the dance.  
And I can look upon such things, and go  
Back to my solitude, and dream bright dreams  
For their fast coming years, and speak of them  
Earnestly in my prayer, till I am glad  
With a benevolent joy—and this, I know,  
To the world's eye, is only idleness.

' And when the clouds pass suddenly away,  
And the blue sky is like a newer world,  
And the sweet growing things—forest and flower,  
Humble and beautiful alike—are all  
Breathing up odours to the very heaven—  
Or when the frost has yielded to the sun  
In the rich autumn, and the filmy mist  
Lies like a silver lining on the sky,  
And the clear air exhilarates, and life  
Simply is luxury—and when the hush  
Of twilight, like a gentle sleep, steals on,  
And the birds settle to their nests, and stars  
Spring in the upper sky, and there is not  
A sound that is not low and musical—  
At all these pleasant seasons I go out  
With my first impulse guiding me, and take  
Wood-path or stream, or slope by hill or vale,  
And, in my recklessness of heart, stray on,



Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves,  
And happy with the fair and blessed world—  
And this, 'tis true, is only idleness!

'And I should love to go up to the sky,  
And course the heavens, like stars, and float away  
Upon the gliding clouds that have no stay  
In their swift journey—and 'twould be a joy  
To walk the chambers of the deep, and tread  
The pearls of its untrodden floor, and know  
The tribes of the unfathomable depths—  
Dwellers beneath the pressure of the sea!  
And I should love to issue with the wind  
On a strong errand, and o'ersweep the earth  
With its broad continents and islands green,  
Like to the passing of a spirit on!  
And this, 'tis true, were only idleness!'

In passing from the last authors to OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, we suddenly find ourselves in another atmosphere. Holmes, as his biographer informs us, holds the chief rank among the poetical wits and humourists of America, a class of poets of which the transatlantic soil is not very prolific. But if nature has denied to most of the American bards any considerable share of humour,—and the fact must certainly be admitted,—she seems, on the principle of compensation, to have selected Mr. Holmes for the one upon whom to bestow such an exuberance of gaiety as should be equal to a fair average amount for the whole of them. Mr. Holmes was first a lawyer; he then gave up law for the study of medicine, and, having commenced practice in Boston, became so far eminent in his profession as to be elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Cambridge, which important chair he is still said to fill with distinguished ability. But the duties of an arduous calling have not destroyed his enthusiastic attachment to the muses, nor does any subject seem to come amiss to his versatile pen. He can be grand and dignified when it suits him; can write very pathetically if he pleases; but these are not his favourite walks in poetry. Something that has at least one laughing side is better suited to his taste. His mirthfulness, withal, is of a highly individual character. He has not the tipsy jollity of Anacreon, nor the uproarious fun of Barham, nor the quiet though broad humour of Hood. He is seldom grotesque, never coarse or indelicate, but intensely frolicsome. He is the very Puck of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Whatever is laughable in earth, air, or sky, he will find it out. He laughs at men,

and women, and children, and society in general, but offends nobody. He takes liberties with respectable tradesmen,—putting tailors, for instance, to extol, in their own technical language, the beauties of a starry evening,—but the most testy of them cannot resent it. No venom ever tips his shafts, no sneer ever curls his lip, no slightest element of sourness or malignity mingles with his freest sarcasms. Such a genial child of song must be sought for everywhere. Whether it be a meeting of the Boston Mercantile Association, or of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, or a dinner for inaugurating President Everett, or even the dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, Mr. Holmes must play the pipes at all of them.

A Metrical Essay on Poetry, the opening piece in Mr. Holmes's volume, is no bad specimen of his command of language. He tells us that

'Poets, like painters, their machinery claim,  
And verse bestows the varnish and the frame;  
Our grating English, *whose Teutonic jar*  
*Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,*  
Fits like Mosaic in the lines that gird  
Fast in its place each many-angled word;  
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers glide,  
As once they melted on the Teian tide,  
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again  
From Albion's cliffs, as o'er Achaia's plain!  
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,  
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet;  
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,  
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,  
*Where waves on waves in long succession pour,*  
*Till the ninth billow melts along the shore.'*

But he is more-at home in his *Urania*. Here life, men, and manners, with their various phases and aspects, are the subject. Of life itself,—

'Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie,—  
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh!  
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,  
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,  
As living shadows for a moment seen  
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,  
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,  
Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came.'

What is the object of this life? Does all finish with its mortal termination, or

———' Is our being's only end and aim  
 To add new glories to our Maker's name,  
 As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,  
 Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming rays ?  
 Does Earth send upwards to the Eternal's ear  
 The mingled discords of her jarring sphere  
 To swell His anthem, while Creation rings  
 With notes of anguish from its shattered strings ?  
 Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind  
 In chains like these the all-embracing mind.  
 Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll,  
 Who tears the charter of thy shuddering soul ;  
 The God of love, who gave the breath that warms  
 All living dust in all its varied forms,  
 Asks not the tribute of a world like this  
 To fill the measure of His perfect bliss.'

This smacks of Pope's philosophy, and is very shallow indeed, though partially qualified by other sentiments, which might so far limit their meaning to the scriptural truth that God is not to be served by man, as though He needed anything. To creeds in general Mr. Holmes is indulgent ; and, as he considers that most of them are the result of early deference to parents and teachers, he is rather disposed to recommend the adult sceptic, when troubled for want of some resting-place for the sole of his foot, to go back to the creed of his childhood, and take it without asking any more questions. Popery would seem to pass muster with him :—

' True, the harsh founders of thy Church reviled  
 That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's child ;  
 Must thou be raking in the crumbled past  
 For racks and fagots in her teeth to cast ?  
 See, from the ashes of Helvetia's pile  
 The whitened skull of old Servetus smile !  
 Round her young heart thy "Romish Upas" threw  
 Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she grew ;  
 Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish tricks,"—  
 Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix,—  
 But *De Profundis* blessed her father's grave ;  
 That idol cross her dying mother gave !  
 What, if some angel looks with equal eyes  
 On her and thee—the simple and the wise—  
 Writes each dark fault against thy brighter creed,  
 And drops a tear with every foolish bead ?'

As a moral philosopher, however, our author is far less exceptionable. He enjoins decision of character :—

'Be firm! one constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;  
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.  
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.'

He inculcates caution as to making too much of a street salutation:—

'Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,  
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;  
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,  
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.  
Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale  
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale.  
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,  
And the rude office that insures his life.'

And, further, on a kindred subject:—

'I tell in verse,—'twere better done in prose,—  
One curious trick that everybody knows;  
Once from this habit—and it's very strange  
How long it sticks—how hard it is to change.  
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,  
Who meet like others, every little while,  
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,  
And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"  
Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,  
But slightly weak and somewhat undefined,  
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,  
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;  
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,  
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck!  
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased  
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed;  
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,  
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go!'

From the lyrical portion of Mr. Holmes's volume, we may first take his description of an unusually warm day:—

'The folks that on the first of May  
Wore winter coats and hose,  
Began to say, the first of June,  
"How fiercely hot it grows!"  
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,  
And killed two children small;  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor with its ball.

- ' Now, all day long the locusts sang  
Among the leafless trees ;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze ;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks,  
Like Joly's best champagne !
- ' The Worcester locomotives did  
Their trip in half an hour ;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked the power ;  
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,  
And locofoeos fell.  
All asked for ice ; but everywhere  
Saltpetre was to sell.
- ' Plump men at mornings ordered tights ;  
But ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose  
As Cossack pantaloons.  
The dogs ran mad ; men could not try  
If water they would choose.  
A horse fell dead ; he only left  
Four red-hot, rusty shoes.
- ' But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire ;  
Allusions to caloric drew  
A flood of savage ire.  
The leaves on heat were all torn out  
From every book at school,  
And many a witling kicked and caned  
Because he said, " Keep cool."
- ' The gas-light companies were mobbed ;  
The bakers all were shot ;  
The penny press began to talk  
Of Lynching Doctor Nott ;  
And all about the warehouse steps  
Were angry men in droves,  
Crashing and splintering through the doors  
To smash the patent stoves.
- ' The abolition men and maids  
Were tanned to such a hue,  
You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
Unless their eyes were blue.  
And when I left, society  
Had burst its ancient guards,  
And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
Were interchanging cards !'

Take next *The Philosopher to his Love*, and this will be sufficient evidence that the rollicking muse of Mr. Holmes can deal with subjects of a much more chastened character :—

- ‘Dearest, a look is but a ray  
 Reflected in a certain way ;  
 A word, whatever tone it wear,  
 Is but a trembling wave of air ;  
 A touch, obedience to a clause  
 In Nature’s pure material laws.
- ‘The very flowers that bend and meet,  
 In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;  
 The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
 Inweave their floating locks of light ;  
 The rainbow, Heaven’s own forehead’s braid,  
 Is but the embrace of sun and shade.
- ‘How few that love us have we found !  
 How wide the world that girds them round !  
 Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
 Each living in the other’s heart,  
 Our course unknown, our hope to be  
 Yet mingled in the distant sea.
- ‘But ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
 Bound in the subtle moonbeam’s chain ;  
 And love and hope do but obey  
 Some cold capricious planet’s ray,  
 Which lights and leads the tide it charms  
 To Death’s dark caves and icy arms.
- ‘Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,  
 That links our sunset with our dawn ;  
 In mist and shade life’s morning rose,  
 And clouds are round it at its close ;  
 But ah ! no twilight beam ascends  
 To whisper where that evening ends.’

JOHN G. WHITTIER is a poet whose productions we think will not suffer much by a comparison with any that America has given us. By birth and creed Whittier is a Quaker, and has not, therefore, been favoured, as some have been, with the early training and associations which best develope the poetic faculty. How many Quakers are, or have been, poets, it is not for us to say. Nature, surely, has no respect to the external garb or the religious profession of those to whom she intends to communicate ‘the vision and the faculty divine ;’ and for aught we know to the contrary, many a disciple of George Fox



has lived through his earthly days, and gone down to the grave a poet to the very bone, but whose stern faith has rather regarded the gift of song in the light of a Satanic temptation, and who has battled all his life with the fires that were smouldering within him. But now and then the Quaker stands forth, and asserts his vocation. He boldly breaks through the conventionalities to which other gifted but timorous spirits have possibly succumbed, and strikes his harp like a true son of Apollo. Of this we have no better proof than the present volume of Whittier's poems,—a noble contribution to that department of American literature. Of these poems some are traditionary tales, a large proportion are classed under the head of *Voices of Freedom*, others are *Memorials*, and the remainder of a miscellaneous character. The *Voices of Freedom* are the most bold and spirited; for they deal with that gigantic evil of American institutions, slavery. He probes this ulcer to the very quick, holds up the abomination to the clearest light of the sun, and assails in the most trenchant and merciless manner the men who, as ministers of the Gospel, take it upon them to advocate the system of 'involuntary servitude:—

'Just God! and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's ark of light!

'What! preach—and kidnap men?  
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door?'

In another poem called *Stanzas for the Times*, he delivers himself on the subject of a pro-slavery meeting for the suppression of freedom of speech, lest it should endanger the foundations of commercial society.

'Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought,  
Which well might shame extremest hell?  
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?  
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?  
Shall Honour bleed? shall Truth succumb?  
Shall Pen, and Press, and Soul be dumb?

'No! by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall,—  
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound,  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—  
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—  
By all the memories of the dead!

' By their enlarging souls, which burst  
 The bands and fetters round them set,—  
 By the free Pilgrim's spirit, nursed  
 Within our inmost bosom, yet,—  
 By all around—above—below—  
 Be ours the indignant answer—No! '

And with a strain not less powerful, though differently modulated, he sings the lament of a Virginian slave mother for her daughters sold into Southern bondage:—

' Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 O, when weary, sad, and slow,  
 From the fields at night they go,  
 Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
 To their cheerless homes again—  
 There no brother's voice shall greet them,  
 There no father's welcome meet them.

' From the tree, whose shadow lay  
 On their childhood's place of play—  
 From the cool spring where they drank—  
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
 From the solemn house of prayer,  
 And the holy counsels there;

' Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
 Toiling through the weary day,  
 And at night the spoiler's prey;  
 O that they had earlier died,  
 Sleeping calmly side by side,  
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
 And the fetter galls no more!  
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—  
 From Virginia's hills and waters—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters! '

But slavery is not the only thing Mr. Whittier abhors; he is resolute against the gallows, he will have no capital punishment. He complains that though eighteen centuries have passed away since men were taught the exercise of mercy by the Prince of Peace, revenge is still the order of the day in our legislation for murder. He sings the horrors of the crusades against heretics, the dungeons of Goa, the cells of Malta, St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and Geneva itself stained with the blood of Servetus; and now that these things are past, now that 'the Flamen's knife is bloodless,' and 'Mexitli's altars smoke no

longer with human gore,' and the revolting rites of Druidism are no more known, why do we yet retain that relic of barbarism, the gallows? But the poet is not without hope. He thanks God that he has

'Lived to see the time,  
When the great truth begins at last to find  
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear,—that all revenge is crime!'

No, Mr. Whittier, not quite so fast; *all* revenge is *not* crime. St. Paul warns evil-doers to beware of that which makes them obnoxious to the displeasure of the ruler, whom he calls the minister of God, and yet a 'revenger, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.' So that wrath and vengeance, when by them is understood the award of the law to a public criminal, are no way discountenanced by the milder dispensation of the Gospel. These platitudes about Christian love, mercy, and charity, superseding the claims of justice, are almost too poor to be refuted; but they enjoy a certain amount of popularity, and require to be occasionally exposed. It is all very well to say that every punishment must be corrective; that when a murderer is convicted of his crime,

'Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.'

But the philanthropic brotherhood who have so much concern for those who are within the prison should give a little more attention to the interests of those who are without.

Politics, however, are one thing, poetry another. Of the last we have not yet given any fair specimens. The *Dream of Summer* may be taken at random from a miscellaneous collection to which our limited space can by no means do justice in the way of extracts.

'Bland as the morning breath of June,  
The south-west breezes play,  
And through its haze the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer day.  
The snow-plumed angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

'The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, oh Mother Nature!" cry  
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;  
 "Our winter voices prophesy  
 Of summer days to thee!"

'So in these winters of the soul,  
 By bitter blasts and drear  
 O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,  
 Will sunny days appear.  
 Reviving Faith and Hope, they show,  
 The soul its living powers,  
 And how beneath the winter's snow  
 Lie germs of summer flowers!

'The Night is mother of the Day,  
 The Winter of the Spring,  
 And ever upon old Decay  
 The greenest mosses cling.  
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
 For God, who loveth all His works,  
 Hath left His Hope with all!'

We doubt, however, if Mr. Whittier is ever more happy in the company of his muse than when he sings the pleasures of *Hampton Beach*. It will be worth while to take a stroll with him to that very charming spot, and see how he can paint a sea picture.

'The sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs, and wastes of sandy grey.

'The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
 Against its ground,  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

'On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark green fields and blossoming grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

'Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to flow  
 The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas.

' Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
His feet hath set  
In the green waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

' Good bye to pain and care ! I take  
Mine ease to-day ;  
Here, where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

' I draw a freer breath—I seem  
Like all I see—  
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

' So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

' And all we shrink from now, may seem  
No new revealing ;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
A pleasant memory of a dream,  
The loved and cherished past upon the new life stealing.

' Serene and mild the untried light  
May have its dawning ;  
And as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

' I sit alone : in foam and spray  
Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks, which, stern and grey,  
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

' What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town ?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand,  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down !

'In listless quietude of mind  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud, and wave, and wind,  
 And, passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

'But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore  
 In shadow lie;  
 The night wind warns me back once more  
 To where my native hill-tops o'er  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sun-set sky.'

'And this,' said the great Chamberlain, 'is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt.' FADLADEEN, who came out in this gorgeous style at the conclusion of *Paradise and the Peri*, was an awful critic, and we are not sure that *Hampton Beach* would entirely suit his taste. But to critics in general we submit these verses with confidence. We regard them as one of the most perfect poems the language has produced. Nor do we remember any other poem resembling it, though the subject is not a very uncommon one. The sea—who that writes poetry does not write about the sea? A poet who had forgotten to do this would be expelled from Parnassus by general consent. The varied effusions which this subject has called forth exhibit, as may naturally be supposed, all shades of feeling,—the profoundest love and veneration on one hand, and the deepest dislike on the other. Barry Cornwall's hero will have nothing but 'the sea, the sea,'—living or dying, this must be the element. Of a similar way of thinking was a gentleman who many years since made his appeal to the public through the medium of *Blackwood's Magazine*, beseeching them, by all that was affecting, not to let his remains be put in the earth, where they could never be easy:—

'O, lay me not in earth to rest;  
 There I should never, never sleep:  
 But give my body to the deep,  
 This is my last request!'

To others the sea is man's worst of natural enemies. Its surface is the battling-ground for storms and hurricanes, and its lonely depths the depositories of its various spoils,—'a thousand men, that fishes gnaw upon, wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.' Whittier neither sides with the one nor the other. The fairest inland panorama that can be furnished by the whole range of nature's brightest



landscapes cannot equal the materials of this picture,—the vast and limitless ocean stretching away till in the far distance the ‘blue of heaven shuts down on bluer waves,’—the ‘innumerable dimplings’ (ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα) of its quietly restless waters freshened by the southern breezes,—the hot and hazy sunshine that envelopes the blue expanse, with its white and sparkling beach of sand, and the ‘glittering ships’ that, coming no one knows whence, are sailing no one knows whither,—the strange and mystic mingling of all things seen with all that is mysterious and invisible,—these are just the elements under whose influence the dreamer bids good bye to pain and care, and gives himself up to wander, rise, and fall with the waves before him. The misfortune is that there is only one class of readers on whom this poem can take effect; for, alas! to the other part the sea, and all belonging to it, is only an article of their faith. They have never seen what Whittier talks about. They believe in the ocean just as they believe in the Andes, or the Giant’s Causeway, or Adam’s Peak. They may sometimes have imagined that they have caught the thing, not knowing what a world of difference there is between a salt-water view and a sea view. To such persons Whittier is a barbarian; they know not what is piped or harped. They must be borne with, for in most cases it is not their own fault; but they are profoundly to be pitied.

We must hasten to the last that stands on our list,—MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. This lady has been called the American Mrs. Hemans; and though it can hardly be said that the two writers have very much in common, there are certainly some productions of the former which, had we to guess at their parentage, would at once be ascribed to the author of the *Voice of Spring*, and the *Treasures of the Deep*. Take the following lines to the *Coral Insects*:—

‘Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria’s King;  
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,  
O’er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.  
But why do ye plant ’neath the billows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the tented field;  
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;

There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;  
 There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;  
 There are foes that watch for his cradle breath:  
 And why need ye sow the floods with death?  
 With mouldering bones the floods are white,  
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;  
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
 And the gods of Ocean have frowned to see  
 The mariner's bed mid their halls of glee.  
 Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread  
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Here the image and superscription of the English lyrist seem plain enough to swear to in a court of justice. But, although we often find, on topics which suggest a similar train of thought, this close resemblance between the two, Mrs. Sigourney has a wider range of subjects; and in her treatment of them has a freshness and variety that stand in very agreeable contrast with the wearisome monotony which runs through the *Songs of the Affections*. The American songstress can also be sprightly, and—at least, as far as her intention goes—facetious and humorous: we should not gather from the writings of Mrs. Hemans that she was aware of a joke having ever been made since the beginning of the world. But this will hardly meet the requirements of popular and successful poetry. The emotions of the soul, like the muscles of the body, must be separately called into action; and although we may not often look for the Shakespearean genius that can so sweep all the chords of the instrument as to awaken from each of them its befitting music, no mortal patience can stand the everlasting twanging of a single string. If to this we add that a large proportion of Mrs. Hemans's poetry was hastily thrown off to meet the exigencies of the hour, and that she never truly understood how wide is the distance between poetical feeling and poetical conception, it is not wonderful that with the exception of a few lyrics which have become household words, her effusions as a whole are rapidly passing to the limbo of forgotten authors. Of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry a far greater proportion will probably remain; but we cannot endorse the wholesale panegyrics with which her editor introduces the volume before us. We are told that 'every printed poem in the present collection will leave its own bright impression upon the reader's heart, with just such sunshine and power as must leave him or her without the inducement to look upon any other landscape, or listen to any other voice.' In spite of this high-flown eulogium, and the lawyer-

like precision of language which tells us that the poetry will leave 'him or her' without the inducement to read anything else, we must respectfully submit that Mrs. Sigourney is only one of a very large class of readable poets. Many of her pieces have great merit; many more, though pleasant enough, and not apparently lacking any of the requisites of good poetry, induce no desire for a second perusal; and this we regard as fatal to all high pretensions. With the metaphysics of this question we do not deal; but the reader cannot have failed to notice the fact itself, that vast quantities of published poetry, the production of elegant, tasteful, and accomplished minds, and in which the most critical investigation can discover nothing that should prevent its living for ages, is yet *felt* to be only the poetry of a day. We may read it by the volume, or by the dozen volumes; and when we have admired and praised it we dare not think the world would be much the loser if it was never again heard of. But there is another poetry, which does not come under this description; poetry which, without challenging criticism, or asking our approbation, enters the heart at once, and abides there for ever. We read it, and cannot forget it if we would; it intertwines itself with

' All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,'

and becomes henceforth a part of our very existence.

One means of beguiling the middling class of poets into a profitless exuberance of song, is the temptation presented by blank verse. In this species of composition our American authoress deals somewhat largely; but it hardly needs to be observed, that no order of poetry so much requires the hand of a master, and that therefore so few who undertake it can really do it justice. Lured by its freedom from the trammels of rhyme, and by the stately and imposing march of its numbers, they too frequently forget that the commonest inanities may be served up in this form, and that the general material of a newspaper might with small trouble be done into a moderately sublime poem by embodying it in blank verse:—

' *Sorrow as on the sea.* A woman mourns;  
Pale as the little marble form she folds  
Close in her arms, resisting all who touch  
The darling of her bosom. " 'T will awake;  
It hath but fainted. The wild, rocking sea  
Hath made it sick. I tell ye 't will revive.  
Child! baby! look on me! " 'T will smile again."  
" Yes, mother, yes! but not below the skies."

Spasm and convulsion seized her at the thought  
That the dear idol, whom but yesterday  
She cradled from the zephyr's roughened breath,  
Alone must to the unfathomed depths go down,' &c.

This hardly seems to justify the editor's encomium, though it is not given as an average specimen—far from it—of this class of Mrs. Sigourney's compositions.

The opening poem in this volume is the tale of *Oriska*. Oriska is the daughter of an Indian chief. A young Frenchman, coming into her neighbourhood to traffic, engages her affections, and induces her to become his wife; and the old chieftain her father, at first strongly opposed to the match, is gradually won over. For a time everything goes well with the wedded pair:—

' Their sweet bower

Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,  
O'er-canopied with trees, where countless birds  
Carroll'd unwearied; the gay squirrel leaped,  
And the wild bee went singing to his work,  
Sate with luxury.  
Nor lacked their lowly dwelling such device  
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand  
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,  
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung  
Attentive on his lips while he described  
The household policy of prouder climes;  
And with such varied and inventive skill  
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined,  
That the red people, wondering as they gazed  
On curtained window, and on flower-crowned vase,  
Carpet and cushioned chair, and board arranged  
With care unwonted, called her home the court  
Of their French princess.'

But this life in the wilderness soon palls upon the Frenchman's taste; and after giving various evidences of decreasing affection for his wife and home, he gives her the slip, and retires into Canada. There he comforts himself with another spouse; but ere the honeymoon is well over, the midnight slumbers of the bridegroom are broken by a wild strain of music at his door; and he conjectures but too truly, that for this unexpected serenading he is indebted to the forsaken Oriska. After a very hasty toilet he appears at the door and warns her off, indignantly rebuking her for disturbing his rest with what he calls her 'wild, savage music.' She retires, after a promise that he will call at her lodgings and explain matters. On the second even-

ing he makes his appearance; and before him are Oriska, her child, and the old chieftain, his father-in-law, who has just been overtaken by sickness, and is getting near his end. Oriska's proposals are very moderate for so injured a woman. She will neither upbraid him for his desertion, nor enforce her conjugal claims; it shall be enough for her if he will take her into his establishment as a servant of all work,—enough for her if she can only be within the sound of his voice and the echo of his footsteps. The objections to such an arrangement are obvious; but the simple-hearted Oriska only sees in her husband's unqualified refusal, that he will have nothing more to do with her. The old man, not disposed to mince matters, gathers up his remaining energies, and, after venting a terrible execration on the faithless Frenchman, makes his exit. He is taken back to his tribe to be buried; and Oriska, after fulfilling her last duties to the departed, steps with her child into a canoe, and hastens to that sure refuge from matrimonial miseries,—the Falls of Niagara.

The story is unequally told, and it is in all respects far inferior to the tale of *Pocahontas*. Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, had a daughter, at that time ten or twelve years old, who not only exceeded the rest of her people in countenance and expression, but 'for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country.' This girl, Pocahontas by name, procured by her intercession with her father the release of a white captive, who was just about to undergo the war-club. When the infant colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, she managed to convey to the fort every few days baskets of corn for the starving garrison. At another time, by a seasonable warning, she saved them all from being massacred by the Indians. She was eventually captured by the colonists, and held as a hostage,—not a very grateful return for her services, but apparently with no worse object than that of bringing her father to terms, or to get from him a large ransom. Here, however, a new era dawned upon the child of the forest. She was instructed in the Christian faith, she learned the English language, and finally her marriage with Mr. Rolfe took place in the church of Jamestown, Powhatan and his chieftains being present at the ceremony. Under her new name of Lady Rebecca, she sailed with Mr. Rolfe, and arrived in England. Attentions and hospitality were shown her by persons of rank and influence; even the king and queen had her in honourable estimation.

'Yet, mid the magic of these regal walls,  
 The glittering train, the courtier's flattering tone,  
 Or by her lord, through fair ancestral halls,  
 Led on, to claim the treasures as her own,  
 Stole back the scenery of her solitude :  
 An aged father, in his cabin rude,  
 Mixed with her dreams a melancholy moan,  
 Notching his simple calendar with pain,  
 And straining his red eye to watch the misty main.  
 Sweet sounds of falling waters, cool and clean,  
 The crystal streams, her playmates, far away  
 Oft did their dulcet music mock her ear,  
 As restless on her fevered couch she lay ;  
 Strange visions hovered round, and harpings high,  
 From spirit-bands, and then her lustrous eye  
 Welcomed the call ; but earth resumed its sway,  
 And all its sacred ties convulsive twined.  
 How hard to spread the wing and leave the loved behind !'

When preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, died, and was buried at Gravesend. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, says that 'she was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth.'

'Like the fallen leaves those forest tribes have fled ;  
 Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies ;  
 No more their harvest lifts its golden head,  
 Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies ;  
 But from the far far-west, where holds so hoarse  
 The lonely Oregon its rock-strewn course,  
 While old Pacific's sullen dirge replies,  
 Are heard their exiled murmurings, deep and low,  
 Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of woe.  
 Forgotten race, farewell ! Your haunts we tread,  
 Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,  
 Our mountains wear them on their misty head,  
 Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore ;  
 But on the lake your flashing oar is still,  
 Hushed is your hunter's cry on dale and hill,  
 Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more ;  
 And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest,  
 In unremembered tombs, unpitied and unblest.'

We had marked for quotation several of Mrs. Sigourney's minor poems, but have already exceeded our limits. Long-fellow excepted, no American poet is better known on this side of the Atlantic ; and we are therefore content that our



extracts should be less copious than in the case of those with whom the reader may not be quite so familiar. Of all her pieces we should ourselves prefer the *Farewell of the Soul to the Body*,—one of her earliest productions; one, however, which, had she written nothing else, would have secured her a far greater fame than has fallen to the lot of many a more voluminous author.

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ART. III.—*Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Map and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1861.

THIS is one of those remarkable books which are certain to excite general and, for a period, intense interest, and which will not for a long time be allowed to pass away amidst the crowd of almost unremembered volumes of travels. Heralded by no loud flourish of trumpets, and no wide distribution of advertisements, it has come before the public upon its own merits, and bespeaks attention simply by its own attractions. In its pages we have the notes and descriptions of a man of uncommon nerve and daring. They trace the course of a traveller who, forsaking all beaten tracks, plunged into the wilds of a country where no white man appears to have preceded him; and who brings before us tribes marked by hideous moral degradation, and yet of not unhopeful prospects; while, as a hunter, sportsman, and naturalist, he has tales to tell which make the ears of all who hear to tingle. The recent publishing season has yielded some books of high interest; but for novelty, strangeness, and information about remarkable animals, unquestionably the *Explorations and Adventures* of M. Du Chaillu stands foremost. For ourselves we read no small portion of it a second time before it passed from our hands upon its first publication; and we have now perused its principal pages for the third time.

Many of our readers may be aware that almost immediately after the publication of this volume, questions affecting the veracity and integrity of the author began to be raised. Dr. Gray, an experienced naturalist, who holds an appointment in the British Museum, wrote a letter of inquiry and comment, which appeared in the *Athenæum*. This letter has been followed by others from the same pen, and from that

of another critic; all having for their direct object the suggestion of caution and doubts about the so-called 'New Traveller's Tales.' Dr. Gray, as a naturalist, comments chiefly on topics relating to his own branches of science, and particularly upon the representations and stories of the gorilla, as well as upon our author's claims to be regarded as a discoverer in African Natural History. These are points which we may briefly notice towards the conclusion of this article. At once, however, we shall advert to difficulties of chronology, having ourselves been much perplexed, during our first examination of this volume, in endeavouring to comprehend the author's times and seasons for his several journeys. We soon came to the same conviction as his subsequent critic upon this point, viz., that the author had paid too little attention to dates, and, in fact, had been culpably careless in this matter. As far as we can conjecture his chronology, although the author left New York in October, 1855, he appears to have commenced his travels in Africa in 1856, and to have concluded them on February 10th, 1859. Within these limits of time, we have three years and one month; but the intervening confusion of dates is vexatious; and, however friendly the reader may be, leads to a suspicion of inaccuracy and carelessness.

M. Du Chaillu has endeavoured to defend himself against these charges in the Preface to a new edition of his volume; declaring that he 'kept careful and minute journals and itineraries, day by day, of his travels; but did not think it necessary to trouble the public with such details, but selected for publication only such parts as seemed to him to contain new and interesting information.' He goes on to state, in substance, that he alluded but slightly to excursions preceding the travels narrated in his book; and that during one of these excursions he laid the foundation of the valuable collections of natural history which have been dispersed through various museums in America and Europe. He confesses that he completed his description of the northern region, including his expedition to the Fans, before beginning his southern journey to Cape Lopez, which was really the first exploration he made, in 1856; and that he did this to avoid taking the reader backwards and forwards. He then gives a chronological account of his journeys, commencing with October, 1855, at which period he left New York; and he reached Africa in December. It may be possible to synchronize these after-  
notices of dates with those confusedly given in the volume as first published; but certainly the reader should not have been left to execute this tedious and unwelcome task, seeing that the author might have explained his chronology and

course of travel at first as well as at last. To do so may be irksome to a dashing traveller; but it is tenfold more irksome to a perplexed reader, and, indeed, in this case impossible, without the author's after-aid; while even with this aid some things in the narrative appear to be chronologically incompatible. Nevertheless, we prefer attributing this incompatibility to haste and impatience of details of time, rather than to truthlessness and wilful inaccuracy. Probably this traveller did not expect to meet with critics who would with great care compare dates with dates, and journey with journey. Now, however, he must be unpleasantly aware that there are men who will sit down and patiently examine every part of an author's book, with no very friendly eye, if only it attracts general attention and claims high consideration, and therefore is worth the pains of critical sifting and journalistic controversy.

Without therefore pretending to disentangle the author's perplexing chronology, we commence our review of his volume by stating the objects he proposed to himself in his enterprise.

'My purpose was to spend some years in the exploration of a region of territory lying between latitude 2° north and 2° south; and stretching back from the coast to the mountain range called the Sierra del Crystal, and beyond so far as I should be able to penetrate. The coast-line of this region is dotted here and there with Negro villages, and at a few points "factories" have been established for the prosecution of general trade. The power and knowledge of the white man extend but a very few miles from the coast, and the interior was still a *terra incognita*. Of its tribes, several of whom were reported to be cannibals, nothing was known, although terrible stories were told of their dark superstitions and untameable ferocity. Of its productions only a rough guess could be made from the scarce supplies of ivory, ebony bar-wood, and caoutchouc, which were transmitted to the coast by the people inhabiting the river-banks. Of the natural history—which was the subject that interested me most—sufficient was known to assure me that here was a field worthy of every effort of an explorer and naturalist.

'This unexplored region was the home of that remarkable ape, the fierce untameable *gorilla*, which approaches nearest in physical conformation and in certain habits to man; and whose unconquerable ferocity has made it the terror of the bravest hunters,—an animal, too, of which hitherto naturalists and the civilized world knew so little, that the name even was not found in most natural histories. Here, too, in these dense woods were to be found, if the natives told aright, the nest-building *nshiego-mbouré*, an ape next in the scale to the gorilla; several varieties of other apes; hippopotami and crocodiles, in the rivers; and birds and beasts of many and various

kinds, many entirely unknown to us, in the forests and among the hills.

'To ascend the various rivers, hunt in the woods, and acquaint myself alike with the haunts and habits of the gorilla, and with the superstitions, customs, and modes of life of the black tribes who had not hitherto been visited by white men: these were among the chief objects of my present visit to the African coast. Another purpose I had in view was to ascertain if in the interior, among the mountain ranges in which the rivers took their rise, there was not to be found a region of country fertile and populous, and at the same time healthy, where the missionaries who now suffer and die upon the low coast, could work in safety and to advantage, and where might be established profitable trading-stations, which would benefit alike whites and natives.'

Naturally enough the natives only regarded our traveller as a would-be trader. Their perplexity and amazement knew no bounds when they saw launched from the vessel which brought the adventurer, no trading articles, but simply an outfit of things necessary for a hunter's life and pursuits in the African wilds. When, however, they found that he was really going to set out for the interior, believing that he would secretly attempt to deprive them of their trade with the natives, they surrounded him, and each recounted his tale of the dangers and horrors attending a voyage up the country. They all agreed in affirming that the stranger would be eaten up by cannibals, or drowned in the rivers, or devoured by tigers and crocodiles, or upset in his boat by the hippopotami, or waylaid and torn to pieces by the gorilla. Notwithstanding these evil auguries and multiplied mischances, the traveller persisted in commencing to execute his plan, declaring that he had no design upon the trade of the natives, whereupon all but a few steadfast friends left him to his fate.

Remaining for a time in the Gaboon country to acclimate himself perfectly, he ascertained many particulars of interest respecting one great branch of the Negro race, named the Mpongwe, who mostly inhabit the right side of the Gaboon river for about thirty miles upwards. Amongst these people missions have been established; and Baraka is the head station of the American Board of Foreign Missions on the Gaboon river. The Mpongwe villages, though not the most extensive, were the neatest and best arranged which our author had seen in Africa. These Negroes have a remarkable aptitude for trade, and are amongst the best-looking people of the country. Christianity appears to have exercised a beneficial effect upon them, as it has done upon so many nations, even in relation to

physical well-being, whatever may be said as to its spiritual effects. Their excessive keenness, and their unhesitating falsehood and trickery in making the most of their goods, bespeak the cunning of the Negro races, and display amusing traits of character.

When a captain of a trading vessel touches at or near their villages, his ship is boarded by a crowd of jabbering fellows, all telling the same story, apparently without concert. As soon as the eager captain begins to inquire about goods, the Negroes have a string of answers ready for him, the spirit of which our author thus repeats, as issuing from different black traders:—

‘Never was there such a dearth of ivory;—or whatever the captain may want.

‘Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price.

‘Never was the whole coast so bare!

‘Never were difficulties so great!

‘There have been fights, captain!

‘And fever, captain!

‘And floods, captain!

‘And no trade at all, captain!

‘Not a tooth!’

These affirmations being redoubled, they produce their ‘good books,’—certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for their honesty. Of course, when the bearer had cheated, he did not apply for a character. He was honest in order to get a character; that obtained, he can afford to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty towards two or three captains. These, of course, certify him; and then he goes into the most reckless speculations, upheld by the ‘good books,’ which he shows to any new-coming captain. Not the keenest New York merchant could surpass these trading Negroes. They endeavour to buy up all the marketable goods which the tribes of the interior possess; they then loudly affirm there is no supply of such goods; that the whole are exhausted; and, finally, having stimulated an eager demand for what they already had in abundance, they fix their own prices, and the poor deluded captain is cheated by every cunning Negro with whom he trades. All that is said of the Negro race, in relation to their commercial cleverness, would go far to confirm the distinctive definition of man,—that he is *a trading animal*.

But the Gaboon country was useful to our author only as a tarrying and, finally, as a starting-place. Let us accompany him

into the interior, only, however, drawing upon his notes in places and in circumstances of more than common interest, and abridging his narrative as much as possible, in order to suit our limits. Soon we find this white man conversing with the chief or king of the Mbousha tribe about his exploration of the interior, asking his permission, and requesting an escort. Dagoko is the oldest and most influential chief of his tribe, having a very influential voice in the councils, and possessing a veto which renders him supreme. To gain him over, therefore, was most important; and, in order to do so, M. Du Chaillu first disclaimed all commercial views, proclaiming himself simply a hunter, and then presented to the king twenty yards of cotton, looking-glasses for his many wives, and a few gun-flints. His sable majesty graciously received these offerings; and secretly hoped to detain so liberal a visitor in his own country, which, as he observed, was sufficiently full of wild beasts. As to proceeding to the Fan country, he pronounced this to be well-nigh impossible. The white man, he said, would be murdered and eaten by the cannibals, or laid prostrate with sickness. But the said white man was resolved to proceed, eaten or uneaten, sick or well.

We meet throughout with similar accounts of impediments and resolves, some little variety occurring, according to the character of the people. Instead of despoiling or murdering the strange white man, the blacks fostered him. Wherever cannibalism was in vogue, it seemed, according to a shrewd calculation of chances, to be set down as a decidedly bad speculation. To kill such a man was to kill the goose that laid golden eggs; to eat him, was to act the part of Cleopatra, who dissolved and drank off her choicest pearls. It was evidently far better to feed and fatten him for future profit than for a present meal. Being but a small man, of course, he would have been snapped up in a minute by two or three hungry diners out, and then nothing more would have been made by him or of him. Such, we infer, although not from any details of our traveller, were the calculations and motives for abstinence which swayed the cannibals and saved the author to pen these entertaining pages. Had he been the latest of some dozen or two of preceding white men in these parts, he might have been cooked and served up at table as a 'dainty dish to set before a king;' but since he was the first, he was feasted at the tables of others; and even had to decline invitations to dinner, and offers of a more delicate kind, made in the full flush of polygamic liberality.

It may be as well, also, to mention in this place the additional



hold which such a traveller has upon such natives, and by what kind of charms he threw an ægis round himself, and passed unharmed through the dismally-foretold dangers of the savage tribes with which he came into contact. He found it best at once to trust the people; for they seemed to accept this confidence as a compliment, and were proud to have a white man among them. Then, too, for a time the white man was the lion of the season; much as his own gorilla is humorously said to have been the lion of the past London season on account of the notoriety it has attained through the present volume. He was, therefore, spoken of at one place as 'Mbene's white man,' as he had previously been 'Dagoko's white man,' and was afterwards similarly distinguished as the white man of successive chiefs. No one of the chief's subjects would dare to molest the white man, and no one of his neighbours had the chance of doing so. It was a fortunate circumstance that the pride of personal property hedged him round on his passage from tribe to tribe. He was as safe among the concourse of black savages in an African wild as he would have been in the concourse of civilized and fashionable folks in a London drawing-room. The same feeling was prevalent abroad which would have prevailed at home—it was an honour to entertain him.

The traveller's first encounter with a native of the Fan tribe is remarkable. As he approached their country, he was exhausted and needed food, to procure which one of the natives who accompanied him set forward to a Fan village, which was a few miles distant. M. Du Chaillu then observes:—

'Unable to wait his return, I started off with my men to meet him, hoping, perhaps, to shoot something by the way. My hunger accelerated my movements, and pretty soon I found myself half a mile a-head of my companions, and in sight of a chattering monkey, who dodged me whenever I took aim at him, and whom I vainly tried to get down off his perch on the high tree where he lived.

'After watching this animal for some time, I happened to look down before me, and beheld a sight which drove the monkey out of my mind in an instant. Judge of my astonishment when before me I saw a *Fan* warrior, with his two wives behind him. I was at first alarmed, but immediately saw that all three were quaking with deadly terror. The man's shield shook and rattled, to such a degree was he frightened; his mouth stood open—the lips were fairly white; one of his three spears had fallen to the ground, and the other two he held in a manner betokening abject fear.

'The women had been carrying baskets on their heads, but these had been thrown to the ground; and they stood in perfect silence and terror, looking at me. They all thought, it appeared afterwards, that

I was a spirit who had just come down out of the sky. As for me, my first thought, when I took in the situation, was,—Suppose these people grew desperate with fear, then I may have a poisoned arrow launched at me.....I smiled, and tried to look pleasant, in order to re-assure them a little; but this only made matters worse. They looked as though on the point of sinking to the ground. Then I heard the voices of my men coming up, and presently I was safe; and the Fan people were relieved of their terror. Miengai smiled to see it, and told the man he need not regard me as a spirit; for I was his father's white man come from the sea-shore on purpose to visit the Fan. Then I gave the women some strings of white beads, which did more than anything else to ease their fears.'

A description of the Fans follows upon this unexpected *rencontre*.

'These fellows, who now for the first time saw a white man with straight hair, were to me an equal surprise; for they are real, unmistakeable cannibals. And they were, by long odds, the most remarkable people I had thus far seen in Africa. They were much lighter in shade than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, well made, and evidently active; and they seemed to me to have a more intelligent look than is usual to an African unacquainted with white men.

'The men were almost naked. They had no cloth about the middle, but used instead the soft inside bark of a tree; over which, in front, was suspended the skin of some wild cat or tiger. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had their teeth blackened besides. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long thin plaits. On the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps; but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind, of tow, dyed black, and mixed with it, and giving the wearer a most grotesque appearance. Over their shoulders were suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant hide; and about the necks and bodies of all were hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

'The Fan shield is made of the hide of an *old* elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide. The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they; and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs, in a sling or rest, made of some kind of tree bark, and fastened to the neck of the mother.'

The traveller had ocular evidence of their 'cannibalism,' as he thus states :—

'The next morning we moved off for the Fan village; and now I had the opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubt on before, namely, the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town, I perceived some bloody remains, which looked to me to be human; but I passed on, still incredulous. Presently we found a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak.

'The whole village was much excited, and the women and the children greatly scared by my presence. All fled into the houses as we passed through what appeared to be the main street—a long lane—in which I saw here and there human bones lying about. At last we arrived at the great palaver house. Here we were left alone for a while, although we heard great shoutings going on at a distance. I was told by one of them afterwards, that they had been busy dividing the body of a dead man, and that there was not enough for all. 'The head, I am told, is a *royalty*, being saved for the king.'

M. Du Chaillu was well received, and had a house prepared for him by one of the queens of the Fan king. After visiting the house assigned to him, the author continues,—

'I was taken through the town, where I saw more dreadful signs of cannibalism in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses. I find that the men, though viewing me with great curiosity, are not any longer afraid of me, and even the women stand while I approach them.'

This is not the most horrible kind of cannibalism; that which is so we give in the author's own words :—

'Until to-day I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated, but seeming quite impossible to any one unacquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore, once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it, and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. This circumstance made a great fuss among the Mpongwe, and even the missionaries heard of it; for it happened at a village not far from the missionary grounds; but I never credited the stories till now, though the facts were well authenticated by witnesses. They do not, however, eat *every* body who dies, since they do not sell the bodies of their chiefs, or kings, or great men.'

So shocking a proof of the natural degradation of the lowest type of human beings has its uses apart from the creation of a mere feeling of detestation. It clearly proves how baseless are the dreams of those who have associated innocence and

purity with the savage state of man; and it shows incontestably that man is by nature in a condition of depravity, the degree of which varies in different countries, and the extreme of which is visible in such an instance as that now cited. Were there no remedial system in operation in the corrupt mass of mankind, one might shudder at the possession of the same nature with these disgusting cannibals. But we know that the same pure and benign Gospel which has reclaimed others, will one day reclaim many a benighted and degraded African whom we should now dread to meet,—men who at present do indeed dwell in those ‘dark places of the earth’ which ‘are full of the habitations of cruelty.’

M. Du Chaillu dwelt some short time amongst the Fans, and found that they exhibited considerable ingenuity in manufacturing iron; iron ore being found in considerable quantities throughout the Fan country, cropping out at the surface. To make their best knives and arrow heads, they will not use American or European iron, but prefer their own. Many of their knives and swords are very finely made, and, for a rude race, beautifully ornamented by scroll-work on the blades. As blacksmiths, they very far surpass all the tribes of the same region who have not come into contact with the whites; but time being of no value to them, a careful Fan blacksmith will often spend many days and even weeks and months in turning out a finished war-knife, spear or brain hatchet. (How ominous this name!) The small, graceful, and often intricate lines with which the surfaces of their best weapons are beautifully ornamented, are made by the hand, and a chisel-like instrument which is struck with a hammer.

The meat of the elephant is their chief subsistence, and probably human flesh is to them what venison is to us,—an article of luxury. Their agricultural operations are very rude, and differ but little from those of the surrounding tribes. Their staple food is the manioc, a very useful plant, which yields a large return, and is more substantial than the plantain. They have, however, the plantain also, two or three kinds of yams, and splendid sugar-cane. Enormous quantities of squashes are raised, chiefly from the seeds; with which, when the fruit is ripe, their villages appear to be covered, as everybody spreads them out to dry.

The Osheba country lies some short distance further on; and our traveller took occasion to visit one of the towns. Like the Fans, the Osheba look warlike, and are tall. Their women, however, are smaller, hideously ugly, and tatooed all over their bodies. What horrible meaning is conveyed in the author's

simple sentence respecting their dealings with the neighbouring cannibals!—‘A large part of their intercourse with the Fan village consists in the interchange of dead bodies, and I saw as many human bones lying about the Osheba village as among the Fans.’ Add, also, in another observation about the Fans, pointing in the same direction:—‘The Fans are a very superstitious people. *Witchcraft* seems to be a very common thing to be accused of among them, and the death-penalty is sternly executed. They set little value on life; and, as the dead body has a commercial value, this consideration, too, probably has its weight in passing sentence of death.’

Sickening as these details are, they should not be withheld, since they prove incontestably that Satan still has his seat, and holds unresisted sway, in districts never before made known to white men. What will the advocates of virtuous and moral heathendom say to these facts? If other proofs were needed of what depraved humanity is, and ever will be, without any ameliorating influences from Christianity and civilization, we have them in these testimonies of an eye-witness. That even this extreme of human degradation does not, however, extinguish hope concerning this people, the following paragraph shows:—

‘Notwithstanding their repulsive habits, the Fans have left an impression upon me, of being the most promising people in all Western Africa. They treated me with unvarying hospitality and kindness; and they seem to have more of that kind of stamina which enables a rude people to receive a strange civilization than any other tribe I know of in Africa. Energetic, fierce, warlike, decidedly possessing both courage and ingenuity, they are disagreeable enemies; and I think it most probable that the great family or nation of which they are but a small offshoot, and who should inhabit the mountainous range which subsequent explorations convince me extends nearly, if not quite, across the continent—that these mountaineers have stayed in its course the great sweep of Mohammedan conquest in this part of Africa.’

Thus it would appear that the Fans are distinguished by the greatest descent in moral degradation, and the greatest promise of future amelioration. Such being our traveller’s testimony, we have dwelt more particularly on this tribe (known on the coast as the *Paouen*). The Osheba town was M. Du Chaillu’s *ultima Thule* in this direction; but the country to the east of the Osheba is said to be inhabited by many cannibal tribes. Their southern limit is marked as close upon the Equator. The traveller wished to proceed further, but prudential considerations withheld him:—

'I had a great desire to go on, but confess that these stories and some other considerations cooled my ardour. I was completely at the mercy of the Fans, and should be still more so if I advanced; for Mbene's men would not go further. And I could not forget that the Fans, though apparently well disposed towards me, had a great penchant for human flesh, and might—by one of those curious freaks which our tastes play us—be seized by a passionate desire to taste me. To fall sick among them would be to tempt them severely and unjustifiably. Then I had not goods enough to carry me among a strange people, and also bring me back.'

We have put together what relates to the people already described, without diverging to incidents by the way. All such journeys are, of course, attended with numerous risks; and, before arriving at his present position, the author had escaped not a few dangers besides cannibalism. Standing, at one time, at an hour's distance from the head waters of the Ntambounay, on an elevation of 5,000 feet above the ocean's level, he enjoyed an unobstructed and magnificent view. On all sides stretched the immense virgin forests, with here and there the shining gleam of a watercourse. Far away in the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra del Crystal, the goal of his desires. The murmur of the rapids below filled his ears; and as he strained his eyes to those distant mountains which he hoped to reach, he began to think how this wilderness would look, if only the light of Christian civilization could once be fairly introduced among the black children of Africa. While he dreamed on this subject, and conjured up vision upon vision of plantations, churches, schools, and farms, he happened to raise his eyes heavenwards, and beheld pendent from the branch of a tree, beneath which he was sitting, an immense serpent, evidently preparing to make an end of this intruder on his domains. The dreamer's visions vanished in a moment. Luckily his gun lay at hand. Rushing away, so as to stand well from under his serpentine foe, he took good aim at it, and shot the serpent through the head. Down it fell; and, after dancing about on the ground for a moment or two, lay dead before its destroyer, who found it to measure full thirteen feet in length, and to have venomous fangs. The men cut off the serpent's head, and, dividing the body into proper lengths, roasted them and ate them on the spot, while the hungry white man stood by, longing for food, yet unable to join his black servants at theirs. The tastes and prejudices of civilized life on this occasion, and on several others, left the white man empty and hungry, while his inferiors enjoyed themselves at a full meal. They could both eat and be eaten, while he himself could not endure the thought of either.



While plucking some degenerate kind of sugar-cane, to satisfy their appetite by the little sweetness it contained, the famished travellers perceived some tracks and marks which instantly threw them all into the greatest excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots, and was lying about in fragments which had evidently been masticated. These were tracks and deeds of the long-looked-for gorilla. At last, and for the first time, the white man was upon them, and joy filled his heart. These traces were followed, and presently distinct footprints were found. Never, up to this time, had the traveller seen such footprints, and he declares that his sensations were indescribable. His own words are characteristic :—

‘Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster, of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning, the natives had told me so much ; an animal scarce known to the civilized world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat, till I feared its loud pulsations would alarm the gorilla ; and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree. By the tracks it was easy to know there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them.

‘The women were terrified, poor things, and we left them a good escort of two or three men to take care of them, and re-assure them. Then the rest of us looked once more carefully at our guns,—for the gorilla gives you no time to re-load, and woe to him whom he attacks ! We were armed to the teeth. My men were remarkably silent, as they were going on an expedition of more than usual risk ; for the male gorilla is literally king of the African forest. He, and the crested lion of Mount Atlas, are the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent. The lion of South Africa cannot compare with either for strength and courage.....Looking once more to our guns, we started off. I confess that I was never more excited in my life. For years I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if unhappily only wounded by a shot. I knew that we were about to pit ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears, and which, perhaps, has driven the lion out of this territory ; for the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla. Thus it was with no little emotion that I now turned towards the prize at which I had been hoping for years to get a shot.’

A cautious approach was made to the supposed haunt of the strange animals through a dense wood, which even at mid-day cast a gloom on the whole scene. And now the excited hunters continued :—

‘Slowly we pressed on through the dense bush, fearing almost to breathe, lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the



right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately he circled it at too great a distance; the watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running towards the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoilt my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more, we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

'I confess I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas for the first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward; their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these wild men of the woods.'

We must now transcribe the chief portion of the author's account of his first actual encounter with a veritable gorilla. He had been occupied in the jungle, when several gorilla tracks were seen; and about noon his party divided, in the hope of surrounding the resting-place of one whose tracks were very plain. Night came upon them while they were still beating the bush, and it was determined to camp out, and renew the hunt on the morrow, when, says the writer,—

'We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting chattering little monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa—as the reader has seen by this time—are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

'Suddenly, Miengai uttered a little chuck with his tongue, which is the natives' way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, a-head of us seemingly, a noise as of one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of my men. They looked once more carefully at their guns to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans. I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right, and then we marched on cautiously.

'The singular noise of the breaking of these branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on until finally we

thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

'Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just a-head, and presently stood before us an immense male gorilla.

'He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight, I think, I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, (he proved four inches shorter,) with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some night-mare's vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

'He was not afraid of us; he stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

'The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it when I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

'His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature,—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he was about to utter another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

'With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high; and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed. My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat; for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently, if I did not interfere; and therefore I said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied

all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and, accordingly, soon had some shelter erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted, while my men ate gorilla. I noticed that they very carefully saved the brains, and was told that charms were made of this.'

Such were the eager hunter's first meetings with the gorillas. We shall have occasion to advert to other encounters with these formidable creatures; and these will be noticed in connexion with travels into other gorilla districts.

In returning from the Fan country towards the sea-coast, the party had to cross a mangrove swamp. This was no light matter to a civilized white man; for he could not but hesitate, when he saw the little pellucid stream which he had crossed in coming, swollen over a marsh-like mile of ground, while the muddy waters meandered slowly through an immense growth of mangroves, whose roots extended entirely across and met in the middle, showing their huge round lengths above the water, like the folds of some vast serpent. The account of the crossing of this swamp is thus given:—

'To sleep on this side among the mangroves, and to be eaten up by mosquitoes, was not a pleasant prospect, and to me there seemed no other. But my men were not troubled at all: we were to pass over, quite easily too, on the roots that projected over the water's edge, and which lay from two to three feet at irregular distances. It seemed a desperate venture; but they set out, jumping like monkeys from place to place, and I followed, expecting every moment to fall between, and to stick in the mud, perhaps to be attacked by some noxious reptile whose rest my fall would disturb. I had to take off my shoes, whose thick soles made me more likely to slip. I gave all my luggage, and guns, and pistols to the men, and then commenced a journey whose like I hope never to take again. We were an hour in getting across—an hour of continual jumps and leaps.

'In the midst of it all, a man behind me flopped into the mud, calling out, "Omemba," in a frightened voice. Now "omemba" means *snake*. The poor fellow had put his hand on an enormous black snake, and, feeling its cold, slimy scales, let go his hold, and fell through. All hands began to run faster than before, and to shout and make all kinds of noises to frighten the serpent; then the poor animal also took fright, and began to crawl among the branches as fast as he could. Unfortunately his flight led directly towards some of us; and a general panic now ensued, everybody running as fast as he could, to get out of the way of danger. Another man fell into the mud below, and added his cries to the general noise. I came very near getting a mud bath myself; but my feet were badly cut up. At last we were safe across, and I breathed freely once more.'

An illustration accompanies this description; but unfortunately does not accord with it in all particulars, as in the plate the serpent is represented as darting *down from above*, and having his folds wound round some high branches. This happens to be just the reverse of the author's narrative, and might, by an unfriendly critic, be urged against him. It is, however, but fair to suppose that the artist exalted the snake without seeing the author's description. It is singular that whilst the author's captious critics have noticed several supposed inconsistencies, this obvious one has escaped them all, so far as we have seen.

Amongst the animals whom the hunter did not go out to seek, but who sought him and his, were the insects known as the *bashikouay* ants. While the gorilla terrified by its magnitude, this little creature troubled the traveller by its unexpected and really formidable attacks.

'I was,' says he, 'glad to go to sleep early, but was scarce soundly asleep when I was turned out of the house by a furious attack of the *bashikouay* ants. They were already all around when I jumped up, and I was bitten terribly. I ran out into the streets, and called for help. The natives came out, and lights were struck, and presently I was relieved. But now we found that the whole village was attacked. The great army was pouring in on us, doubtless excited by the smell of meat in the houses; and my unfortunate antelope had probably brought them to my door. All hands had to turn out to defend themselves. We built little cordons of fire, which kept them away from places they had not yet entered, and thus protected our persons from their attacks; and towards morning, having eaten everything they could get at, they left us in peace. As was to be expected, I found my antelope destroyed—literally eaten up.

'The vast number, the sudden appearance, the ferocity and voracity of these frightful animals never cease to astonish me. Last night they poured in literally by millions and millions; and only when many fires were lighted were they forced from that direct victorious course which they generally hold. Then, however, they retreated in parties, and with the greatest regularity, vast numbers remaining to complete the work of destruction.'

A singular superstitious observance of the natives reminds us of some very ancient forms of idolatry:—

'I noticed in this village a custom or superstition which is common to all the tribes I have visited, and the reason, or supposed reason, for which I have never been able to persuade any one to tell me. On the first night when the new moon is visible, all is kept silent in the village; nobody speaks but in an undertone; and in the course of the evening King Alapay came out of his house, and danced along the street, his face and body painted in black, red, and white, and spotted

all over with spots the size of a peach. In the dim moonlight he had a frightful appearance, which made me shudder at first. I asked him why he painted thus, but he only answered by pointing to the moon, without speaking a word.

'There are other and varying ceremonies in different tribes to welcome the new moon; but in all the men mark their bodies with charmed chalk or ochre; and no one has ever been prevailed upon to tell me the meaning of the rites or the particulars of the belief. I suppose the common men do not know it themselves.'

Have we not here an unexpected illustration of Job xxxi. 26, 27? 'If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand.' We gather from other sources, that the worship and welcome of the new moon was a wide-spread superstition in remote ages, and that probably this African custom has descended to the present Negroes from the most ancient times.

Huge granite boulders, and a fine waterfall, diversify the aspect of the wild country in one district, where also is a large dark cavern. This the adventurous traveller determined to explore, and accordingly lit some torches, took his revolver and gun, was accompanied by two men, and made good his entrance. When once inside those wild portals, which probably man had never crossed before, vast numbers of huge vampire bats fluttered around the lights, threatening to extinguish them. Advancing about one hundred yards from the mouth, the explorers came to a stream of water extending entirely across the floor, and barring their way. The Negroes wished to return, and talked of snakes beyond, a hint which rather cooled our traveller's ardour. Peering beyond, into the darkness, he fancied he saw two bright eyes, or sparks, or coals, gleaming savagely at the intruders; and then—

'Without thinking of the consequences, I levelled my gun at the shining objects, and fired. The report for a moment deafened us. Then came a redoubled rush of the great, hideous bats. It seemed to me as though millions of these animals were suddenly launched out on us from all parts of the surrounding gloom. Our torches were extinguished in an instant, and, panic-struck, we all made for the cavern's mouth,—amidst visions of enraged snakes springing after and trying to catch up with me. We were all glad enough to reach daylight once more, and I think my men could not have been persuaded to try the darkness again.'

Occasionally the author made notes on slavery. Cape Lopez boasts of two slave factories, and he visited one kept by the Portuguese. A painful scene presented itself in the spacious yard where the male slaves were imprisoned, being fastened, six

together, by a little stout chain which passed through a collar secured about the neck of each. Experience has proved this mode of fastening to be most certain. Beyond this yard was another for the women and children, who were not manacled, but allowed to rove at pleasure through their yard, which was also protected by a fence.

Many of the slaves, with that careless lightheartedness which disregards evils to come, were merry or content with their fate; but others were sad, and appeared to be filled with melancholy apprehensions of their future sufferings. More particularly they dreaded being *eaten* by their white purchasers; for they firmly believe, according to our traveller, that the whites buy them for food. 'They cannot conceive,' says he, 'of any other use to be made of them; and wherever the slave trade is known in the interior, it is believed that the white men beyond sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market. Thus, a chief in the interior country, having a great respect for me, of whom he had often heard, when I made him my first visit, immediately ordered a slave to be killed for my dinner, and it was only with great difficulty I was able to convince him that I did not, in my own country, live upon human flesh.' Could there be a more natural comment upon the iniquities of slavery than this opinion of a benighted African chief?

It must rejoice every reader to find that the author saw signs of the decay of the slave trade, one of them being the fact that those engaged in it begin to cheat each other. Within two or three years, previously, the conduct of the Cuban houses had been very bad. They had received cargo after cargo, and, when pressed to pay, had denied and refused. Similar complaints are made of other houses; and it is said that now a captain holds on to his cargo till he sees the doubloons, and takes the gold in one hand, while he sends the slaves over the side with the other. 'While the trade was brisk they had no occasion to quarrel. As the profits become more precarious, each will try to cut the other's throat.'

Amongst the numerous incidents of a second journey into the interior, which our traveller subsequently made, we find none of a startling, striking character, although there are many fragments of information respecting the Negroes, their theology, their hunts, marriages, polygamy, superstitions, and disgusting habits, manners, and customs. 'An evening in the woods' presents us with a scene of a new kind.

'The sun was just setting. In a huge kettle, suspended over the fire, was boiling a quantity of the juicy buffalo-meat; before us was a great pile of roasted plantains; and so seating ourselves about an



immense fire, (for the evening was growing chilly,) we took a hearty supper together, I eating off a plate and using a fork, which vestiges of civilization I have always managed to carry along [with me]; while the black fellows took fresh leaves for plates, and used the "black's man fork," as they call their five fingers.

'After dinner they drank a jug of Patna wine, which had been brought from Ngola; and then, to crown their feast with the greatest delight of all, I went to my box, and, lifting the lid, while the shining black faces peered at me with saucer eyes of expectation, took out a huge lump of Kentucky tobacco. This "brought down the house," so to speak. There was a wild hurrah of joy as I distributed a good portion to each, and in a few minutes all were lying about the fire smoking, with that peculiar air of utter content into which the African falls so readily at the slightest opportunity of fire and tobacco-smoke.

'Then ensued wild stories of hunting adventures, of witchcraft, and evil spirits, well fitting the rude picturesque surroundings; and they lay there, talking and talking, till at last I was obliged to remind them that it was one o'clock and time to feel sleepy. The Negroes have a particular delight in lying about a comfortable fire at night and telling stories; and I have often found them thus engaged, late at night, when entering a village.'

The reader, who has accompanied us thus far, will perhaps be prepared to conjecture what the hunter alludes to when he says, 'On the 4th of May, I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life.' How different would be the meaning of these same words in the lips of different men; and what variable and opposite objects would they refer to! In M. Du Chaillu's case, we have only to call to mind his express purpose in visiting these districts, to arrive at the source of his greatest, life-long pleasure. But let us append his own account of it:—

'Some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla *alive*! I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village. All the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

'It was a little fellow, between two and three years old, two feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been.' [Here occurs in the volume a small figure of the gorilla.]

'My hunters, whom I could have hugged to my heart, took him in the country between Bembo and Cape St. Catherine. . . . The forest was silent. It was about noon; and they immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Guns in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly towards a clump of wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew that the mother would be near; and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there too. But they determined to risk all; and, if at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me.



'Presently they perceived the bush moving; and, crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld—what has seldom been seen even by the Negroes—a young gorilla seated on the ground, eating some berries which grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit.

'Instantly they made ready to fire; and none too soon; for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had only to pull triggers without delay. Happily they wounded her mortally. She fell. The young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother, and clung to her, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed towards the two, halloaing with joy as they ran on. But this roused the little one, who instantly let go his mother, and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with great agility, where he sat, and roared at them savagely.

'They were now perplexed how to get at him. No one cared to run the chance of being bitten by this savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree; and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions one of the men received a severe bite on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg.

'As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest baby for age, (evidently not three years old,) was astonishingly strong, and by no means good-natured, they could not lead him. It constantly rushed at them, so they were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this uncomfortable way he was brought into the village. There the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared and bellowed, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fine warning that, if he could only get at some of us, he would take his revenge.

'I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and immediately set about to have a cage made for him. In two hours we had built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such distances apart, that we could see the gorilla, and it could see out. Here the tiny creature was immediately deposited; and now, for the first time, I had a fine chance to look at my prize.'

Neither party seemed to improve upon acquaintance:—

'When I had the little fellow safely locked in his cage, I ventured to say a few encouraging words to him. He stood in the furthest corner, but, as I approached, bellowed, and made a precipitate rush at me; and, though I retreated as quickly as I could, succeeded in catching my trousers, which he grasped with one of his feet, and tore, retreating immediately to the corner farthest away. This taught me caution for the present, though I had hope still to be able to tame him.'

This hope was destined to be disappointed. Master Joe, as the young gorilla was named, remained untameable and unalterable, but not unwatchful; for, on the fourth day, no one being near, he effected his escape by forcing apart two of the bamboo rails which composed his cage. Ensnared under the author's low bedstead in his house, he might have lain hid for some time had he been content to be quiet; but an angry growl in which he indulged betrayed his retreat. Windows were instantly shut, and Negroes called in. When Master Joe eyed the crowd of black faces he became furious, and all the wrath of gorilla nature stirred his little body. With eyes glaring fiercely, and with every sign of rage in his baby face, he got out from beneath the bed, and stood in the middle of the room. How to retake him was the perplexity; but at last, when he settled into some quietness, a net was thrown over him; and although he roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction, he was successfully entangled under the net. Yet it required four men to secure him even then, and to re-convey him to his cage. Every plan of taming him was tried in vain. After starving him for twenty-four hours, all that was gained was a sullen, slow approach to the white man's hand, from which he took a few forest berries, and then retreated to the corner of his cage.

Daily attention for a fortnight did not win much more confidence from him than this. Joe was a complete Jack Sheppard amongst gorillas; for a second time he effected his escape, took to his all-fours, and was already making for a clump of forest-trees, when he was re-captured. Now it was thought necessary to chain him up. He continued in good health, and ate his food; but shortly after sickened, and in ten days from his chaining up he suddenly died, much lamented by all, and regarded as utterly untameable by any human contrivance or treatment. Could he have been transported alive to this country, what candidate for popular attention would have stood any chance against him!

We may vary our extracts from M. Du Chaillu's achievements, by adding a narrative of a hippopotamus hunt; for which purpose, says he,—

'We chose a moonlight night, and paddled up to the vicinity of one of their walks, where Igala, my hunter, and I set out by ourselves. I had painted my face with a mixture of oil and soot, which is a prudent measure in a white hunter in Africa, where the beasts seem to have a singularly quick eye for anything that is white. We chose the leeward side of the track; for the hippopotamus has a very nice smell, and is easily alarmed at night, feeling probably that on land his sluggish movements and huge bulk have their disadvantages.

We lay down under shelter of a bush and watched. As yet none of the animals had come out of the water. We could hear them snorting and plashing in the distance, their subdued snort-like roars breaking in upon the still night in a very odd way. The moon was nearly down, and the watch was getting tedious, when I was startled by a sudden groan, and, peering into the half-light, saw clearly a huge animal, looking doubly monstrous in the uncertain light. It was quietly eating grass, which it seemed to nibble off quite close.

‘There was another bush between us and our prey, and we crawled up to this in dead silence. Arrived there we were but about eight yards from the great beast. The Negroes who hunt the hippopotamus are sometimes killed. The animal, if only wounded, turns most savagely upon its assailants; and experience has taught the Negro hunters that the only safe way to approach it is from behind. It cannot turn quickly, and thus the hunter has a chance to make good his escape. This time we could not get into a very favourable position; but I determined to have my shot nevertheless, eight yards being safe killing distance, even with so poor a light as we had by this time.

‘Igala and I both took aim. He fired, and, without waiting to see the result, ran away as swiftly as a good pair of legs could carry him. I was not quite ready, but fired the moment after him; and before I could get ready to run, in which I had not Igala’s practice, I saw there was no need to do so. The beast tottered for a moment, and then fell over dead.’

The skin of an adult hippopotamus is from one and a half to two inches thick, and extremely solid and tough. Except in a few thinner spots than usual, it is quite bullet-proof. Its huge crooked tusks, which give it so strange an appearance, are designed chiefly to hook up the long river grasses, on which these animals principally feed. The animals consort together in flocks of from three to thirty; and choose shallows in the rivers, where the depth of the water allows them to keep their footing, and yet have their whole bodies submerged. Here they remain all day, except when they swim off into the deeps, and dive for their grassy food, gambolling in the waves, and from time to time throwing up a stream of water two or three feet high. This is done with a noise like ‘blowing,’ and is doubtless an attempt to breathe freely.

It appears that they are very combative creatures; and once our traveller was fortunate enough to witness a fierce encounter between two of them, which he thus describes:—

‘I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water, and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were open to the widest possible extent; their eyes

also were flaming with rage; and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks, they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water, and again sank to the bottom. Their blood discoloured the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of demeanour. It was evident that their tusks could not give very dangerous wounds to such thickly protected bodies as theirs. At last one turned about and made off, leaving the other victorious and master of the field.'

Here and there, as our traveller proceeds, we find a piece of graphic delineation, such, for example, as this of an African king with a big name and a small village.

'We found the king with a long name not at his village, but at his *olako*, a place temporarily erected in the woods, where the people meet to hunt or fish, or pursue agriculture. The king was a meagre Negro of between sixty and seventy years old, dressed in a very dirty swallow-tailed coat, and in what was, so I judged, some forty or thirty years ago, a silk or beaver hat. This is an article which only kings are permitted to wear in West Africa, and my friend seemed very proud of it. His dress did not amount to much, from the New York stand-point; but I doubt not it had cost him several hundred dollars worth of ivory; and he had a fashionably recognised right to feel that his appearance was "the thing."

The degraded position of the women and the low estimate in which they are held amongst all these people, may be inferred from a speech of another king:—

'When my objections had been settled, the old fellow began to lecture his wives, telling them to love him and to feed him well; for he had given a great deal of money and goods to their parents for them, and they were a constant expense and uneasiness to him; to all which the poor women listened with great respect, and no doubt made up their grateful hearts to give their lord and master a good breakfast next morning.'

The old-hatted king with a long name sent our traveller a present of some plantains and a quantity of sugar-cane, by the hands of a young black woman, who also brought a message that she was to be the white man's wife. He had to decline the proposal as civilly as possible, which seemed much to grieve the black nymph, who doubtless was as sensitive to the *spretæ injuriæ formæ* as her white sisters of other climes. But the difficulty occurred again in several cases, and under slightly different circumstances. When one of the kings put all his property at his visitor's disposal, he included the offer of two or

three of the best-looking girls as wives. Upon the refusal of this royal offer the king was amazed.

Towards the conclusion of his journeys, M. Du Chaillu was placed in an unpleasant predicament from a similar cause. A friendly king had offered him the choice of his own harem, and had sent to his allotted residence several women. His guest felt greatly obliged, but declined the offer, retaining only the ugliest and oldest of the women as a cook. Apparently no better method of avoiding scandal could have been adopted; but it failed; for, a day or two afterwards, the cook's kindred made their appearance in the white man's house, felicitated themselves and him upon his choice of a wife, and broadly hinted that they had waited on him to wish him joy, and to receive from him the presents always made upon such occasions to the wife's relatives!

Of course, the whole of these tribes believe firmly in witchcraft. The orgies celebrated in order to discover a suspected witch are described at length, and nothing can be more disgusting. An illustration delineates the great doctor of the village exorcising the sorcerer; but the beholder would naturally suppose that the doctor himself so ludicrously arrayed was the sorcerer. During this display of superstition, M. Du Chaillu stood near the doctor, which seemed to trouble him greatly. But the doctor had his revenge at hand. He declared that he could not point out the witch, but that an evil spirit dwelt in the village, and that many of the people would die, if they or the spirit continued there. M. Du Chaillu thought little of this oracle, although he understood the suspicious intention of the soothsayer. But the next morning all was excitement, and the result is thus narrated:—

‘The people were scared. They said that their *mbui* was not willing to have them live longer here; that he would kill them; and then began the removal of all kinds of property, and the tearing down of houses, and by nightfall I was actually left alone in my house with my little Mpongwe boy, and my little Ogobay boy, Makondai, both of whom were anxious to be off.

‘Old Rampano came to beg me not to be offended, that he dared not stay, but would build his house not too far away; that the *mbui* was now in town: he advised me as a friend to move also; but nobody wished me ill, only he must go.’

And go he did; but M. Du Chaillu did not. He had built houses there, and did not like to abandon them; and, moreover, was more comfortably fixed than he had ever before been in Africa. Let us hear his plan for outmanœuvring the witch-

doctor, and the wonderfully sudden effects of his oracular deliverance:—

'So I called a meeting of the people, and tried to induce some of them to come over and live with me. Now, though they loved tobacco, though they worshipped trade, though they had every possible inducement to come and live with me, "their white man," as they called me, it was only with the greatest difficulty I could get some men who had already worked for me to come over and stay in my place. These began immediately to build themselves houses, and by October 8th the little village was built, of which I was now, to my great surprise, offered the sovereignty. I remembered how the new king was made in the Gaboon, and though it seemed romantic to be the chief of a Negro town in Africa, the thought of the contumely which precedes the assumption of royalty deterred me. Finally, the men determined to have me as the chief next to Rampano, and with this my ambition was satisfied.'

The contumely here alluded to is a remarkable custom attendant upon making a new king. Preliminary to the crowning of the elected king the subjects surround him, and heap upon him every kind of abuse, after which they proceed to the most insulting extremities. They spit in the king's face, they beat him with their fists, they kick him, and some throw disgusting objects at him. Those who cannot get near enough to touch him, curse him loudly, curse his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all his ancestry to the remotest generation. Every few minutes some fellow strikes him a severe blow, and shouts in his ears, 'You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By and bye we shall have to do your will.' Meanwhile, the victim-aspirant takes all in good part, and with a smiling face. When he has borne abuse enough, the people become silent, the elders rise, and solemnly pronounce these words, the people repeating after them, 'Now we choose you for our king, we engage to listen to you and obey you.'

Extraordinary as this custom is, there seems to be some reason in it; but few European kings would submit to this penalty as a preface to royalty. If the account be not overdrawn, few things would be more amusing, and exhibit a stronger contrast, than a day *before* and a day *after* an African coronation. The slave who is said to have attended an ancient monarch with a daily admonition of his mortality, might have seen his melancholy office dispensed with here, and the duty of a hundred days crowded into one, with a vast deal of hearty humour into the bargain.

We suspect that one powerful attraction to this part of the



country was the fact afterwards stated, respecting the vicinity, in these significant words: 'I found this a great gorilla country; the animals even approached the town early in the morning; and I found that I need not make long journeys in order to reach the hunting ground.' It was well the hunter remained here; for here he secured a second young gorilla. We must not withhold his own account of the capture and the captive:—

'On the 25th, I got a second young gorilla. This time I was accessory to its capture. We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast, and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire, and considered, like a soft-hearted fellow, whether I had better not leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired, and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

'The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and with pitiful cries endeavoured to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me, it leant its poor little head on its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite; so we could easily manage it, and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village, another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother, he crawled to her, and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment; and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo," which touched my heart.

'I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had; for he already recognised my voice, and would try to hurry towards me when he saw me. I put the little body in alcohol, and sent it to Dr. Wyman of Boston for dissection.'

There is something very touching in this little story. Who does not wish that the infantile gorilla and his mother had escaped?

Relating to a different district we have another story of the capture of a young gorilla. The hunter had shot a female gorilla while nursing her young one, the latter escaping upon the slaughter of the mother:—

'The poor mother lay there in her gore, but the little fellow was off in the woods; so we concealed ourselves hard by to wait for its return. Presently it came up, jumped on its mother, and began sucking at her breasts and fondling her. Then Etia, Gambo, and I rushed on it.



Though evidently less than two years old, it proved very strong, and escaped from us. But we gave chase, and in a few minutes had it fast, not, however, before one of the men had his arm severely bitten by the wicked little wretch.

'It proved to be a young female. We carried it back to the mother, first securing it with stout cords and sticks. It ran to its dead mother, and, in a touching way, buried its head in her bosom, and seemed really to feel grief.

'We determined to go back to the camp for the day. The mother was at once skinned; and I took skin and skeleton, while the men divided the meat among them. The little one was then carried along; but proved very troublesome, making savage attempts to bite at all who came near her.

'The mother gorilla was four feet four inches high; the little one was two feet one inch high. I lost the skin of the old one, which was spoiled before I could prepare it.

'The little one, unhappily, lived but ten days after capture. She persistently refused to eat any cooked food, and anything in fact but the nuts and berries which they eat in the forest, and which my men were obliged to gather daily for her use. She was not so ferocious as the male I had before, but quite as treacherous and quite as untamable. She permitted no one to approach her without making offensive demonstrations. I remarked, also, the same manœuvre [as that] practised by the other when she wished to seize something—say my leg, which, by reason of her chain, she could not reach with her arm. She looked me straight in the face, then, quick as a flash, threw her body on one leg and arm, and reached out with the other leg. Several times I had narrow escapes of a grip from her strong great-toe. All her motions were remarkably quick, and her strength, though so small and young, extraordinary.

'While she was alive, no woman who was *enceinte*, nor the husband of such woman, dared approach her cage. They believe firmly, that should the husband of a woman with child, or the woman herself, see a gorilla, even a dead one, she would give birth to a gorilla, and not to a male child. This superstition I have noticed among other tribes, too, and only in case of the gorilla.'

A remarkable tree was met with in this vicinity, and is thus described:—

'When we stopped for breakfast next day, I noticed, a little way from us, an extraordinary tree, quite the largest in height and circumference I ever saw in Africa. It was a real monarch even of this great forest. It rose in one straight and majestic trunk entirely branchless, till the top reached far above all the surrounding trees. Then at the top the branches were spread out somewhat like an umbrella, but could not give much shade, being so high. I found that this tree was highly venerated by the people, who call it the *oloumi*. Its kind are not common even here, where its home is said to be. Its bark is said to have certain healing properties, and it is also in request from a

belief, that if a man going off on a trading expedition, washes himself all over in a decoction of its juices in water, he will be lucky and shrewd in making bargains. For this reason great strips were torn of this tree to the height of at least twenty feet.

The ordeal of the hot ring is a savage and senseless superstition, which, however, has its interest as a characteristic custom. One occasion on which it was employed was this :—a man who was accused by a boy of damaging a canoe, denied the charge, and demanded trial. The consequence was, that

‘An Ashira doctor was called in, who said, that the only way to make the truth appear was by the trial of the ring boiled in oil. Thereupon the Bakali and the Goumbi men gathered together, and the trial was at once made.

‘The Ashira doctor set three little billets of bar-wood in the ground, with their ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between, till all were laid as high as the three pieces. A native pot half full of palm oil was set upon the wood, and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up brightly, a brass ring from the doctor’s hand was cast into the pot; the doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass soaked in water, of which he threw in, now and then, some bits. This made the oil blaze up afresh. At last all was burnt out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take this ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, “Let us see if he lied or told the truth.”

‘Finally, he put his hand in, seized the red hot ring, but quickly dropped it, having sorely burnt his fingers. At this time there was a shout, “He lied! he lied!” and the Goumbi man was declared innocent.

‘I ventured to suggest that he also would burn his fingers if he touched the ring; but nobody seemed to consider this view. I judge, that when an accuser has to substantiate in this way, information is not easily to be got.’

Shortly after this occurrence, while our traveller was looking for gorilla tracks, one of his hunters came in, and said he had heard the cry of the kooloo, and knew where to find it in the morning. This was in the evening, and, of course, our excitable traveller was restless until the morrow arrived. He explains the cause :—

‘I asked what this kooloo was, and received for answer a circumstantial description of the animal, which threw me into the greatest excitement; for I saw that this was, most certainly, a new species of ape, of which I had not even heard as yet. It was called *kooloo-kamba* by the Goumbi people; from its noise or call, “kooloo,” and the Camma word *kamba*, which means “speak.” The Bakali simply call it “koola.”

‘I scarce slept all night with fidgetting over the morrow’s prospects.

The kooloo was said to be very rare here, and there was a chance only that we should find that one whose call had been heard.

'At last, the tedious night was gone. At the earliest streak of dawn I had my men up. We had fixed our guns the night before. All was ready, and we set out in two parties..... We had hardly got rid of the bashikoudy, (ants,) when my ears were saluted by the singular cry of the ape I was after. "Koola-koolo, koola-koolo," it said several times. Gambo and Malaouen were alone with me. Gambo and I raised our eyes and saw, high up in a tree branch, a large ape. We both fired at once, and the next moment the poor beast fell with a heavy crash to the ground. I rushed up, anxious to see if I had, indeed, a new animal. Again I had a happy day, marked for ever with red ink in my calendar.

'The animal was a full-grown male, four feet three inches high; it was less powerfully built than the male gorilla. When it was brought into Obindji, all the people, and even Quengueza, at once exclaimed, "That is a koolo-kamba." Then I asked them about the other apes I already knew; but for these they had other names, and did not at all confound the species. For all these reasons I was assured indeed that my prize was a new animal, a variety, at least, of those before known.

'The koolo-kamba has for its distinctive marks a very round head; whiskers running quite round the face and below the chin; the face is round; the cheek-bones prominent; the cheeks sunken; the jaws not very prominent—less so than in any other of the apes. The hair is black; long on the arm, which was, however, partly bare.'

There is a mild aspect about this ape, as compared with the gorilla, which renders it less hideous, although its ear is externally particularly large and conspicuous. Of all the great apes now known, it is the one which, in the structure of its head, most nearly approaches man. Of its habits the people could afford but little information, excepting that it was more frequently found in the interior; and that, like the gorilla, it was very shy, and difficult to approach unawares.

As the hunting party advanced into the interior, they arrived more readily at gorilla haunts. These haunts were always known by the presence of a pulpy, pear-shaped fruit, growing close to the ground, and named the *tondo*, of which this ape is remarkably fond. The Negroes also like the grateful sub-acid of this fruit; and, while searching for it on this occasion, found gorilla tracks almost every where around. The bush was beaten, however, for two hours before game was met with. Suddenly an immense gorilla issued from the wood and made straight for his disturbers, giving vent, as he drew near, to a terrible howl of rage. It proved to be a lone male, always the most ferocious animal of his kind; and he made the woods ring again with his roar, which, it is affirmed, very much

resembles the rolling and muttering of distant thunder. Here follow our author's words:—

'He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together, and I was about to take aim, and bring him down where he stood, when Malaouen stopped me, saying in a whisper, "Not time yet."

'We stood, therefore, in silence, guns in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil grey eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms, gave another howl of defiance, and advanced upon us. Again he stopped, now not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malaouen said, "Not yet."

'Then again an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly the ferocious face of the monstrous ape. It was working with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was moved rapidly back and forth, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face: once more he gave out a roar, which seemed to shake the woods like thunder, and, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again. This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. My breath was coming short with excitement, as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said only, "Steady," as he came up. When he stopped, Malaouen said, "Now;" and before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead, almost without a struggle.

"Don't fire too soon. If you do not kill him, he will kill you," said Malaouen to me,—a piece of advice which I found afterwards was too literally true.

'It was a huge old beast indeed. Its height was five feet six inches, its arms had a spread of seven feet two inches, its huge brawny chest measured fifty inches round. The big toe or thumb of the foot measured five and three-quarter inches in circumference. Its arms seemed only immense bunches of muscle, and its legs and its claw-like feet were so well fitted for *grabbing* and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the Negroes to believe that this animal conceals itself in trees, and pulls up with its foot any living thing,—leopard, ox, or man, that passes beneath. There is no doubt that the gorilla *can* do this, but that he *does* it I do not believe. They are ferocious, mischievous, but not carnivorous.'

What the gorilla can and will do if not slain at once, was made painfully evident very shortly after the previously described successful shot. A hunting (or shooting) party set out after gorillas, and the result is thus narrated:—

'I gave powder to the whole party. Six were to go off in one direction for gazelles, and whatever luck might send them; and six others, of whom I was one, were to hunt for gorillas. We set off towards a dark valley. The gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest

forests for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugar-cane, or pine-apple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a wood so dark, that, even at mid-day, one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it the more necessary to wait till the monstrous beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated, when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor, brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought at first quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink, he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said he had met the gorilla suddenly, and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breast, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps.

He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in its fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and, with this single blow, laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and, in his rage, almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

When we came upon the ground, the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked, to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground, and go off in the woods.

Of course, the poor Negro's days were numbered; but poetical

justice was done to his assailant; for we read:—‘The next day we shot a monster gorilla, which, I suppose, is the same one that killed my poor hunter; for male gorillas are not very plentiful.’

Our author is so charmed or fascinated by the glance of the gorilla, that he repeats himself, in different parts of his volume, in detailing its habits. This, indeed, though a literary imperfection, would seem to be an undesigned confirmation of the truthfulness of his observations, or of his faithfulness in reporting what he had heard. Every piece of intelligence respecting this extraordinary creature is so interesting that one cannot feel displeased at the occasional repetitions. Disregarding some of these, we add the following observations:—

‘The gorilla is only met in the most dark and impenetrable jungle, where it is difficult to get a clear aim, unobstructed by vines and tangled bushes, for any distance greater than a few yards. For this reason the gorilla-hunter wisely stands still, and awaits the approach of the infuriated beast. The gorilla advances by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar, and to beat his vast breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. Sometimes from the standing position, he seats himself, and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary. His walk is a waddle from side to side, his hind legs, which are very short, being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge superincumbent body. He balances himself by swinging his arms, somewhat as sailors walk on shipboard; and the vast paunch, the round bullet-head, joined awkwardly to the trunk with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms, and deep, cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to his ferocity of appearance. At the same time, the deep-set grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity: the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles; and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit.

‘The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male at greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment’s anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull the trigger!

‘In shooting the hippopotamus at night, and on shore, the Negro always scampers off directly he has fired his gun. When he has fired at the gorilla, he stands still. I asked why they did not run in this case too, and was answered that it was of no use. If the hunter has missed, he must battle for his life face to face, hoping, by some



piece of unexpected good luck, to escape a fatal blow, and come off, perhaps, maimed for life, as I have seen several in the upper villages. Fortunately the gorilla dies as easily as man; a shot in the breast, if fairly delivered, is sure to bring him down. He falls forward on his face, his long, muscular arms outstretched, and uttering with his last breath a hideous death-cry,—half roar, half shriek,—which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles his ears with a dreadful note of human agony. It is this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack on the gorilla.'

And we believe it is this same lurking reminiscence which imparts to the whole consideration and discussion respecting this animal so peculiar and indescribable an interest. As we have gazed upon the few stuffed specimens and skeletons of the gorilla which an Englishman at home has had the opportunity of seeing, we have always felt that there was an irresistible suggestion of wild humanity, a something that might well excuse the fabulous accounts of the Negroes respecting this strange creature, as they sit around their nocturnal fires, and, in their glare and heat, figure what gorilla never was, and gorilla-hunter never saw.

The animal's height varies in individuals as much as height varies among men. The adult males in M. Du Chaillu's collection range from five feet two inches to five feet eight. An American professor has parts of a skeleton which would, it is said, warrant the conclusion that the animal to which it belonged was six feet two inches high. The females are much smaller, less strong, and of lighter frame. An adult female measured, when shot, four feet six inches.

One man-like characteristic of this creature is its ability to walk in an erect position, with greater ease, and for a longer time, than either the chimpanzee or any other ape. When standing up, its knees are bent at the joints outwards, and its back has a stoop forward. When running on all fours, its track is peculiar. The hind feet leave no traces of their toes upon the ground; only the ball of the foot, and its thumb, which answers to our great toe, seem to touch the earth, while the fingers of the fore-hand are only lightly marked on the ground.

The skin in the young as well as the adult gorilla is in colour an intense black; but this colour only appears in the face, on the breast, and in the palms of the hands. The hair of a full-grown, though not aged, individual, is iron-grey. On the arms the hair is darker and also much longer than elsewhere, being sometimes two inches long. Aged gorillas become quite grey



all over their bodies. This creature's eyes are deeply sunken in its head, the immense overhanging bony frontal ridge giving to the face a constant expression of a savage scowl. The mouth is wide, and the lips are sharply cut, exhibiting no red on the edges, such as appears in the human face. The jaws are of 'tremendous weight and power,' (to use our traveller's words.) Even in the stuffed specimens, and in the skeletons, the beholder can see proof of this fact; and he perceives at a glance that the large canine teeth of the male must lend an additional ferocity to his aspect when he fully exhibits them in his rage, drawing back his lips, and showing the red colour of the inside of his mouth. The breadth across the upper jaw, at the molars, is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches, and the breadth at the extremities of the canines is  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . The width of the face, measured across the eyes to the outer margins, is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and when measured at the molar protuberances, (the extreme width,) it is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches across. The greatest length of the face, measured in a straight line from summit to lowest point of chin, is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and the depth of the eye socket (to the optic foramen) is  $2\frac{7}{8}$  inches. Any reader who will mark these dimensions on slips of paper, and then cut them into separate lengths, will have some idea of the magnitude of the face of the creature as compared with that of man. The measurement round the entire skull gives eleven inches.

In looking at a skeleton of the gorilla, we see only a few small vertebrae between the head and the body; and this almost entire absence of neck imparts to the head the appearance of being set on the shoulders. Should any of our readers number a very short-necked man amongst his acquaintances, such person will probably occur to his remembrance when he looks at a stuffed gorilla. This at least was the case with the writer, who instantly called to mind a very respectable and well-meaning gentleman, characterized by a head and shoulders not at all unlike that of the king of the African forest. In the case of the animal, (not in that of our acquaintance,) the eyebrows are thin, but not well defined, and are almost lost in the hair of the scalp. The eyelashes are also thin; the eyes are wide apart; the ears smaller than those of man, (in this particular remarkably opposed to the ears of the koolo-kamba,) but closely resembling them in form. In fact, if, as one said, a small ear is a mark of aristocratic origin, certainly the gorilla is more nobly born than any other manlike ape.

The nose is flat in a front view of the face, yet somewhat prominent, and more so than in any other ape; but this prominence is due to a slightly projecting nose-bone. This ape is the

only one displaying such a projection; and in this respect it approaches *nearer* to man than any other of its kind: yet, the interval is very wide between the two, and the nearness is in reality only a term of comparison.

When we regard the profile of this creature's trunk, we note a slight convexity, and that the chest is of great capacity. The shoulders are very broad, and the pectoral regions show traces of a pair of nipples. The abdomen is of vast size, very prominent, and round towards the sides. The arms are very remarkable limbs, and possess a prodigious muscular development; they are very long, and extend as low as the knees. In the skeleton they seem to hang down with an overbalancing weight. The forearm is of nearly uniform size from the wrist to the elbow. The great length of the arms and the shortness of the legs at once and strongly distinguish this ape from man. The legs are short, and decrease in size from below the knee to the ankle, and have no calf.

Looking at the hands, and bearing in mind the narratives of our author, and the fable of others about their prehensile capabilities in lifting suddenly trapped Negroes, (a fable which a popular naturalist has recently seriously represented in a fanciful book, and made the subject of a pictorial frontispiece,) we can at once understand how such limbs may be appropriated, either by fancy of a fabulist or will of the actual possessor, to any kind of strange work. In the male they are of considerable size, strong, short, and thick. The fingers (or *claws*, as most persons would style them) are short, and of great thickness; the circumference of the middle finger at the first joint being over six inches in some individuals. The skin on the back of the fingers (near the middle phalanx) is callous and very thick, proving that the usual mode of the animal's progression is on all-fours, and resting on the knuckles. The thumb (very thumb-like) is shorter than in man, and not half so thick as the creature's forefinger. The entire hand is hairy as far as the division of the fingers, which are covered with short thin hairs, as in man. The palm of the hand is naked, callous, and intensely black, while the nails are black and shaped like those of man, but smaller in proportion; they are thick and strong, and always seem much worn. The hand of the gorilla is almost as wide as it is long.

The foot (on what ordinary persons would call the hind legs, as distinguished from the fore legs or arms) is proportionably wider than in man. Its sole is callous and intensely black, and has somewhat the appearance of a gigantic hand of immense power and grasp; and the transverse wrinkles show the frequency

and freedom of movement of the two joints of the great toe; thus indicating that they have a great power of grasping. The toes are divided into three groups. As a whole, the foot of this creature presents a greater likeness to the foot of man than the foot of any other ape, and in no other is it so well adapted for the maintenance of the erect position.

It is highly interesting to compare the bony skeleton of the gorilla with that of man; and it may be useful to some of our readers to inform them that the comparison is not impracticable to any person in London. Anyone may do what the writer of these pages has done,—visit the Hunterian Museum of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and the Zoological Gallery of the British Museum; by such visits, and careful inspection, at least an approach to such a comparison may be instituted. It might be accomplished with ease, if the curators or authorities of these rich Museums would so far bestir themselves as to place the human skeleton and that of the anthropoid apes side by side. But this regard to public curiosity is perhaps too much to expect from gentlemen of scientific eminence,—some of whom the nation pays and the world praises. Our traveller has, indeed, by figures, placed two such skeletons side by side, and the readers of his book can form some opinion of their approximations and differences.

One principal result of such a comparison must, we think, be the same as that at which our author has himself arrived, and which he thus states: 'After a careful examination of the osteological (bony) facts which have been mentioned—after having observed the live gorilla, and studied carefully its mode of progression—I came to the conviction that in its mode of progression the gorilla is the nearest allied to man of all the anthropoid apes.' Another is, that 'the gorilla skeleton, *the skull excepted*, resembles the bony frame of man more than that of any other anthropoid ape. In the form and proportions of the pelvis, the number of ribs, the length of the arm, the width of the hand, and the structure and arches of the feet, all these characteristics, and also some of its habits, appear to me to place the gorilla nearer to man than any other anthropoid ape is placed;' and generally, considering the two skeletons on the whole, 'Though there is a great *dissimilarity* between the bony frame of man and that of the gorilla, there is also an awful likeness, which in the latter resembles an exaggerated caricature of a human being. With the knowledge of the anthropoid apes which now exists, derived from the critical examinations of their osteology and their dentition by various

observers, such as Geoffroy, Tiedemann, Cuvier, Owen, Wyman, and others, it is easy to see the anatomical peculiarities belonging to the anthropoid apes; and these peculiarities constitute so wide a gap, that the greatest differences between the most degraded tribes of the human race and the highest type of a Caucasian are very slight in comparison.' But there are two points of difference between the simian and the human skeleton, which are at least equally, if not more, distinctive and separative. One of these is, that the vertebral column (the backbone) of the apes is marked by a single curvature in the form of a bow, by which it is enabled to act like an elastic spring: this preserves the animal from sudden shocks while running or leaping on all fours. The other point is the peculiar articulation of the human head with the spinal column, which obliges man to maintain himself in an erect posture. In man, the position of the head and the curve of the vertebral column makes the erect position the only natural and easy one; while in the ape this is the uneasy and unnatural position, though it may be assumed for a shorter or longer time. In the ape, when in an erect position, the head must be thrown backwards, in order to maintain the balance of the body. In man, the spinal column has three opposite curvatures, which only answer the purpose of breaking shocks, (like the single bow of the ape,) so long as the body is in the erect position. Thus the whole framework of man proves that he is created to carry himself as an erect creature; nor do his superior extremities (as in the quadrumana) perform any part in the act of progression.

To this we think it desirable to add the gradational difference established by Professor Owen, who says, '*Every legitimate deduction* from a comparison of cranial characters makes the tailless *quadrumana* recede from the human type in the following order:—Gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, gibbon.' It is true that Dr. Wyman, an American, and two French naturalists, claim for the chimpanzee a nearer affinity to man; but M. Du Chaillu concludes that the gorilla walks more frequently in the erect posture than the chimpanzee.

If we may so speak, the great bone of contention between rival naturalists, respecting the gorilla, is the skull and its contents. There is much here that we would willingly enlarge upon, but we must compress.

The skulls of *young* gorillas, male and female, and of the young of other anthropoid apes, are much alike, and can hardly be distinguished. But the distinction is marked in the adults; and, in the instance of the male gorilla, the change which occurs between youth and maturity in the skull may be

termed a complete metamorphosis. The cranial capacity in the skulls of gorillas is in several cases as follows:—

	Cubic Inches.
Average of ten males .....	29·70
“ three females .....	26·00
“ thirteen adults .....	28·85
Maximum .....	34·05
Minimum .....	24·00

Now let us compare with these figures the important measurements of a number of skulls carefully taken by Dr. S. G. Morton of Philadelphia. According to this naturalist the average capacity of the adult Negro and Australian brain is seventy-five cubic inches. The lowest capacity, viz., sixty-five and sixty-three cubic inches, was found among the Hottentots and Australians. The average capacity of thirteen adult gorillas was but 28·85 cubic inches. Here, then, we have an incontestable proof of a greatly superior intellectual capacity in even the lowest orders of the human family, as compared with the apes. The brain in man also possesses an activity of nutrition which tends to a continual development of the organ, so long as the ossification and the sutures of the cranium are not complete, a result which does not take place in man until he has grown into an adult; even after that period, as is well known, in some cases the brain increases in weight.

The difference of the size of the brain, (which is always considered the test of intellectual status,) between the highest ape and the lowest man, is much greater than that between the highest ape and the lowest ape. In the gorilla, including both sexes, the range is only from twenty-four to thirty-five; in the chimpanzees, from eighteen to twenty-six; while, from thirty-five in the highest ape to sixty-three in the lowest human body, the leap is sudden, and the interval immense. So much for the difference of size in the brain.

Then, as to development and growth of brain, the actual increase in the adult gorilla and in the other anthropoid apes is very small. The head itself increases in size and weight with age; but such conditions are due alone to the *bones*, which grow into a hard, firm brain-case; while the brain itself remains almost without addition to its weight or size. Probably, as M. Du Chaillu thinks, the entire intelligence of the gorilla may be reached within a single year of its life.

There are other marked distinctions between the brain of

human beings and that of the man-like apes. These, however, are of too purely technical a character for popular representations. One consequence deducible from the observations of a Parisian anatomist may be stated, and regarded as rigorously verified, viz., that no arrest in the progress of development could possibly render the human brain more similar to that of monkeys than it is at the adult age:—on the contrary, it would differ the more the less it was developed. In the lowest idiots the brain preserves the material and zoological characters of human brain; and, though often, in such extreme cases, inferior in appearance to that of the healthy chimpanzee, gorilla, or orang, it is always an undeniable human brain. Disease or degradation may dwarf a man during continued re-production, but will never reduce him to an ape; and modern observations have demonstrated that idiots do not breed *inter se*. We go one step further in the reverse direction, and affirm that the above results prove, on incontestable grounds of fact and observation, that no development of an ape will ever produce a man; and that similarity and approximation of osseous structure in the skeleton are mere resemblances, having their definite points of difference, and their fixed and demonstrable limits. Hence all the theories of development which some naturalists have with more or less ability published to the world, are *mere theories*, unsupported by facts, and plainly contradicted in the instances now before us. Yet these have been fondly relied upon, and audaciously maintained, until the anthropoid apes have been humorously styled, 'our poor relations.' Should any one of our readers have been deluded by such fanciful theories, we recommend to him a careful perusal of the facts collected in this volume; and, in conjunction with these, a study of the technical papers which are to be found in various scientific publications, several of which are referred to by our author.

Above all, an inspection of such skulls and skeletons as are to be now seen in London would be desirable. In addition to those in the British and the Hunterian Museums, the inquirer should carefully study the fine collection which our traveller has made, and which will be immediately exhibited in the rooms of the British Museum. We have inspected this collection with great interest, and by ocular proof confirmed for our own satisfaction several of the above statements. In estimating the size, the uninstructed visitor would have to allow for the shrunken appearance of the dried skins, and for the taking out of the skeleton; otherwise he might entertain the opinion that the size of this



animal had been greatly overstated. In all probability, when these pages appear, the public will have a full opportunity of judging of the entire collection made by our enterprising traveller, as displayed in the Zoological department of the National Museum.\*

The most remarkable ape, after the gorilla, is that which in native language is termed the *Nshiego Mbouvé*, and in scientific nomenclature *Troglodytes Calvus*. It ranges over a much narrower district than the chimpanzee, and even the gorilla; being found only in the table lands of the interior, and in the densest forests. It is smaller, milder, less strong, and far more docile than the gorilla. But its most singular characteristic is, that it builds for itself a nest or shelter of leaves amidst the higher branches of trees. As night approaches, it climbs up the tree, and seats itself comfortably upon the projecting branch which it had previously selected, throws its arm round the tree, and places its head under the nest or shelter which it has constructed. This is made of leaves compactly laid together so as to keep the ape from rain; and is held to the trunk of the tree with branches of vines with which the forests abound. The roof is commonly from six to eight feet in its greatest diameter, and has the shape of an extended umbrella. There are generally two of these shelters in adjoining trees, from which it may be concluded that male and female live together during the whole of the year. The young probably remain with their parents until old enough to build nests of their own.

In these apes we certainly witness a degree of intelligence and forethought beyond that of the gorilla, and perhaps of any others of the simian tribe. M. Du Chaillu one evening

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\* Before the above passages were printed, we had enjoyed an opportunity, by the courtesy of M. Du Chaillu, of seeing the large gorilla, stuffed and set up with all the skill of a clever naturalist. Most certainly this specimen so restored throws the others into comparative insignificance, and fully justifies the expectations naturally formed from reading the traveller's descriptions. Whatever may be thought of these, no beholder can fail to be struck with the size, sturdiness, and strength of the animal when alive. The huge hand is especially remarkable, and must prove a very formidable weapon of attack when swung at the end of the long arm. The canines appear to be much worn in this and in most of the specimens in the collection; but, doubtless, when in their unworn state, they must add greatly to the ferocious aspect of the creature. One cannot conceive of such an animal slinking away from man, (as has been averred by an objector to be the case); but it may be very easily conceived that man would slink away from it, unless well armed and prepared to expect such an encounter.

Of course what would be applicable to an individual of this size and growth, might be altogether inapplicable to younger animals and females; and the extracts we have made relative to the ferocity and formidable character of these apes, must be referred to the largest adult males.



watched long at the foot of a tree, until he saw this nest-building ape return from his wanderings, ascend the tree, and seat himself comfortably under its leaf-made shelter. Its head is nearly round, and bullet-formed; its nose very flat; its eye sunken; its teeth and canines smaller than those of the gorilla; its arms and hands long, and its foot shorter than its hand. The hair is of one uniform rusty-black colour. The head of this ape is bald (hence the specific name *calvus*) and shining black. The native word *mbouvé* means another tribe of *nshiego*, or chimpanzee. M. Du Chaillu congratulates himself on the discovery of this ape, as well as the koolo-kamba. Our readers must be reminded that the gorilla was not discovered by M. Du Chaillu. It has been mentioned by different travellers under various names, and is probably the pongo named by Battel \* in 1629. The ancient voyager, Hanno, in his *Periplus*, describes in a cursory way what some have thought (and still think) to have been the gorilla, but what M. Du Chaillu thinks was the chimpanzee. We are not so confident, however, that Hanno and his fellow-voyagers did not really see the true gorilla. He says: 'On the third day, having sailed from thence, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of these were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility,' &c. It is from this old Carthaginian navigator that the name 'gorilla' has been derived, Dr. Wyman and Dr. Savage having applied it to the ape now commonly so called.

It must be inferred from all that is said and known, that the strength of the gorilla exceeds that of any other ape; the strength of its arms appears greatly to exceed that of man. A young one of between two and three years of age required four stout men to hold it, and even then it struggled and bit one of the men severely. The adult male gorilla can indent a musket barrel by the use of its jaws, and with its arms can break trees of from four to six inches in diameter. It therefore needs no artificial weapon of defence against any other than human assailants. Its huge teeth would evidently play their part in the deadly onset. Our traveller several times noticed skulls of these creatures, in which the huge canines were broken off; and not worn down, as they are in almost all the adult gorillas, by

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\* Mentioned in *Purchas, His Pilgrim*, part ii., p. 984. London. 1623.

gnawing at trees, which without being gnawed into were too strong even for their attempts. It evidently knows the strength of its muscular arms, and therefore always attacks with them.

The Negroes hold an opinion that these teeth have been broken in combats between the males for the possession of a female. Such a combat would be an exciting spectacle, and would exceed in thrilling interest any exhibited on the floor of Roman amphitheatres, or the modern Spanish bull-fights. If one must be present at a fight of wild beasts, give us a couple of contending male gorillas! Imagine their fearful roar resounding through the cavernous space under the amphitheatre, and their long, muscular arms beating madly upon their drum-like breasts, as they approached each other, 'grinning horribly a ghastly grin!' 'I find,' says our traveller, 'that I do not get accustomed to the roar of the gorilla. Notwithstanding the numbers I have hunted and shot, it is still an awful sound to me. The long reverberations coming from his portentous chest; the vindictive bark with which each roar is begun; the hollow monotone of the first explosion; all are awe-inspiring, and proclaim this beast the monarch of these forests.'

At the close of this volume, in an Appendix, the author has given a list of the animals comprising the Fauna of Equatorial Africa, in which he places by themselves the new species, as being those discovered by himself. In the list of new species we observe seventeen mammalians and fifty birds: a number which would, if admitted, fairly entitle M. Du Chaillu to the honours of a discovering naturalist. In order to invalidate this title, any opponent must of necessity discuss with him the claims of every individual species. We do not suppose that any one will attempt this; and therefore must be content to accept the traveller's assertions.

The reader's attention will be drawn to the illustrations which adorn this volume, and which are more than seventy in number: it is with reference to some of these, especially those of the gorilla, that the author has been more particularly assailed by Dr. Gray. That gentleman affirms that one of the portraits of the gorilla is taken, not from nature, but from a photograph of the Museum specimen. This assertion he endeavours to establish by particular details. He also disparages some other illustrations, and points out their defects. For a time these objections, made by an eminent naturalist holding a public appointment of importance, made the public hesitate in yielding implicit confidence to this new and remarkable traveller.

On the other hand, in this matter of the engraved illustra-

tions, M. Du Chaillu has given the following explanatory statement:—

‘Four out of the seventy-four plates in this work have been copied with slight alterations from other works. I regret that the original sources were not stated on the plates themselves, but I have repeatedly referred to the works in my text. The skeleton of the gorilla (p. 370) is not copied from the English photograph from Fenton, but is from a drawing of my own large specimen, and differs essentially from the other, as any comparative anatomist or careful observer may detect.’

With this explanation and affirmation of the author we must leave the question as it now stands. Granting, however, that four or possibly five of the plates are not original, the general credibility of the traveller seems to be scarcely affected; even if it were to be admitted that he *may* have slightly overcharged some of his descriptions and narratives. Nevertheless our general confidence in him remains unshaken, grounded as it is on the verisimilitude of his style and manner. So also say Sir R. Murchison, and several Fellows of the Geographical Society, together with Professor Owen, while the public at large are at this hour demanding the tenth thousand of his volume, within a short period after its publication. Both publisher and author will appreciate this mark of general approval.

As to Dr. Gray, we do not agree with those who attribute his criticisms to a malignant spirit. We believe he is an honest assailant. He has suffered, however, no light punishment at the hands of some zealous friends of our traveller.

M. Du Chaillu has only occasionally touched upon religious topics, and principally in the expression of such opinions as the following:—

‘On Sunday I rested, and had a talk with the people, trying to explain to them something about the one true God, and the absurdity of their superstitions. They have always one answer to everything a white man says against their customs, and these were brought forward this day as usual. An old man said, “You are white, we are black. The God who made you did not make us. You are one kind of people, we are another. You are *mbui*ri (spirits), and do not need all the fetiches and idols that we have: we are poor people, and need them. God gave you the good things, to us He has not given anything.”

‘It is difficult to meet this point of difference of race, which is asserted in all good faith by every honest Negro you meet in Africa. You cannot convince them that they and we are all men and

brethren. And till you do this, they remain strong in their superstitions.'

Notwithstanding these discouraging habits of mind, we have a full confidence in the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to reach even the dark avenues of thought and emotions in the barbarians of Equatorial Africa; and probably one chief purpose to be answered by the travels of this adventurous white man is to awaken an interest on behalf of these benighted races in the breasts of Europeans; and, through the attention excited by the ethnology and natural history of a country so remote and so little visited, to draw the notice of Christians to far higher objects, perhaps to the founding of a Mission Station in the very midst of the cannibal tribes, and in the very borders of the dark forests inhabited by the wildest and strangest animals known to man.

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ART. IV.—*Historical Collections: or, an Exact Account of the Proceedings of the Four last Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth of Famous Memory; wherein is contained the Complete Journals both of the Lords and Commons, taken from the original Records of their Houses, &c., faithfully and laboriously collected by HEYWOOD TOWNSHEND, Esq., a Member in those Parliaments. The like never extant before.* London. 1680.

It is among the things not generally known, that when an increased provision for the Princess Victoria was made by Parliament, an honourable member suggested that her name should be changed to one 'more accordant to the feelings of the people.' He stated his own preference for 'Elizabeth.' Lord Althorp, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, did not treat the proposal with much respect, and 'could only hope that the name of Victoria would be as glorious as any other in the history of this country.' This hope has been realized more fully than such hopes usually are; and the name of Victoria has become endeared to millions of British subjects scattered over lands undiscovered or dimly known when Elizabeth was queen. Still, while we have no desire to exchange one name for the other, that of the Tudor Sovereign retains a charm and a celebrity in no danger of being lost; for she was actively associated with those great events which make the period of her reign a crisis-era in the civilization of the world.

It may be thought that the relations she sustained to

her Parliaments, ten of which were convoked and dissolved by her command, do not present her to posterity in a favourable light. That there was a good deal of 'old Harry' in her, she showed by many and indubitable signs; and it would be absurd to pretend that she had any coyish partiality for the high court of Parliament, or was disposed to brook more of its direct interference with State affairs than she could well avoid. Probably, had she been 'put to the question,' she would have admitted that her own inclinations were rather in favour of ruling without any Parliamentary inquisition and control. But Elizabeth had a sagacious eye for the times and the seasons. She knew that the English monarchy was not absolute, but limited; she knew that it was as much the legal right of the Commons, and theirs only, to grant taxes, as it was hers to apply them; and being a really patriotic sovereign, she was solicitous to ward off all constitutional quarrels which could facilitate the treasonable designs of those who hated English liberty and the Protestant succession.

The last Parliament called together by Elizabeth existed but a few weeks; yet there are numerous circumstances in connexion with it, both interesting and remarkable, which recommend its proceedings to modern review. And this review we are fortunately better able to bestow, owing to the fact that one of its members, a Mr. Heywood Townshend, took daily notes of things said and done. These were published in 1680, after extensive appropriations by the sedulous, self-complacent Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in his voluminous history of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, without any other acknowledgment than that he had derived the information from a 'private journal.' Mr. Townshend was a young lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, and figures on several occasions in his own report, not forgetting the time when he was complimented by Mr. 'Francis Bacon,'—the Bacon of Pope and Macaulay,—as having given the best advice on a controverted point, though the youngest member in the House. Mr. Townshend had no ambition to do the work now divided among a staff of newspaper reporters. His narrative is sketchy, and professedly fragmentary, but abounds in touches which impart to it a naturalness and vivacity unknown to the scraggy formal records of the official journalist; and so copious at times are his reports, that we can imagine him, note-book in hand, rapidly tracing those stenographic symbols which help to give the expiring word a life that may see no end.

October 27th, 1601, was the day on which the queen went in procession to open her tenth and last Parliament. She rode,

we are told, in a chariot open at the sides, but covered with a canopy of gold cloth; and, having attended Divine service in the abbey,—a part of the ancient programme which has dropped out of the modern ceremonial,—she resumed her state progress to the House of Lords, where eight-and-forty temporal and spiritual peers were in attendance; a number which reveals the reduced condition of the old nobility, not yet recovered from the murderous effects of the wars of the Roses. The lord keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, speaking in the queen's name, explained the difficulties with which she had to contend, principally proceeding, he said, from 'the bishop of Rome and the king of Spain,' the latter of whom had sent a large body of troops into Ireland. He deprecated in her behalf all waste of time in idle talk; her wish being that the laws in force might be 'revised and explained, and no new laws made.' Money was wanted, and that there might be no superfluous delay in providing it, he stated her majesty's desire that Parliament should end before Christmas. One part of this speech is too curious to be omitted, bearing in mind when, and before whom, it was delivered. 'I have seen,' said the lord keeper, her majesty wear at her girdle the price of her own blood. I mean the jewels that have been given to her physicians to have done that unto her which God will ever remove her from, but hath worn them rather for triumph than for price, that hath not been valuable.' As the lords had no one of their order to perpetuate their debates, and as their proceedings appear to have been then, as they are now, subordinate in importance to those of the Lower House, we shall restrict ourselves to the course of events which agitated the popular branch of the legislative body. At this time the Commons held their sittings in St. Stephen's chapel, to which they had removed in the reign of Edward VI. from the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey. This chapel, lying across the upper end of Westminster Hall, and stretching towards the river, continued to be thus used till the fire of 1834 led to its demolition, and the erection of the New Palace; where, with its nine hundred rooms, the old complaint of want of space in their own apartment is ever and anon raised by the straitened Commons. The list of members returned to serve in the last Parliament of Elizabeth is composed of four hundred and forty-six names, not reckoning thirty-four blanks where representatives are not assigned. In glancing over the favoured towns and boroughs we recognise, of course, dear old Sarum and venerable Grandpound, with a train of others,—to wit, Tregony, Michael, Gatton, Haselmer, Orford, Estringstead, &c., &c; and after making all allowances



for the changes, both positive and comparative, which time has wrought, it seems to us improbable that many of these places could have ever possessed a wealth and population equal to what is owned by scores of towns which now send no member to Parliament. The northern counties, which have become so powerful by their commercial and manufacturing industry, had at this time a very moderate representation in the legislature. York sent twenty-three members and Lancashire twelve; but Cornwall alone sent forty-two; Wiltshire, thirty-two; Southamptonshire (Hants), twenty-six; Dorset, twenty; and Devonshire, eighteen. Wales supplied a contingent of twenty, with four seats apparently unfilled. Among the men of eminence who were returned and served, were the secretary of state, Cecil, son of the great Lord Burleigh, and himself afterwards Earl of Salisbury; Francis Bacon, of immortal, alas! not of unclouded memory; and Sir Walter Raleigh, (whose name is always spelt Rawleigh by the reporter,) who contributed no mean chapter to his own 'History of the World.' Bacon sat for Gippenrich, a Suffolk borough; and Raleigh was one of the members for Cornwall. A 'Hamden' sat for the county of Bucks, and an 'Oliver Cromwell' for Huntingdon,—uncle of the famous kingbreaker. It is certain that at this period, and long afterwards, the county freeholders were a far more independent and enlightened class of men than the electors resident in boroughs. In this very Parliament a question of privilege was brought forward; one of the members for Leicester being charged with procuring his election by passing himself off as a servant of the Earl of Huntingdon, without whose good will it was represented, in the information preferred by the Attorney-General, that the burgesses would never think of electing a candidate. Aristocratic influence was probably supreme in most of the lesser boroughs; and the absence of political parties would make electoral struggles, where they occurred, mere tilting matches between the great proprietary families of the locality. That on such occasions blows should be given, and blood drawn, was a likely event; and one which in the elections for the town and county of Denbigh, described in this report, actually occurred. The sheriff interfered after swords were drawn, and the elections were deferred: indeed, as no members' names afterwards appear, it is probable that for that Parliament no election for either town or county was held. The City of London proper was represented by four members; the City of Westminster and Borough of Southwark having two each. These were all. Greenwich was a village, the Tower Hamlets corresponded to their name, Finsbury was a moor, and



Marylebone was fields and forest-land. Liverpool, which returned two members, had, electorally, the start of her great neighbour and rival, by the vast interval separating the reign of the first Edward from the accession of the fourth William.

Let us now return to the day when, for the last time, the lion-hearted Elizabeth went with royal equipage and sound of trumpet to meet the newly assembled estates of the realm. But in truth she did not meet one of the estates; and the reason of this is remarkable. While the queen and her lords were listening to the sermon in the Abbey, the Commons were being sworn by the lord admiral in the Court of Requests; but time pressing, the comptroller, vice-chamberlain, and second (*i. e.*, under) secretary of state 'adjourned to the space before the Parliament House door, where they swore all the Lower House confusedly, four at one time, six at another, eight at another;'—those who were sworn passing into the House. Even this confusion some would conceive to be more desirable than the tedious process which is pursued in the present day. When the queen's arrival in the House of Lords was notified, all who were ready proceeded to the entrance of the upper chamber—when, lo! they found the door shut against them, and could hear nothing of the lord keeper's speech, nor get a glimpse of the royal person. On their return to their own room the indignant members were loud in their complaints, one of which was that the usher of the lords had gone so far as to threaten that 'if they were not quiet they should be set in the stocks!' The comptroller of the household apologized for the exclusion on the ground of mistake, and promised that for the special insult of the usher satisfaction should be made. To mollify the discontent, Mr. Secretary Cecil delivered the substance of the lord keeper's speech, prefacing the delivery by elaborate apologies, such as that it was 'hard to tell a wise man's tale after him, seeing a man of the best sufficiency may forget where one of ordinary abilities may remember. My mind was not then fit for attention when I had some cause of distraction!' The election of a Speaker was the first business undertaken; and the comptroller proposed that the office should be filled by Mr. John Croke, recorder of London, whom, amidst a surfeit of compliments, he eulogized as 'a most worthy and able man for this service.' The reporter adds, 'At these words Mr. Croke put off his hat with a kind of strange admiration,'—astonishment, as we should now say. 'Every man cried, I, I,' but the recorder in a self-depreciatory harangue declined the honour proposed. The comptroller then asked the House if they were

agreed as before, and all answered, I, I, I;’ whereupon the vice-chamberlain and the comptroller took the blushing recorder between them, and marched him into the chair, from which, before sitting down, he made a second address, promising to show himself ‘for this assembly most careful, and to any particular member respective (respectful) and thankful.’

The presentation of the Speaker to the queen had then to be arranged; and this took place the following Friday in the Upper House, at the door of which the Commons were detained ‘a long half hour.’ On entering, they beheld their sovereign ‘under a state (canopy.)’ The Speaker, after making three reverences, begged to be relieved from his office: but the queen whispered to the lord keeper, and the lord keeper replied, that the eloquent speech he had just made was a sufficient reason why he should retain his honours. This by-play over, the Speaker delivered a magniloquent speech, in which he ascribed the defence of the land to ‘the mighty arm of our dread and sacred queen.’ It is pleasing to find that this gross flattery was not received by Elizabeth in silence, but that she corrected it herself, ‘No; but by the mighty hand of God, Mr. Speaker.’ When he had concluded, the Queen again whispered to the lord keeper, who gave the Commons, through their Speaker, much plain counsel, the burden being that they were ‘to have a special eye and regard not to make new and idle laws, and trouble the House with them, but rather to look to the abridging and repealing of diverse obsolete and superfluous statutes.’ Those good people who now-a-days think that Parliament would be more usefully employed in rescinding than in augmenting the statutes at large, will be glad to see that Elizabeth was of their way of thinking when laws were few compared with the present accumulation. There was a reason, however, for the advice so emphatically tendered to the Lower House,—one which was understood by all parties, and which weighed little with the stubborn Commons. The patents granted by Elizabeth and her predecessors had become a national grievance; the outcry against them was universal; and she had cause for believing that the new Parliament, provoked by the aggravation of the evil, despite previous promises of abatement, would take some decided action which would bring her royal prerogative into question. The drift of the lord keeper’s address was therefore little relished; and to the soreness thus caused was owing the remarkable incident graphically described by Mr. Townshend. ‘The queen on her return had to pass,’ he tells us, ‘through the Commons’ House

on her going to the Painted Chamber; and, in doing this, she preserved a silence which was generally reciprocated. Few said "God bless your majesty," as they were wont on all great assemblies; and the throng being great, and little room to pass, she moved her hand to have more room; whereupon one of the gentlemen ushers said openly, "Back, masters, make room;" and one answered stoutly behind, "If you will hang us, we can make no more room," which the queen seemed not to hear, though she heaved up her head, and looked that way towards him that spake. Elizabeth must have felt keenly wounded at the few 'God bless you's' which hailed her presence; yet she could divine the cause, and had the magnanimity (a princeliness unknown to her Stuart successors) to repair the breach by a full compliance with her subjects' wishes. Her knowledge became her wisdom; and so her passage through the Lower House was attended with happy issues to herself and to the nation.

That the Commons expected some attack on *their* prerogatives we may gather from the fact, that in meeting next day, (Saturday, October 31st,) 'a council was made for maintenance of the privileges of the House.' Greatly should we malign the representatives of the people at this distant period, did we infer that either fear or flattery could disarm their vigilance and resolution. Many points in constitutional law were unsettled; the spirit of loyalty was at its height, and the expression of it extravagant; but on all main and essential questions the Commons were, as we shall see, as firm in their maintenance of their legislative rights as those who occupied their seats in more troublous times.

In regard to the internal economy of the House,—of course, Treasury and Opposition benches were words and things of the future; and it would appear from such expressions as 'the honourable around the chair,' that the front rows, especially the seats near the Speaker, were allotted to members who either were privy councillors, or held office in the royal household. Motions were put from the chair as now, and were carried or rejected, according to the preponderance of voices,—though it was always open to the weaker party to try a division of the House. When this took place, the Noes remained seated in the House, and the Ayes (pronounced *P's*, as with us) went out of it. That this practice obtained we have several proofs from Mr. Townshend's reports. On one occasion, when none offered to move, a member bluntly stated, that during that session 'he had noticed that the Noes in a division of the House had always carried it,' assigning as a reason the disinclination of

members to risk losing their places! He therefore challenged the Ayes to go forth, saying, 'And for my part I'll begin;' and the appeal carried a majority of the House along with him. The present practice is, for each member to write his name on a card each afternoon before the House begins, which secures him the place where it is affixed. Hence, it is uncharitably surmised, so many members attend regularly at prayers. But a member's particular preference of a place is, when known, generally respected by his associates. As to prayers, too,—one of the first things done by the Commons, in 1601, was to obtain a form of prayer which, with other prayers, was read by a clergyman daily. Questions of order were frequent. It happened once that a Bill, in which many were interested, having been rejected by a majority of one, a question arose whether the Speaker was entitled to vote as did the other members? which the right honourable gentleman decided in the negative. It was then charged against a member that he had taken one of the Ayes by the sleeve, and detained him in the House,—conduct which was severely condemned, and not the less because Sir Walter Raleigh owned that he had often done so; but Mr. Townshend is careful to inform us that two of the Ayes had dragged one of the Noes out with them into the lobby,—thus restoring the former relation of the numbers.

A Bill having been voted against by the burgesses for London, several points were raised, which the Speaker submitted in three forms:—Should those who had opposed a Bill serve on a committee of it? 'And all said, No.' Could those who served on a committee of a Bill speak against it afterwards? 'And all said, Yea.' Should the burgesses of London serve on this particular committee for important reasons? 'And the Yeas were greater than the Noes.' At another time, when Sir Walter Raleigh was speaking, Sir Edward Hoby exclaimed, 'We cannot hear you; speak out; you should speak standing, that the House might hear you.' To which Sir Walter as tartly answered, 'that the House being in committee, he might speak sitting or standing.' A Bill having been brought in a second time under a new title, it was opposed because 'all Parliament men say a Bill once cast out should not be read again,' *i.e.*, during the same session; and, on division, this version of parliamentary law was ratified by a large majority. Even Mr. Speaker was put right when he strayed. A member having looked at a Bill which had been engrossed, another member blamed the permission given by the chair;—a criticism 'which was confessed by all [to be just,] and the Speaker took it.' Another time, when he allowed the clerk to deviate from an understood arrangement

of the business, the outcry was so loud, that though Cecil rose to assert the Speaker's right to regulate the order of procedure, the discontented triumphed. Their perseverance was probably stimulated in this case through an impression, that the Speaker wished to give a certain Bill the go-by; an impression justified by his subsequent conduct towards its promoters. Early in the session the House was informed by the chair, that various members felt themselves aggrieved that the ancient order of Parliament was broken through by some entering into the House with their spurs on. He prayed that this might cease. 'Others would have [had] boots and rapiers taken away, but nothing was done.' A rapiered legislature must have looked formidable; but deadly weapons were neither used nor drawn this session,—an example for some of the legislators of the American States to profit by. The members' servants, however, were sometimes unruly; and on a complaint lodged by the Speaker, the serjeant-at-arms was ordered to forbid them to stand near the door of the House, or upon the stairs leading up to it, 'and the abuse was well reformed.'

Questions of privilege never found the House indifferent or backward. The servants of members were protected from arrest equally with their masters, from fourteen days before the assembling of Parliament; and case after case arises in the Reports, of the interference of the House to punish violations of this privilege, now wisely abandoned. These cases were so numerous that one member exclaimed, 'I think, setting all Parliaments together, they will not match this Parliament with the numbers of offences of this nature, and only our leniency is the cause;' a cause honourable to the House. Some of the instances are noticeable. A member was aggrieved because his tailor, 'my most necessary servant,' had been arrested. Mr. Morris, M.P. for Beaumorris, (Beaumaris,) complained of his servant being arrested at Shrewsbury; and over this case the House waxed very indignant. Mr. Francis Bacon said, 'It is very scandalous to the whole House, and, because it is a case both extraordinary and contemptible, in my opinion it deserves a most severe and exemplary punishment;' and the House resounded with cries of 'To the Tower, to the Tower with them,—send for them, send for them!' The serjeant was ordered off to Shrewsbury; but he took counsel with Mr. Morris and the affair blew over, not without some discredit to the member, as the 'servant' proved to be only a man hired for a portion of the journey. Where personal affronts were offered to members, the House could be severe. If members were subpoenaed, those who were concerned in the proceedings were made to repent of it. In one

case where a member had been struck and his servant beaten, the offenders narrowly escaped the Tower, and were committed to the serjeant-at-arms for five days, with double fees to pay. Early in the session a page, who attempted to 'throng' a member, was committed by the Speaker on the spot, and next day was brought before the House, and severely reprov'd. It was even moved that, as his hair was very long, he should be put under the barber's hands, and his locks cut off, previous to his discharge; but the House stood upon its dignity, and refused to interfere in such a petty matter. But only to think of its having been proposed!

An amusing account is preserved of the House being led on a false scent. With great gravity one morning a member, Mr. Henry Doyley of Lincoln's Inn, drew the attention of the House to 'an infamous libel printed and spread abroad since the beginning of this Parliament,' entitled 'The Assembly of Fools.' He said, 'I desire the printer that printed it may be sent for; he dwells right over Guild-Hall Gate.' The reporter states, 'The House wondered much at this motion, and great murmuring there was.' After some discussion, the Speaker asked where the book was, and where he saw it? He replied, 'In the hands of Mr. Henry Davies his clerk, of Lincoln's Inn; but the clerk's name I know not.' Mr. Davies and his clerk were both summoned; and when the book was brought, it was found to be 'a mere toy, an old book entitled "The Second Part of Jack of Dover," a thing both stale and foolish.' Mr. Doyley must have looked very foolish at this explanation; for we are told that he 'was well laughed at, and thereby his credit much impeached in the opinion of the House.'

Among its other privileges the House did not forget or slight that of freedom of debate. Many did not use that freedom for themselves, for the regular speakers were but few; as it has ever proved in deliberative assemblies. A case of failure is thus described: 'Mr. Zachariah Locke began to speak; but for very fear shook so that he could not proceed.' Did the House try the effects of an encouraging cheer? We fear not; for, after 'standing still a while,' the double-locked member 'sat down.' At times, when their blood was up, some angry members demanded that others should answer for what they had said 'at the bar,' but the House would never hear it. Three-hour speeches must have been very rare exhibitions; and where the House was not deeply interested, much shorter inflictions were not patiently endured. One 'old Doctor of the Civil Law' is referred to as taking part in a debate; 'but because he spoke too low and too long, the House hawked and spat to make him



make an end,' in which it succeeded. It was reprimanded by some of its members. When any thing very distasteful was being uttered, the House resorted to the same means of protection, as will be shortly shown. Among other questions affecting its privileges which the House was called upon to decide, was that of the right of the sheriff to return himself. Sir Andrew Noell, sheriff of Rutland, had done so at the urgent request of the freeholders; but, although a precedent was produced in the case of the bailiff of Southwark, the House unanimously voted that the return was null and void. A question which consumed some time was, whether the Speaker should instruct the clerk of the crown or the lord keeper to issue a certain writ. The latter, for some reason which did not transpire, eagerly claimed the instruction; but the House decided against him, and he yielded with many professions of respect. In their communications with the Lords and the government, the Commons particularly insisted on all their privileges; and that they did wisely none will now dispute. A Bill from the Upper House not properly rolled up was returned; and it was once discussed whether something sent down on parchment instead of paper should not be sent back again. That the peers resented such scrupulosity is tolerably clear from a circumstance narrated by Mr. Townshend. Desirous of knowing whether the Lords wished to have a conference on a particular Bill, the Commons sent a deputation, who found the Lords seated round a table; and after a speech from Mr. Secretary Cecil, the lord treasurer rejoined, that what the secretary had advanced was 'strange, improper, and preposterous.' The deputation withdrew to consider their answer, and Cecil again, as their mouthpiece, gave the lord treasurer so strong an illustration of the *suaviter in modo cum fortiter in re*, that a conference was immediately accepted. Before it separated, the House passed a resolution for the protection of Mr. Belgrave, the member for Leicester, from the prosecution of the attorney-general in the Star Chamber; and there is no reason to doubt that its interference sufficed.

In regard to the government the same lofty bearing was displayed; and it is due to Cecil to state, bearing in mind his intimate relations with the queen, that his parliamentary conduct evinced a praiseworthy endeavour to reconcile the freedom and dignity of the legislature with the highflown pretensions of his royal mistress. That he was narrowly watched is clear from various passages in Mr. Townshend's journal. Once he chanced to advise that the Speaker should 'attend' the lord keeper, when he was sharply taken up by Sir Edward Hoby: 'Attend! It is well known that the Speaker of this House is



the mouth of the whole realm; and that the whole state of the commonalty of the kingdom should attend any person I see no reason. I refer it to the consideration of the House. This position I hold, that our Speaker is to be commanded by none, neither to attend any, but the queen only.' Cecil, in his reply, disclaimed any designed offence; and said, 'My meaning was mistaken, and my words misconstrued.'

Elizabeth's principal, if not exclusive, object in convening Parliament was to obtain money for State uses; and Cecil, in expounding this affair enlarged on the efforts of the Spanish king to carry on the war in Ireland. He acknowledged that the debt contracted was £300,000, which appeared a large amount to our forefathers, blissfully ignorant of the eight hundred millions to come; and, as a stimulus to private liberality, he announced that one member, Sir Robert Wroth, had offered '£100 per annum towards the maintenance of the wars.' With all his persuasions the House was not disposed to handle the national purse too freely. Long discussions followed. One day the House rose at six o'clock, P.M., confusedly (that was a late sitting then); and in reporting the result of one meeting of a large select committee, Cecil said, 'The day was Saturday last, the place this House, the time about four hours; and I am of opinion that if we had all agreed upon the manner as we did speedily upon the matter, all had been dispatched in an hour;' a proposition that may be safely affirmed of most business deliberations. The grants finally made by Parliament were, however, almost liberal enough to satisfy the Government; yet they were made as a freewill offering,—one that could have been withheld as legally as it was presented. Not so thought one honourable gentleman, Serjeant Heales, who gave vent to his excess of loyalty in the following language: 'Mr. Speaker, I do marvel much that the House will stand upon granting a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty's, and she may lawfully at her pleasure take it from us. Yes, she hath as much right to all our lands and goods as to any revenue of her crown;' at which, says the chronicler, 'the House hummed, and laughed, and talked.' But Serjeant Heales refused to be put down. 'Quoth he, "All your humming shall not put me out of countenance."' The Speaker interfered to get him a hearing; 'but when he had spoken a little while, the House hummed again, and he sat down.' The day had gone for such doctrine to be tolerated by a free House of Commons; and we can only wish that that honourable House had never 'hummed' with less discretion and good taste than when t 'hummed' Serjeant Heales into silence.

But what of the odious patents? It must have been perceived that the highest personage in the land would be pleased were nothing said about them in Parliament; but here again the Commons stood upon their privileges, and were resolved not to look askance or silently upon such patent abominations. On the 18th of November, Mr. Dyatt, of the Middle Temple, moved a Bill with 'a very long title,' and Mr. Laurence Hide a Bill of twelve lines. Mr. Donnald wished to hear the latter read; but the Speaker, acting in all likelihood on an understanding with Mr. Secretary Cecil, who had 'whispered something into his ear,' rose, after the heads of some other Bills had been read and a committee fixed, 'without further hearing of Mr. Donnald, which he took in great disgrace, and told he would complain of him the next sitting; to which the Speaker answered not one word, but looked earnestly at him, and so the press of people parted them.' As Mr. Donnald did not keep his promise, we may conclude that he was pacified in the interim. On the 20th Mr. Hide re-opened the discussion, and cited a precedent from the 50th Edward III., where a monopolist of sweet wines was brought before the House, his patent cancelled there and then, and he committed to prison till he had refunded all he had taken, and paid a fine of £500 to the king. In this debate both Bacon and Raleigh joined. The former abused his great intellect by a laboured panegyric on the royal prerogative, fitter for a Turkish divan than an English Parliament. 'The queen,' he said, 'as she is our sovereign, hath both an enlarging and restraining liberty of her prerogative; that is, she hath power by her patent to set at liberty things restrained by statute law or otherwise; and by her prerogative she may restrain things that are at liberty.' How, then, did she differ from an absolute monarch? Bacon was more successful when exposing the inconsistency of the Bill, which exempted patents granted to corporations. Raleigh, who was observed to blush when a list of patents was read, his own name being associated with those on tin and wine, said, concerning tin, that the workpeople received four shillings per week instead of two shillings, as formerly; but with an eye to what might come, he added, 'Notwithstanding, if all patents are to be repealed, I will give my consent as freely to the cancelling of them as any member of this House.' Whether to proceed by Bill or petition was the leading point debated; and one member, Mr. W. Moore, remarked, 'To what purpose is it to do any thing by Act of Parliament when the queen may undo the same by her prerogative? Out of a spirit of humility, Mr. Speaker, I do speak it, there is no act of hers that hath been more deroga-

tory to her own majesty, or more odious to the subject, or more dangerous to the commonwealth, than the granting of these monopolies.' The Bill was at length committed, and the committee fixed for next day, Saturday the 21st, so eager was the House for action. One member then stated that salt in one place had risen from 16*d.* to 14*s.* and 15*s.* a bushel. Sir Robert North declared that 'the patents were worse than ever they were,' and read a long list: the sensation produced on hearing which was evinced by a Mr. Hackwell rising and asking, 'Is not bread there?' 'Bread?' quoth another. 'This will seem strange,' quoth a third. 'And,' quoth Mr. Hackwell, 'that if order be not taken, then bread will be there before the next Parliament.' Words like these could not be pronounced in vain; to trifle with the spirit that moved them was full of peril; and Cecil, who had prudently been instructed to yield by degrees, delivered a conciliatory speech, in which he said, 'he had rather that all the patents were burnt than her Majesty should lose the heart of so many subjects as it is predicted she will.' He then divided patents into three classes: those which were good and free, as dispensing with penal laws; those which were void of themselves, such as would take from the subject his birthright; those that were both (either?) good and (or?) void, such as the patents complained of, meaning, we apprehend, that they must be adjudged valid or void, according as they served or sacrificed the public weal. A Mr. Davies boldly advised that the precedent of Edward III. should be repeated on a large scale; advice strongly censured by Cecil, who yet indicated what was looming, by 'reading a paper of three or four sheets, of all patents granted since the sixteenth year of the queen.' In this document all kinds of articles appear; besides the printing of school-books, of law-books, and songs, and unlawful games! On Tuesday the secretary reproved the House for its excitement; but on Wednesday came the *dénouement*. Amidst intense curiosity and silence, the Speaker rose and prefaced the message he had in charge, by observing, 'I hope there shall never be more any patents, the abuse of which will be injurious:' to which all the House said, 'Amen.' He then in the elaborate diction of the age—the official *patois*, as it might be termed—made known the queen's intention of putting down all the evils complained of. The effect was wonderful. One member said, 'If a sentence of everlasting happiness had been pronounced unto me, it could not have made me show more actual joy than now I do, which I cannot refrain here to express;' Townshend adding, 'And so I think he wept.' All were eager to thank the queen; but Cecil, who knew how to make

the most of the advantage gained, asserted that the queen would not be thanked till she had carried out her designs. On Saturday appeared the Royal Proclamation, and Monday was appointed by the queen to receive the thanks of the Commons. At three o'clock on that day, November 30th, a hundred and forty members accompanied the Speaker to Whitehall, and were admitted to the royal presence. The Speaker made a characteristic oration, after which he and the rest fell upon their knees; but were relieved from that position by the queen's desire, when she had got through about half of her reply. Her speech cannot be read without admiration for its sagacity, spirit, and sententious vigour. To credit its sincerity must lead to an elevated conception of Elizabeth's religious principle. 'I have ever used,' she declared, 'to set the last judgment-day before mine eyes, so as to rule as I shall be adjudged to answer before a higher Judge, to whose judgment-seat I do appeal, that never thought was cherished in my heart that tended not to my people's good.' In the same high-toned strain she proceeds, 'To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is to them that wear it. For myself I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a king, or the royal authority of a queen, as delighted that God had made me His instrument to maintain His truth and will, and to defend His kingdom, as I said, from peril, dishonour, and oppression. There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, care for my subjects, and that sooner, with thankfulness, will venture her life for your good and safety, than myself. For it is not my desire to live or rule longer than my life shall be for your good; and though you have had, and may have, many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had or shall have any that will be more careful and loving.' The queen gave her hand to be kissed by all the members; and so this cause of quarrel, which a less politic monarch would have nursed into a festering wound, was disposed of amidst universal gratulation, except from the patentees and their substitutes, whose rapinous gains were so summarily cut short. In conceding all that was required before the seekers had time even to petition her, Elizabeth invested the act with a graciousness and grace which rendered the boon transcendently more prized. Such a ruler 'was every inch a king,' and true kings, like true poets, are born, not made.

Compared with the prolific legislation of more modern days, the laws enacted by the last Parliament of Elizabeth were extremely scanty; but considering the expressed aversion of royalty to any

'new laws,' and that the royal veto was anything but a dead letter, its legislative performances were far from contemptible. Foreign affairs, except as bearing on taxation, do not seem to have been touched upon, unless indirectly; *e.g.*, when the daring assaults of the 'Dunkirk pirates' were discussed, and, in connexion with these, the exportation of ordnance; to prevent which a Bill was introduced, but came to nothing, chiefly, as it would seem, from the secret opposition of the government. Sir Walter Raleigh in one debate made a startling statement in regard to the altered position of England's naval supremacy since the defeat of the Great Armada. 'Heretofore one ship of her majesty's was able to beat twenty Spaniards, but now by reason of our own ordnance [employed by them] we may hardly oppose one to one.' Such discussions, however, were discouraged by the queen's ministers; and the House, satisfied with its victory on the patents, did not press them to a quarrel. But the Speaker, as we learn, gave great offence, because, having promised to name the ordnance subject in his last speech to the queen at the dissolution of Parliament, he neglected to do so.

On questions purely domestic, the House was not disposed to admit any limit to its right of debate and legislation. From the accounts of Mr. Townshend we may infer that the *modus operandi* of law-making differed in some particulars from existing usages. Bills were sometimes called 'Acts' and sometimes 'Bills,' contrary to the distinction now made, which restricts the term 'Act' to a Bill which has received the royal assent. Leave to introduce a Bill does not appear to have been required as it is now; and instead of the question being put, whether a Bill 'shall be' read a first, or second, or third time, the division was formerly taken after the reading had transpired. A more striking difference, if our authority is to be relied upon, had to do with the commitment of Bills. Now, after the second reading, which is supposed to involve the principle of a Bill, it goes into committee of the whole House, and is then considered section by section; and the Bill, as amended, is reported to the House previous to a third reading. But the course seemingly pursued in 1601, was not to commit a Bill unless amendments upon it had to be proposed; so that if universally approved it passed to a third reading without commitment. Even the committee to which a disputed Bill was referred, was more of a select than of a general character, as we may judge from the debate previously noticed, whether the burgesses of London should serve on the committee of a Bill which they had opposed.

Bills of an ecclesiastical aspect gave rise to some animated and stormy discussions. A Bill to prevent bishops and archbishops renewing leases before three years of their expiration, opened up the question of episcopal revenues; and a member informed the House that the 'greatest bishops' had not more than £2000 per annum, of which £500 was subsidized to the queen. The Bill was unanimously rejected. Warm words were exchanged over a Bill against pluralities of benefices. One doctor of laws wished that pluralities of offices might be taken from the laity, and then plurality of benefices from the clergy; but he was answered by another member, who denied that the doctor had assigned the right order, seeing that *non incipiendum laicis, sed incipiendum domo Dei*. In favour of pluralities it was contended, à la Sydney Smith, that pluralities were necessary to induce able men to enter the Church, the proceeds from single benefices being so small. There were eight thousand eight hundred parish churches, said one doctor, not six hundred of which afforded a competent living. The encouragement of learning was also pleaded; but this was met by the retort, that 'commonly the most ignorant divines of this land are double beneficed.' Serjeant Harris feared the queen's displeasure, if the House meddled further with a question affecting her prerogative; and for this and other reasons the Bill was dropped. That the germs of religious liberty were springing up, was made very manifest by the reception given to a Bill for imposing a fine of one shilling per Sunday on every person wilfully abstaining from attending church. The husband was to be responsible for his wife, and the master for his servant; which elicited from one member the remark, 'Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her; perhaps she will not come, and for her wilfulness the husband will be punished.' This measure was designed to supplement an Act by which 'recusants' were fined £20 a month; and Dr. Bennett, member for York city, asserted, that in his county there were twelve or thirteen thousand recusants, who had been 'presented as such, and most of whom this new law would constrain to come to church.' The Bill, though limited to the queen's reign,—a restriction 'greatly whispered at and observed in the House,'—was rejected by one hundred and forty votes to one hundred and thirty-seven. Later on in the session a similar Bill was introduced, to which a proviso was added, exempting from the penalty those who attended church eight times a year, and read Divine service twice every Sunday and on holidays to their families; but even as thus softened, and though abetted by the government, it was rejected by a majority of one; the numbers being one hundred and five Ayes, and



one hundred and six Noes. A strong Sabbath-observance feeling prevailed at this time; but some of the arguments advanced on its behalf were more startling than satisfactory. One speaker related one or two facts, and the following apocryphal story. 'In France, a woman refraining to sanctify the Sabbath, fire appeared unto her; this moved her not; it came a second time into her house, and yet this moved her not; it came a third time, and devoured all ever she had but a little child in a cradle.' A Bill to abolish bull-baiting on Sundays did not appear to excite much interest, and did not receive a third reading; nor is more than passing mention made of a measure to make void contracts formed on Sunday. In allusion to this, a member, Mr. Glascock, jocularly inquired, whether the Act would apply to the case of a wife bought on Sunday in open market? 'For that is a contract,' said he: 'at which all the House laughed.' The case, we fear, was not purely supposititious. The custom can be traced long after the speech. Better fortune attended a Bill against profane swearing, the principal opposition to which arose from a dislike of the powers it gave to justices of the peace. They were vehemently attacked by Mr. Glascock, who defined a justice 'as a living creature that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with half a dozen statutes.' The justices did not lack ardent defenders, and Mr. Glascock was in some danger of being called to the bar and reprimanded, though he tried to explain that he had confined his remarks to a section of the justicial body.

A number of Bills for regulating and restricting ale-houses and for discouraging drunkenness were introduced. The first Bill of the session was on this subject; during the discussion of which a member complained, that 'ale is made as strong as wine, and will burn like sack.' Of these measures one passed the House, 'against drunkards and haunters of alehouses,' which prohibited any man resorting to an alehouse within two miles of his own dwelling; but the Upper House does not appear to have received it favourably, perhaps because the Commons had rejected one of their Bills on the same subject.

The proofs are numerous, that interference with trade was jealously regarded by the House, unless it squared with very old customs, or a strong conviction of good to be produced. One Bill, to restrain the multitude of people flocking to London, was rejected; and another, to limit the sale of poultry to those who had served seven years' apprenticeship, was contemptuously thrown out. The House cried, 'Away with it!' The student of political economy will be interested in observing the views



then entertained on questions embraced by his favourite science. A Bill against the transportation of money was supported by one member, in order to prevent the realm being impoverished; 'for,' said he, 'twenty shillings English is equal to twenty-three shillings Flemish;' and the opinion was gravely enounced, that 'England would be the happiest nation in the world if there were no money in it,' and that 'the happiest age was that in which there was only trading in commodities.' Mr. Francis Bacon introduced, with no success, a Bill to suppress abuses in weights and measures; and truly the evil called for legislation, if, as he said, all the churches could be supplied with battlements and bells out of the false weights then in use. The painter-stainers having accused the plasterers of meddling with their business, and using their colours, the House had enough respect for the old guild-sentiment to fight their battle for them. Much ridicule was heaped on a measure brought forward for giving the monopoly of any trade or art to the person who should first invent, add to, or refine it. An attempt to abolish the Kent custom of gavelkind was advocated on the ground that the Conqueror had created it to injure the old English families; but the abolition was opposed on the ground that the queen's subsidies would be injured by the change; so the subsidies carried it against the old families by one hundred and thirty-eight votes to sixty-seven. In order 'to avoid the double payment of shop-debts,' a Bill with that title was drawn up; and one speaker informed the House that shopkeepers were accustomed to keep two books, one for current accounts, and another called 'Book Dormant,' in which the various totals were added up; and that unless a customer saw his accounts in both books crossed out, he was liable to have to pay it twice over. After keen contests the Bill passed by one hundred and fifty-one Ayes to one hundred and two Noes.

Agriculture was not overlooked. A Bill to compel a certain portion of land to be sown with hemp was unanimously rejected; but on the question of continuing the statute of tillage a long debate was held, in which Bacon and Raleigh took opposite sides. That statute ordered one-third of all lands held to be put under the plough, which Bacon justified, because it was not well 'that the wealth of a kingdom should be engrossed in a few pasturers' hands.' But Raleigh alleged that sometimes land so ploughed could not be sown through the poverty of the tenant; he also feared a glut of corn. 'All nations abound with corn. France offered the queen to serve Ireland with corn at 16s. a quarter, which is but 2s. a bushel: such a competition would beggar the English farmer: "therefore I

think the best course is to set it at liberty, and leave every man free, which is the desire of every true Englishman." Cecil spoke for the maintenance of the law, and so it was carried; but Mr. Selby, a Northumberland man, got his county exempted because it was so near the Scots, and had suffered so much from the plague, which had swept away 'not only whole families, but whole villages.' An agriculturist who endeavoured to get his own lands also exempted was disappointed, after a protracted struggle.

But little was done towards acting on the royal suggestion for the repeal of superfluous laws. Bacon delivered an elaborate speech in favour of this course, observing, that it was 'better to venture a man's credit by speaking than to stretch a man's conscience by silence.' He also compared laws to 'pills gilt over, which, if they be easily and well swallowed down, are not bitter to the digestion, nor hurtful to the body.' He moved the appointment of a committee. Sir Edward Hoby had previously remarked, that 'the multiplicity of penal laws were as thorns that did prick, but did yield no fruit;' and Mr. Wiseman, of Lincoln's Inn, did not stop short of denouncing them as needless in themselves and disgraceful on account of the penalties. Many (limbs of the law) had seats in the House, and were among its chief speakers; yet lawyers were not delicately handled. In one case where the names of a doctor of the civil law and a common lawyer were introduced, a member cited and applied the saying, 'It's no matter who goes first, the hangman or the thief!' A Bill 'to restrain the number of common solicitors' was passed; as was another for doing away with frivolous suits in Westminster Hall; and a Bill for abolishing certain idle courts kept every three weeks by archdeacons was directed against some notorious abuse. That the House did not incline to enlarge the jurisdiction of great corporations may be concluded from the small majority of eight votes, in a division comprising one hundred and eighty members, for giving the city of London power over the 'liberties' of St. Catherine, a resort of the lawless and most desperate characters, who from that eastern Alsatia set the civic authorities at defiance.

Before making an end of this summary, it may be noticed, that if the Elizabethan House of Commons, in its artificial, aphoristic, and interlarded Latin style shows to disadvantage by the side of the Victorian Parliament, its superiority must be acknowledged in two important particulars,—the shortness of the speeches, and the early hours observed. The House then always met in the mornings, and a sitting protracted far into the afternoon was a

wonder. Now that our House has gone to the farthest limits of long sittings consistent with physical endurance, we may hope for an amendment. A week before the end of the session, (which lasted fifty-three days in all, including Sundays,) the Speaker intimated that the session would then close, and the House began to hold afternoon sittings. It should be remembered that the parliamentary dinner hour has shifted about six hours later in the course of two hundred and sixty years. Among the closing scenes of this Parliament were two that must be mentioned. Both in the Lords and Commons it was usual for a collection to be made; and before again conforming to custom, a statement was rendered as to the manner of applying the collection last made. Two of the items were, to the minister, (chaplain,) £10; to the sergeant-at-arms, £30; most of the remainder going to the seven prisons of London. On this occasion a provincial M.P. appealed, but in vain, for a contribution to the poor of a town which had severely suffered from a widely destructive fire. The House was afraid of encouraging municipal mendicancy. Another incident was the sudden swooning of a member, the secretary to the lord treasurer. Superstition pounced on the mischance; and 'it was strange to hear,' says Mr. Townshend, 'the diversity of opinion touching this accident; some saying that it was a *malum omen*, others that it was a *bonum omen*.' What would honourable gentlemen now say to a similar event on the eve of a dissolution?

The set time at last arrives, December 19th, and with it comes the queen: she is again seated under 'the rich cloth of state;' the Speaker and members are summoned to the bar of the Upper House; he pays obeisance thrice, and relieves himself of another 'oration' in presenting certain Bills 'for her royal assent, which gives life unto them,' and which the Commons 'humbly desire may be made laws.' In naming the subsidies voted his memory makes a slip; but the error is corrected; and he concludes by 'craving pardon for his offences, if he had forgotten himself either in word or action.' The lord keeper is again the mouthpiece of majesty, and replies, that as to giving assent to the Bills, 'that shall be as God directs her sacred spirit;' the money grants were 'not proportionable to the occasion; yet she most thankfully receives the same as a loving and thankful prince;' and Mr. Speaker is complimented on his 'wisdom and discretion.' Assent is then given to nineteen public and ten private Bills; the lord keeper pronounces the Parliament dissolved; and having cried, 'God save the queen,' all the Commons say, 'Amen.' But

scarcely have twenty months been counted from this day, when England ceases to pray for the life of the masculine princess who has gone the last journey alone; not to be followed, until more than two centuries have revolved, by a queen who should command equal admiration and affection. Mary of Orange, indeed, was a gentle cutting from the harsh Stuart stock, and is numbered among the sovereigns of England; but she was only nominally a ruler, content to sit in the shadow cast by the sun of renown on the majestic figure of her husband. Neither she nor her much inferior sister was idolized as the virgin queen had been by the lieges of the land; and after the setting of that 'bright occidental star'—whose brightness was set off by the mock sun which succeeded it—the British people had to wait till 1837 before another sovereign appeared for whom with equal enthusiasm a nation's heart sent up, and has not ceased to send up, the prayer so grand in its simplicity, 'God save the queen!'

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ART. V.—*Memoir of Edward Forbes, F.R.S.* By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.E., and ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Macmillan and Co. 1861.

THERE are few men of science whose lives interest the mass of readers. It is only when, like Humboldt, the hero has explored foreign lands, and acquired world-wide fame, that the crowd care to know what he did, and how he lived. Besides, these men have rarely been fortunate in their biographers. There are probably no biographies of scientific men that will bear comparison with Southey's *Life of Wesley*, or Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. The fact is, the daily existence of the student, who is patiently tracking truth in obscure paths, is not an exciting one, and his themes touch a chord in the minds only of a few. Warriors and statesmen, poets and theologians, have a thousand points in common with the masses; but men must themselves be students of nature to care about dredging the Adriatic, or about philosophical theories respecting the distribution of plants. What is the composition of the bed of the sea to them, unless they are directors in the Submarine Telegraph Company? Still less are they concerned whether the vegetation of Dartmoor had an Arctic or a Lusitanian origin. These are subjects respecting which the crowd know little, and care less. Hence the writers

of scientific biography always have a difficult task. If they write for the scientific world, their circle of readers is too limited to repay the publisher. If they appeal to the unlearned multitude, their books must either abound in unintelligible allusions, or, in attempting to make them readable, they must convert their works into scientific manuals. This latter tendency is the one usually manifested, in consequence of the lack of exciting materials. The want of stirring events is often supplied by long disquisitions on technical subjects, and thus a respectable octavo is concocted out of matter barely sufficient for a moderate duodecimo. Unscientific readers rarely reach the fiftieth page before they are found napping, and the volume that falls from their hands is seldom resumed. They have just seen enough of the book to talk about 'the great naturalist' over their wine and filberts, and they want no more.

These thoughts have been forcibly suggested to us by the Life of Edward Forbes. He occupied a large space in an esoteric circle, but he was not a man known to the world through any startling discoveries that he made. He neither invented electric telegraphs, nor discovered new planets. Even by those who knew his name, and were aware of his high reputation, few out of his own scientific circle could associate these with specific discoveries. Newton, and his theory of gravitation, Dalton, and his atomic theory, and even Babbage, with his wondrous, though uncompleted, calculating machine, have each a well-understood position in the public mind; but the public reputations of such men as Forbes are misty and vague. But when, leaving the highways of life, we enter the charmed circle, within which these men live, how changed is the scene! They now stand aloft, like the Pythoness on her oracular tripod. Nature, like the unseen future, presents ten thousand problems of which her votaries ask the solution; and these men are her priests, delivering her responses to the inquiring multitude. Their themes are lofty, and their methods of research profound. The one cannot be measured by utilitarian standards, nor the other estimated by counting-house experiences. Subjects and processes are equally lifted above the ordinary range of life, calling into requisition the highest powers of the human mind. When the men, of whom Edward Forbes was so distinguished an example, are beheld amidst their scenes of triumph, we learn how truly they tower above their fellows.

The special biography which we now introduce, has many of the faults of its class. The opening chapter, filling nearly forty pages, is little more than an abstract of Train's *Isle*

of *Man*, having no special relation to Edward Forbes, beyond the fact that he was born on the island. In a later portion of the volume, we have similar disquisitions on chemistry and the combustion tube, needlessly expanding the book with irrelevant matter. These are blemishes that we might have been spared. There is also a confusion in the arrangement that is troublesome to the reader. The chronology of the narrative and that of the letters run in recurring lines; so that after we have obtained the gist of a part of the life, and seem to be progressing, the letters of the period bring us back again, sometimes as much as five years, and compel us to go over the ground anew. Notwithstanding these defects, the book is a readable one, and will recall to a wide circle many events, some painful, others pleasant, connected with one whom few knew without loving.

Edward Forbes was born at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, on February 12th, 1815. His father was the managing director of a joint-stock bank in the island, which subsequently became more notorious than beneficial to its shareholders. He was also engaged in the timber trade, which the requirements of the Manx mining districts rendered a profitable one, and had some pecuniary interest in the fisheries on the coast. The elder Forbes was a speculative man, to which tendency poor Edward Forbes owed many of his later troubles. The fact is, their race was evidently characterized by unsettled and rambling tendencies, ill calculated to adapt them for the slow, monotonous discipline of ordinary life. Edward's mother appears to have been a superior woman, with a devoted love for flowers, which taste she was instrumental in planting in the breast of her son. Though, in childhood, Forbes's health was delicate, he soon displayed signs of possessing the vigorous intellect which he displayed in his riper years. The relations subsisting between the intellectual states of the child and the man yet remain to be investigated. On attempting a solution of the problem, we are met by facts of the most opposite kinds. We find such men as Sir Isaac Newton, the younger Scaliger, Humboldt, and Douglas Jerrold, passing through a childhood of the most ordinary kind. On the other hand, Leibnitz, Mirandola, Galileo, Niebuhr, and a host of others, indicated, during their early youth, what they would become in their maturer years. Such contradictions render it difficult to measure the value of juvenile precocity. But no such doubts can exist respecting juvenile tastes and pursuits. These cannot be guided and fostered at too early a period. Here, we are fully satisfied, the child is indeed father to the man: hence the importance of early



direction.\* Though thus indebted to his mother for his first introduction to natural objects, his mind, even in boyhood, was too comprehensive to be limited to her flowers. From his seventh to his tenth year, we find him busily engaged as a juvenile collector of natural specimens. Insects appear to have been the first objects of his pursuit; but, by the time that he completed his tenth year, he had accumulated a small museum of objects belonging to all the great kingdoms of nature. Sent to a school, of the old-fashioned and almost extinct sort, we find him reading Virgil in the usual premature and superficial style. Nevertheless, he made quick progress, soon accomplishing his own tasks, and readily helping the boys who were duller than himself. Even at this period, he displayed a talent which possessed him with unabated force to the end of life, viz., that of sketching grotesque figures. His class-books and exercise papers abounded with products of his merry brain and fertile pen. Such sketching was to the end of his life an irresistible passion. However mind or tongue might be engaged, his pen or pencil was rarely idle. Most persons have some habit, dangling a watch chain or twirling a button, through which they expend their superfluous nervous irritability; and humorous sketching seems to have fulfilled the same purpose in Edward Forbes. At this early period, he also displayed his talent for rhyming, which became a rich source of fun to the companions of

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\* May we be pardoned in expressing our fears that this point is too often neglected in religious circles? Themselves earnestly attentive to religious duties, and the work of the Church, parents often forget that these things are not naturally attractive to the very young, to whom excitement of some kind is more essential than to those of more advanced years. Such parents very properly exclude their children from the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table; but they too frequently neglect to supply their place with something equally exciting, but less injurious. If the void be not filled up by the parents, the children will soon fill it up for themselves; and thus such parents will leave to chance what should be the result of pre-arranged plans. The lamentable failures that are too common amongst children in religious families, tell, with melancholy significance, of prevalent error on this point. To teach children to attend multiplied religious services is easy and right; but to expect them to take the same kind of interest in them as is done by mature Christians, is scarcely wise. Hence the danger that such unrelieved services may become associated, in the minds of the young, with a wearisome feeling of vacuity; and, as soon as they have the chance, they too often fill up the vacuum by deep draughts at the interdicted fountains of the world. Let parents learn the wisdom of labouring as diligently to establish pure intellectual *tastes*, as to discipline them in the routine of the schoolroom, or to train them in habits of reverence for the sanctuary. Here it is that nature offers us such an inexhaustible and acceptable field. Under parental guidance, the love of flowers, shells, or insects, finds in the juvenile mind a ready soil in which to root. The desire to accumulate is so natural to children, that they are soon taught to become collectors; and such children, to use the expressive remark made by one so trained, 'become spoiled for the world.' A father's guidance made Linnaeus a florist, and Herschel an astronomer; and a mother's gentle hand first led Edward Forbes into the fields, where he found the joy of his life.



his later life. He was now a tall, thin lad, with long hair, and awkward, half-disjointed limbs, diligent in school, and spending his hours of recreation apart from his schoolfellows. Whilst they were engaged in their sports, he was wandering over the hills, picking up plants and creeping things, unopposed, but unencouraged. But though he thus held himself aloof from the games of his schoolfellows, he was already the centre of their circle, attracting them around him by his loving, gentle nature. Wherever he went, he carried with him this polarizing power. We shall find him exercising it as the Edinburgh collegian, as the rising star amid the philosophers of London, and at the close of life as the honoured professor in his own Alma Mater. His loadstone was ever the same,—a loving, genial heart.

When he left school, he carried away with him a little Latin, less Greek, still less algebra, mathematics, or even common arithmetic, no physical science, no French, German, or other modern language.\* He was deemed a proficient in drawing, in which he had received some instructions, as also, in smaller measure, in oil-painting. But, whatever besides he had or lacked, he was now a confirmed naturalist. Dredging the bays of his native island was his favourite amusement, and his collection of natural objects had become large. But even in this department his studies were desultory and unsystematic. We have already remarked that he pursued his hobby unopposed, but at the same time with little encouragement or guidance from those around him. How far this was advantageous or the reverse is difficult to determine. It led, doubtless, to much loss of valuable time; but meanwhile he was accumulating rich stores of material for future use; unbiassed by the hypotheses by which more systematic study might have caused him to be influenced. For ordinary students, we are well aware, this must have been a mischievous condition. Unequal to the task of independently deciphering the hieroglyphics of nature, and uninstructed in the knowledge which others had gained, they would simply learn nothing. But Edward Forbes never was an ordinary student. Unbiassed by the doctrines of scientific coteries, he learned to see things as they were, rather than as they were thought to be. At the same time, even for him much might have been done, had some skilled friend been at hand, to guide him equally in the field and in the closet. We know from weary experience what it is to labour unguided amidst a confused mass of material, unable to

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\* Life, p. 65.

separate the ore from the dross,\* and to be unfurnished with a few of those fundamental principles which would be like the labyrinthine thread. Such, however, with its advantages and disadvantages, was the school in which young Forbes was trained.

But the time arrived when he had to select a calling for life, and here his real difficulties began. In harmony with the aspirations of every youthful naturalist, as well as with the erratic-propensities of his race, he early cast a longing eye towards foreign travel. His imagination had already revelled amongst the woods of Brazil and with their feathery palms and gorgeous insects. The mysterious jungle of India, teeming with life, had a similar charm to his ardent mind. But however delightful such day-dreams might be, they held out no prospect of material support. Stern mammon has broken similar spells in the case of many an aspiring youth. So it was with Edward Forbes. The only professions for which he appeared fitted by tastes and training were painting and medicine; and, after much deliberation, art carried the day.

At this stage of his career, Edward Forbes supplies another illustration how difficult it is to find a fitting niche for youthful genius. How many of our greatest men have barely escaped this maelstrom of life. We have bought our supplies for the week's campaign in the little shop on the Yorkshire coast where Cook was placed to learn the combined trades of the grocer and the draper. The great navigator cut the knot by the reckless, but, in his instance, unavoidable, method of running away. Strange, the engraver, was first a lawyer, then a sailor. Copernicus was a physician; Tycho Brahe, a limb of the law; and Newton had a narrow escape from being a Lincolnshire grazier. None of these men were fitted for the callings selected for them, neither was it the design of Providence that they should be so engaged; but how to escape them by creditable means was the difficulty. Then genius, and the triumphs that were ultimately to justify irregular courses, were not yet so manifest as future years were to make them. And cautious friends were always at hand, indulging their sneer at the youths who rejected their prudent

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\* We well remember having discovered in the Yorkshire Lias a magnificent ichthyodolulite, as the large bony defence-spines of shark-like fishes were then termed, and were about to publish an account of it as a *claw of some gigantic fossil crab*, which it much resembled. And on another occasion, a detached pentagonal plate from the stem of an Encrinure, and from the angles of which projected five radiating arms, was about to figure in print as a *fossil starfish*. Such blunders are inevitable to young naturalists working, unguided, in out-of-the-way corners of the provinces. Had poor Forbes been living, he could, doubtless, have related many similar experiences.

counsels. At the same time, we must remember that many young men, under the influence of an ambition unjustified by their native powers, have left the safe highways of life, and been irretrievably lost. What early evidence was there in the case of any of the men referred to that they would succeed better? Ordinary callings present a fair chance of winning a livelihood, which none of the bye-paths of science afforded in those early days, and which they rarely afford even now. Hence in most cases the prudent friends who predict ruin to the erratic scapegraces are not far from the truth. To the bulk of dreamy and ambitious lads, fame is the will-o'-the-wisp that rarely fails to land them in the morasses of life; and the number of those who emerge upon the firm ground of literary eminence is too small to justify any one in selecting science as a profession on which to depend. To those who are independent of the world the case is otherwise. They may please themselves; but to the mass of young men scientific pursuits must be made the relaxation from less fascinating, but safer and more remunerative, labours. Let young men who are ambitious of these high distinctions study the case of Edward Forbes; let them note how weary an interval of anxiety and care had to be bridged over before even he reached the sunny land of success. And let them pause before they choose as their business that which they can pursue with equal enjoyment as the recreation of life.

These remarks have been suggested by the fact that Forbes, like many other youngsters, was anxious to be a professional naturalist; but this was at present hopeless. Consequently, art being chosen as his calling, he went to London as a student; presented his trial-picture at the Academy, in order to be admitted into their school, and was rejected. He then turned to the well-known instructor of young artists, Mr. Sass, who also discouraged his artistic aspirations. He spent three months working in that gentleman's studio, until, having satisfied himself that he had mistaken his calling, he abandoned it and London together, in October, 1831.

But, during the interval, Forbes was not the man to sink into gloom. He enjoyed to the uttermost the sights of the metropolis, and also indulged his love of literature, which was almost as strong as his love of nature. His short studentship under Mr. Sass was not without its value in preparing him for the more skilful illustration of his own future discoveries. Providence was, in many ways, training him for his work, though he knew it not. Meanwhile, he returned for a short period to the Isle of Man, where it was decided that he should now apply himself to medicine; and with this object he went to Edinburgh in the sub-

sequent November, when he entered as one of the medical students of the university.

Dr. Wilson has left us an interesting though somewhat prolonged sketch of the state of the university, and especially of its anatomical schools at this time. The law, by an anomaly not unusual in those days, virtually refused a man his diploma if he did not dissect a human body, and yet threatened him with its penalties if it caught him in the act. These were the times in which 'body-snatching' culminated in the terrible tragedies of Burke and Hare. But these dreadful transactions, like the Irish famine, did what reason had failed to accomplish. They led to a change of the law, which placed the study of anatomy on its present sound and healthy foundation. When Forbes commenced his studies, these changes were only under discussion, though soon afterwards effected. He now studied Anatomy, under Knox; Chemistry, under Hooper Reid; Botany, under Graham; and Natural History, under Jamieson: the Municipal Botanic Gardens, and the invaluable Museum of Natural Objects, which the veteran Jamieson had created, proving invaluable aids to the young Manksman.

At this time the University of Edinburgh had wisely made the study of natural history imperative upon all its medical students: a wise provision, since it is impossible to study the human frame philosophically apart from other animal organisms to which it is so intimately allied. The plan upon which human anatomy is taught in the London schools is equally narrow and unphilosophical. Much of the accepted nomenclature is still in the cumbrous garb of the Middle Ages,\* and discreditable to an enlightened profession. The requirements of the London University, and the works of Dr. Carpenter and others, are doing much to remedy the evil; but it will never be removed until all examining boards imitate the northern university, and demand as good a knowledge of general as of human anatomy.

Whilst Forbes was pursuing his elementary studies, his future career was influenced by a trifling circumstance. Chemistry was now dividing his affections with natural history, and he had united his small funds with those of a fellow-student for the purchase of needful apparatus. As their joint studies

\* The myological nomenclature, especially, retains many of the features of natural history as studied in the days of Ray in England, or still later under the naturalists of the French empire. A description perpetually stands in the place of a name. However such titles as '*levator lobii superioris aëque nasi*,' may enable the student to remember that the inch of muscle so designated twitches up the nostrils and corresponding upper lip, such phrases are unworthy of the nineteenth century, and we wish Professor Owen all success in his crusade against them.

approached an end, Forbes became uncertain whether to make natural history or chemistry his leading pursuit. The friends tossed up to decide which should retain the apparatus; and Forbes, being the loser, returned to his first love. He was now unconsciously preparing himself for his future career. His medical studies were precisely those best calculated to give solid foundations on which to build at some future day. We have hinted at the value of a knowledge of natural history to a medical man; but a medical education is of still more value to the naturalist. Practically, though not philosophically, the human frame is the type with which the structures of the lower animals are 'compared;' and the comparative anatomist who is not master of its leading features must continually be at fault. Thus, whilst nominally preparing for the medical profession, Edward Forbes was acquiring precisely the knowledge most needful for his future work. What Sass had done in London the college professors were doing in Edinburgh, though even Forbes himself knew not whither he was tending. But many things must have led those about him to see that medicine would never gain his affections. His cash-book is not without its significance at this time. We have records of the purchase of geological hammers and botanical boxes, of chemicals and minerals, of shells and sketching materials; and not the least significant of his entries is 1s. 7d. for a *dredge*. His outlay on books is devoted to the chemistry of Reid, and the botanical works of Hooker and Richard. Medicine pure and simple has here few tributes. His *note-book* kept about the same period tells a similar tale. He divided it into two columns,—the one literary, the other scientific; the former abounding in quotations from a perfect library of prose and poetical works, and the latter equally full of scientific memoranda. But medicine was a neglected suitor, and won none of his smiles.

At this period he made the acquaintance of a man who has since won no mean position in science,—we refer to John Goodsir, the present professor of anatomy at Edinburgh. Forbes, though already a skilled naturalist, so far as outward forms were concerned, knew but little of internal organization; neither had he learned the right modes of operating upon the soft parts of his specimens. Thus, Goodsir found him *boiling* his shellfish before dissecting them, this being the mode of killing them approved by conchologists; whilst Forbes was utterly unconscious of the violence done to their textures by this mischievous operation. In this, as in many other things, his new friend proved a valuable guide. But whilst he

was thus working in his favourite fields, his ever social nature was in vigorous play. In 1834, he was busy, in conjunction with three fellow students, in organizing a students' society, which they first termed the Maga Club, then the Oino-eromathic\* Society; afterwards 'the Universal Brotherhood of the Friends of Truth.' The objects of the Society were the promotion of literature and good fellowship, and the publication of a weekly organ, entitled, *The University Maga*. This magazine, of which Forbes was the editor, was a medley of science and literature, satire and fun. Obnoxious professors were mercilessly cut up; the editor's comic pencil being called into requisition to add keenness to the lash. The various oddities, of which every university has its share, were held up to view; and in every respect the audacious publication reflected the character of its chief. But Edward Forbes soon felt that fun and satire were inadequate ends, and that social unions should aim at higher objects. Hence the 'Maga' developed into the 'Oino-eromathic.' A turgid notice from our author's youthful pen announced the objects of the new association. This is so characteristic of its writer,—showing that in his youth, as in his more mature years, he never lost sight of the grandeur and dignity of truth,—that we quote one of its paragraphs.

'The highest aim of man is the discovery of truth. The search after truth is his noblest occupation. It is more; it is his duty. Every step onwards we take in science and learning tells us how nearly all sciences are connected. There is a deep philosophy in that connexion yet undeveloped; a philosophy of the utmost moment to man; let us seek it out. The world in which we live is a beautiful world, and the Spirit of Omnipotence has given us many pleasures and blessings; shall we not enjoy them? Let us refresh ourselves with them thankfully, whilst we go forth in our search after truth. We are all brethren, but it has pleased God variously to endow our minds. Some delight in one thing, some in another. Some work for the good of the body, and some for the good of the soul. Let us all work together in fellowship for our mutual happiness and joy. Wherefore should men quarrel one with another because they hold different doctrines? Such as seek for truth in the right spirit sympathize with each other; and however opposite may be their present opinions, revile them not, but assist in their development, knowing, however wide apart may seem the paths they have chosen, one goal is aimed at, and, if persevering, both must meet in the one wished-for temple. Let those who feel the spirit to develop the wisdom of creation, and to act for the good of their fellow-men, strong within them, unite together in a bond of fellowship; each brother devoting his time and his energies to the department for which he feels and proves himself

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\* Οἶνος, ἐρως, μαθησις :—their motto on the symbolic triangle.



best' fitted; communicating his knowledge to all, so that all may benefit thereby; casting away selfishness, and enforcing precepts of love.'—*Life*, pp. 195, 196.

Forbes continued his student life at Edinburgh from the close of 1831 to 1836. But each year obviously increased his dislike to medicine as a profession, causing a corresponding neglect of its more practical studies. In the second session, the purely professional classes saw little of him. Even when present, and using his pen, he was less frequently taking notes of the lectures than sketching caricatures of the professors and students. Dr. Wilson thus describes his note-book of Professor Turner's surgical lectures.

'A scanty rivulet, as it were, of written notes runs through the middle of the pages at irregular intervals. The broad margins of these rivulets, besides the whole of the unscribed leaves of the book, are occupied with pencil or pen-and-ink drawings, which, without doubt, were made in the class-room. Here and there are copies of the diagrams shown by the lecturer, such as the convulsed body of a sufferer from lock-jaw, a bandaged or ulcerated limb, or the branches of an important artery. Mingled with these, however, and quite overpowering them, are likenesses of professors, lecturers, and students; Dr. Knox, who appears in many attitudes, being the favourite subject of portraiture; sketches of shells, flowers, crystals, imitations of children's drawings, and fantastic imaginary figures innumerable. Whimsically various though these drawings are, a certain medical tone prevails among them. A pedantic doctor flourishes a stethoscope. A grim anatomist "opens" a body in an unheard-of fashion. A sick man makes wry faces over a physic bottle. Skulls abound; skulls laughing, weeping, wearing spectacles, looking wise, looking foolish, displaying every human passion. Skeletons are not less abundant, and in the most lively attitudes, gesticulating, dancing in couples, fencing, perambulating; more like living men and women, who had adopted the Rev. Sydney Smith's recipe against very hot weather, and for coolness' sake had undressed to their bones, than the grim relics of the dead, at home only in the grave.'—*Life*, pp. 173, 174.

After such a student life, we need not wonder at the end. As early as 1836, he had told his friend and future colleague, Dr. Percy, 'From this day I mean to devote myself wholly to science and literature, trusting that my devotion to their cause may yet interest fortune in my behalf.' Still he outwardly continued his studies. But when, in 1836, the day arrived that he should have presented himself for examination for his medical degree, Edward Forbes, the future leader of science and pride of his *Alma Mater*, was not to be found.

After this his renunciation of medicine was complete, and his



devotion to his favourite sciences uninterrupted. A tour on the Continent had revealed to him the advantages which the Parisian museums and libraries could afford a student of nature; and he arranged to spend the next winter amongst the treasures of the *Jardin des Plantes*. In the subsequent summer, he made a long tour through southern France and the Algerian coast, returning home in the autumn; and in the winter again attended the literary and scientific classes at Edinburgh, where, amidst the excitements of the celebrated snow-ball riots, he published his first scientific volume, the *Malacologia Monensis*.

Forbes was now fairly launched on that career of discovery which had been the ambition of his life. Up to this time he was chiefly known in the scientific world as a collector of British shells; but in his heart he cherished loftier thoughts, and aimed at nobler results. Wherever he went, or whatever the subject of inquiry, he kept in view those great philosophical problems relating to the nature of species and the laws of their distribution, which are to natural history what gravitation is to astronomy, or the law of atomic proportions to chemistry. The early seed-time was past, and the harvest begun. He now published in quick succession a series of memoirs and reports, interrupted only by his premature death. In some of the earliest of these publications we recognise the germs of those speculations which at a later day made his name famous. These were no hasty conclusions, or mere flashes of genius, but the results of plodding industry, which slowly gave his conceptions a definite shape. Thus, in 1838, he presented to the British Association, at its Newcastle meeting, a report on the British *Pulmoniferous Mollusca*,\* an early fruit of those studies of the distribution of animal and vegetable forms, on which his later fame chiefly rests; and that he retained his early social characteristics, was seen in the active part he took at the same meeting, in founding that *imperium in imperio*, the Red Lion Association. Let not our readers imagine that our philosophers are confined to a region of abstractions, that our astronomers are always soaring amongst the stars, or the geologists delving gloomily in the bowels of the earth. Not a bit of it. Let us glance at them when the sectional meetings of the day are ended.

‘Forbes and the young naturalists, disliking the irksomeness and expense of the ordinary, adjourned to a small tavern adorned with the sign of the Red Lion. There they dined daily, at small expense, on beef cooked in various fashions, moistened with sundry potations of beer, and enlivened by joke and song, in contradistinction to the

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\* Land and fresh-water snails.

endless dishes and wines, and formality of the "big-wigs." "Before the conclusion of the meeting," says Dr. Bennett, "these dinners became so famous, that the tenement could scarcely hold the guests, and it was resolved to continue them wherever afterwards the Association should meet." The sign of the tavern furnished a name for the guests. They styled themselves "Red Lions;" and in proof of their Leonine relationship, made it a point of always signifying their approval and assent by growls and roars more or less audible, and, where greater energy was needed, by a vigorous flourishing of their coat-tails. In these manifestations it is needless to say that the voice of Edward Forbes rang out above the rest, and his rampant coat-tail served as a model to the younger lions. He was wont, too, to delight the company by chanting in his own peculiar intonation songs composed for the occasion, the subjects being usually taken from some branch of science, and treated with that humour and grotesqueness in which he so much delighted.—*Life*, pp. 247, 248.

But whilst thus occupied with pursuits so congenial to him, anxiety about the future hung heavily on poor Forbes's breast. He had hitherto been sustained by an annual allowance from his father; but the latter was not a rich man, and, consequently, he had a right to expect that his son should somehow win the means of sustaining himself. Forbes knew this to be the feeling; and conscious that he had broken down at the portal of two professions, he felt corresponding disquiet that no openings presented themselves in the direction of his tastes. His secret hope was that he should one day occupy Jamieson's chair of natural history at Edinburgh. Partly to obtain fluency of expression in reference to this ulterior object, and partly to mend his resources, he resolved to deliver popular lectures in various places; but these did not succeed. Lectures by a lord, and lectures by a man somewhat needy, however learned, are very different things. At the same time he published another of those early papers that foreshadowed future generalizations. It was 'on the Association of Mollusca on the British Coast considered with reference to Pleistocene Geology.' It had long been known that the earth was capable of being divided into zones of vegetation, both horizontally and vertically. On ascending from the tropical shore to high mountains in the same latitude, we first cross low lands covered with palms and bananas, bounded by ranges of figs and tree ferns. Above these are laurels and myrtles, and other evergreen woody trees. Still higher we have the representatives of our own forest trees, the beeches and oaks, which shed their leaves every year. Continuing the ascent, we successively arrive at regions characterized by pines and rhododendrons; and, lastly, on approaching the line of perpetual snow, all these disappear, and nothing

remains but Alpine plants, such as gentians, saxifrage, grasses, mosses, and lichens, the scant representatives of the palm forests at the mountain's foot. Every visitor to the Alps or the Pyrenees will be familiar with these transitions; but here the starting-point is from the evergreens of Italy, the tropical palms and tree ferns being of course absent. As he ascended the mountain slopes, the traveller could not fail to note how the vines and mulberries, the chestnuts and walnuts gave place to harder forest trees;—these again to the pines, which were out-flanked at the upper margin by the Alpine rhododendron;—whilst on the wild treeless wastes of the Reffelberg, or of the Splügen, nothing remained but the dwarfed Alpine herbage.

If on leaving the equator the same traveller proceeds towards either pole, without leaving the sea-level, he will find that the zones of latitude which he must cross virtually correspond with zones of height. As he gradually advances to colder climes, he will find that the palms of the tropics make way for the laurels and olives of Italy and Spain. These are displaced, further north, by the forest oaks, ashes, and beeches of Central Europe. He will next arrive at the pine-forests of Scotland and Norway. The marshes of Lapland will display little beyond birches and willows; and beyond these is a wide arctic zone, as devoid of trees as an Alpine crag.

Up to the time when Forbes commenced his labours with the dredge, little or no attention had been paid to the distribution of marine objects; but he soon arrived at the conclusion that the depths of the sea were as capable of being divided into zones of animal and vegetable life as the land; and, in the memoir just referred to, he divided the coast area of Britain into four such zones. The first included all between high and low water mark. The second reached from the low water line to a depth of seven to ten fathoms, and was characterized by the prevalence of the floating tangle, whose thick pulpy stems, and broad, olive-coloured fronds, are so well known to sea-side visitors. Thirdly, he recognised the region of flexible *corallines*, ranging from a depth of fifteen to one of thirty fathoms; and, lastly, that of *corals*, or polype animals, having a *calcareous* instead of a horny skeleton, and which reached a depth of sixty fathoms. At a later period he worked out this idea, when, after dredging the *Ægean Sea*, his stock of facts was largely multiplied. But, as his wont was, Forbes applied even his more limited and earlier measure of knowledge to geological phenomena. He cared little for mere detached facts of science. He perpetually sought to place each one in its proper co-relation, and to make it throw light on topics that were previously obscure. Thus he made his submarine studies illustrate the

probable conditions under which strata had been accumulated in the sea.

Through the years 1839 and 1840, there were glimmering prospects of an opening at St. Andrew's. The establishment of a chair of Natural History at that university was contemplated; but the scheme came to nothing. Everything calculated to be remunerative seemed to vanish as he approached; but, in the spring of 1841, a new, though not a pecuniarily advantageous, opportunity for extending his practical knowledge presented itself,—one of melancholy interest, since, whilst it led to a large increase of reputation, it sowed the seeds of the disease which eventually terminated his life. Captain Graves, of the surveying squadron in the Mediterranean, was about to return to his station as commander of the 'Beacon' surveying ship, and was anxious to be accompanied by some naturalist who could avail himself of the advantages of the survey. Edward Forbes eagerly embraced the opportunity, and speeded to Malta, where the 'Beacon' only waited for his arrival to commence operations. In the latter part of April he dipped his dredge for the first time in Mediterranean waters.

Our space will not allow us to dwell on the details of the voyage: momentous it was to Forbes both as a man and as a philosopher. The perseverance with which he explored the depths of the *Ægean* told that his was a labour of love. Many creatures that he had only seen dried and mummified in museums at home, he now watched in their native haunts. By working his dredge in deeper waters than it had been previously used in, he brought to light living species that were either new, or only known in a fossil state, and supposed to be extinct. He devoted the first three months of 1842 to traversing Lycia, along with Lieutenant Spratt and the Rev. Mr. Daniel. Here, though his main object was the study of the plants and animals of the region, the catholicity of his intellect constantly manifested itself:—now tracing out ruins, and clearing away tombs; now copying Greek inscriptions: at one time sketching a picturesque group of peasants; at another prescribing for their ailments. Nothing came amiss to him; he had a head and a heart that responded to every demand.

On rejoining the 'Beacon,' after this Lycian campaign, he found intelligence awaiting him of the most painful kind. We have already referred to his pecuniary dependence upon his father; but the latter had, unhappily, been overtaken by reverses of fortune, and all poor Forbes's resources were cut off at a stroke. To so affectionate a son, the family calamities were alone sufficient to paralyse his energies; but when, in

addition, there was the increased uncertainty of his own future life, we must marvel at the energy he was enabled to display. He was saved from immediate difficulties by an announcement that the British Association for the Advancement of Science had voted him a sum of money to aid him in his Ægean researches: and a gleam of hope also shone on the future. The death of the late Professor Don had created a vacancy in the chair of Botany in King's College, London, and influential friends were exerting themselves to obtain him the appointment. The council of the British Association also proposed aiding him to explore the Red Sea, as he had already done the Ægean, to obtain materials for comparing the fauna and flora of these neighbouring but separate basins; and at one time he had resolved to do so, but all these plans were set aside by an unexpected blow. Whilst sailing from Rhodes in a little native caïque to rejoin the 'Beacon,' he was struck down by fever.

'For eight miserable days he lay in the bottom of the boat, without medical advice or comfort of any kind, beyond what his fellow traveller (Lieutenant Spratt) could improvise from the scanty resources of a caïque. It seemed well-nigh a hopeless case. Day after day rolled wearily away, and still no progress could be made. The patient grew weaker as the voyage lengthened, and his friend, in an agony of suspense, watched in vain for a breeze. At last, on the ninth day, came the breeze so ardently prayed for, and the vessel gained the port of Syra, where, by good chance, the "Isabella" happened to be at the time. After some delay, permission was obtained to put that vessel in quarantine, and Forbes was removed on board. Skilful medical treatment, and the kind attention of his old friends, all down to the youngest sailor only too anxious to please him, speedily restored the invalid to health. He used to say, however, that had he remained two days longer in the caïque, he should never have left it alive.'—*Life*, p. 308.

He gradually recovered much of his strength, and resumed his work; but the fever left seeds of disease which eventually closed his career. Meanwhile he returned to his pursuits, and still contemplated hauling his dredge through the Red Sea; but various circumstances kept him in a state of uncertainty respecting his future movements; and at the end of September, 1842, a letter from one of his friends, urging his immediate return, to secure the chair at King's College, led him to embark in the 'Iberia,' and he reached the Thames, October 28th.

His appointment to the Botanical Professorship at King's College had been made previous to his arrival, and he at once entered upon its duties; but he soon found that it failed to

supply the pecuniary resources he had hoped for; its emoluments, from various reasons, being considerably below £100 a year. Fortunately he also obtained the secretaryship of the Geological Society of London, with a salary of £150 a year; so that all immediate anxiety about funds was removed. But to poor Forbes, with his vast but unarranged stores of new material, this was done at a terrible cost. Incessantly craving leisure to reduce and publish his observations, he could find none. His two offices engrossed all his time. He was unquestionably well and usefully occupied; but it was in a new field, into which he had no desire to enter, and to which he deemed himself uncalled. Hence he chafed, and beat the bars of his cage. The government even awarded him a sum of £500 to aid him in publishing his *Ægean* discoveries; but, from the same cause, he could never avail himself of it. At length another and apparently more promising opening offered itself.

It will be known to most of our readers that in connexion with the national trigonometrical survey of our islands that has long been in progress, a staff of geologists are at work, laying down on the national map the geological structure of the country. In 1835, the late Sir Henry Delabèche, then the director of this geological survey, induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer\* to authorize the formation of a national collection of all things bearing upon practical and economic geology. From very small beginnings, the young institution grew up into the noble proportions of the Museum of Economic Geology, now in Jermyn Street. Such a collection necessarily comprehended a large number of fossil remains, and necessarily required a good palæontologist to superintend their arrangement. Besides, the surveyors working in the field constantly needed some one to whom they could refer doubtful specimens, and whom they could summon to their aid in solving problems more than usually dependent upon the interpretation of fossil remains. Of course, whoever occupied the post, had to spend his winters in London, and much of his summers in the country, wherever the staff happened to be working. To this office Edward Forbes was appointed in October, 1846, resigning those he previously held at King's College and the Geological Society; and he fondly hoped that more of the coveted leisure was now within his grasp; but he was again disappointed. The duties of his post demanded most of his time, and he again chafed. The fact was, that both by nature and education he was unfitted for routine and clerical work. His was a powerful but not an

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\* Lord Montengle, then Mr. Spring Rice.



orderly mind, and his habits were the reflections of his intellect. All bondage and control fretted him. But with his dependent circumstances he could not escape from the lot of all who have to labour that they may live. Notwithstanding, he contrived to do an amount of extra-professional work, exceeding what is achieved by most savans who live for their science rather than by it. At the same time he was no recluse. With exalted notions of the social status to which men of science were entitled, he lived much in society. When and how the work was done was the marvel of all who knew him. In 1846, in conjunction with his old companion Lieutenant Spratt, he issued his *Travels in Lycia*; and in 1848, his work on *The British Naked-Eyed Medusæ*, whilst he was already engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Henley, in preparing his large work on *The British Mollusca*.

In August, 1848, he married a daughter of General Sir Charles Ashworth, a change productive of much happiness, and no interruption to his unwearied labours. Within a little more than a week after the nuptial knot was tied, he and his young bride were at Llangollen, in North Wales, where the surveying staff was then at work. Nothing checked the stream of lectures, reviews, memoirs, and *jeux d'esprit*, that flowed from his busy brain. At the close of 1851, new work was thrown upon his shoulders. The government organized the leading surveyors into a staff of professors, and opened at Jermyn Street, what had long been wanted in England, a school of mines. For some reason or other the scheme failed. It is not easy to say why. Such schools flourish on the Continent, and the vast mining interests of England make them even more necessary to us than to our neighbours. But a British school of mines, adapted to the wants of our mining population, has yet to be established. Forbes and his colleagues lectured to very diminutive audiences; so that the machine stood still when a system of cheap scientific evening lectures was arranged at the same place, and which have been as successful as the previous attempt at a mining school had been the reverse.

In 1852, Forbes received the honour, unexampled in so young a man, of being elected to the presidency of the Geological Society of London; but before his year of office ended, Providence brought about new changes. Amid all his labours Forbes never lost sight of the dream of his youth, the chair of natural history in the University of Edinburgh. For seven long years the chance that the post would soon become vacant floated like a mirage before him; but the expected resignation of Jamieson was delayed year after year. At length it came, in October,

1853; but still hope was deferred. It was clogged with such conditions as created new difficulties; but in the succeeding April the death of the veteran Jamieson removed all obstacles; and Forbes, triumphantly appointed, entered upon his new duties on the 15th of May. We will not try to analyse his feelings on that proud morning, when a noble assembly gathered around his chair. A less active brain than his must have been busy with the past,—the days when he sat as a pupil on the forms before which he now stood the honoured teacher. His bold effusions in the audacious ‘Maga;’ the shaking heads of professors, whose lectures he neglected whilst he caricatured their faces; and, most of all, the dark day when his ignominious flight from the academic tribunal confirmed every gloomy fear that his medical teachers had entertained;—all these must have rushed through his brain, mingling strangely with the eloquent words and deep thoughts to which he that day gave utterance. He now stood on the pinnacle of his fame. He had fought the battle of life amid untold discouragements, and some of those who had mourned over his youthful failures now stood proudly by his side in the hour of success. Bright visions of future honours must have risen up before him. His resources were now ample; his leisure all that he could wish; his fame world-wide; his position in the scientific world that of a tribune. The friends of his youth were around him, and his beloved wife and children by his side. What more was needed to fill up his cup of earthly happiness? We will not dwell on what remains to be told. A higher will than his own had issued its resistless decree. An old enemy, the Greek fever, had been scotched,—not killed. Even amidst the bright beams of his radiant face might be traced darker and less hopeful signs. We remember too well the painful impression he made upon us at Liverpool, where he was the honoured chairman of the geological section of the British Association. His face had the pale and pasty look that tells of renal mischief. In the subsequent November the disease broke out with active virulence, and on the 10th of that month his spirit took its flight, leaving the world of science to mourn the loss of one of its brightest stars.

To define Edward Forbes’s exact position on the roll of fame is not easy. He was, in the full sense of the word, a philosopher; his endowments rose above mere talent into the higher atmosphere of genius. Ranking far above the plodding species-mongers, he had few superiors in the humble task of defining species. Quick in detecting the facts of nature, he was quicker still in connecting them with her laws. He constantly aimed at ascending from the special to the general, at ascertaining the

relations subsisting between isolated phenomena, and at revealing those hidden cords that bind the universe together. But his life was little more than a seed-time. A few early ears give us some idea what the harvest would have been, had he been spared. He cherished in his breast vast conceptions, and only wanted time and leisure to give them shape. Endowed, at the same time, with the highest social qualities, he lacked nothing but years to place him on the loftiest pedestal; and if he be not ranked with the Cuviers, the Herschels, and the Faradays, the cause is to be found in his early grave.

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ART. VI.—1. *Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.*

By the late REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. First Series. Seventh Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

2. *Sermons, &c., &c.* Second Series. Seventh Edition. 1860.

3. *Sermons, &c., &c.* Third Series. Fifth Edition. 1860.

THE volumes named at the head of this paper have broken like a new star on the world of religious letters. To the eyes of some, the light is lurid, baleful, misleading. Others see in it nothing but the gentle radiance of a soul that was too lofty to take the vulgar round of ordinary Christian thought and feeling. With one party, the writer is a heretic; with another, he is the impersonation of whatever is free, noble, and true in a servant and minister of Christ. But all are agreed, that the three series of sermons of the late Frederick W. Robertson, as recently published by his friends, are among the most original, suggestive, elegant, and stirring compositions of their class which the English press has yielded for a long while past. The attention which they have received, both within and without the pale of the Anglican Church, is surprisingly great. We doubt whether the present century has seen a body of sermons of equal bulk obtain so large a circulation in so brief a space of time. Private Christians, students of theology, divinity professors, preachers of every school, have read them with wonder, and with less or more of admiration. And if sharp-eared men do not hear too much, there are high places and low, where the voice of the pulpit is not seldom an echo of the sentiment, the thought, and even the phraseology of the accomplished man on whom death has conferred an influence greater than any he ever wielded in life.

Apart from all minute discussion of the contents of this

remarkable book, it is easy to account for the hold which it has taken on the popular mind. The nobility and feminine tenderness which mark the spirit of the writer—his impatience of conventionalities and intense love of what is true and real—the boldness, not to say the adventurousness, with which he grapples with the intellectual and practical difficulties which perplex the Christian life of our times—the courage which leads him to denounce most strongly the evils on which regard for his own reputation would have kept him most scrupulously silent—the catholic charity which breathes in nearly all he says—the keen-sighted acquaintance he shows with the labyrinths of human character and motive—the delicacy of his moral anatomy—the flashes of genius which ever and anon light up his compositions—the richness of colouring which he throws into his pictures of good and evil, whether in their working or their consequences—last, not least, his practical appeals to the reason and conscience, some of them among the most pathetic, thrilling, and tremendous we ever met with—these characteristics alone, all presenting themselves on the surface of the work, suffice to explain the wide-spread and eager interest with which it has been received. At the same time, there can be no question, additional impulse has been given to its progress through the reading circles of the country by the latitudinarian aspect of much of its teaching, and by the charge of heterodoxy, which in several quarters has been more directly or more obliquely brought against it. We heartily wish that a closer examination of its contents would enable us to pronounce an unqualified eulogium. With all their great excellencies—and of these we shall have frequent occasion to speak in the course of the following remarks—we are compelled to think that they are marked by omissions, blemishes, and errors, which seriously subtract from their value, and should be carefully noted by all who would take them as a model of Christian preaching.

One of the most striking and pervasive defects of the Sermons, is the almost entire silence which they preserve as to the office and work of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of men. It is not that His agency is denied. The very first discourse relates to this subject; and we could point to passages elsewhere in which the doctrine is affirmed, and even insisted on, with much emphasis and eloquence. But such teaching is the exception; for the most part, we are bound to say, we do not so much as hear that there is any Holy Ghost; or if we do, we are unable to recognise Him as in any distinctive and definable sense the personal Author of spiritual blessing. If God is to be known, it must be by the study of ourselves; by marking the life and character

of Christ, who is the meeting-point of the Divine and human; and by looking through the phenomenal world around us to the glorious power and justice and love of which its constitution and history are the expression. Instinctively and 'by direct intuition,' if we are true to ourselves, we shall come to the knowledge of the truth. 'Our souls float in the immeasurable ocean of Spirit.' The element we live in mingles with our souls, and confers its nature less or more on every man. 'All that is wanted is to become conscious of the nearness of God.' Love is the condition of the revelation. Let the part of our nature which is kindred with God, be only strengthened by God's Spirit—that is regeneration. 'The Spirit of' Christ's 'consecrated life and consecrated death passing into us through love and wonder and deep enthusiasm, sanctifies us also to the truth in life and death.' We do not deal unfairly by Mr. Robertson in the representation we now make. His views of the operations of the Holy Ghost, where he expresses any, are most commonly contained in language such as we have quoted. And we venture to say, without carping at particular terms, and while making all allowance for the multiform phases under which truth may present itself to different minds, that this human, idealistic, and *ab intra* doctrine of the Spirit's influence is as unlike that of the New Testament as the Buddhist principle of salvation by merit is unlike the Christian verity of salvation by faith. The Spirit of God works in us, it is true; but, so long as we are unregenerate, He works in us from without. And conversion and sanctification are the result, not of the development of an 'embryo' life, which He plants in the human soul from the beginning, but of grace sent down from the Lord, which convinces of sin, reveals Christ as a Saviour, and transforms the heart into the image of God. We do not forget that, with one exception, these beautiful sermons are posthumous, and were never prepared for publication by their author. We are willing to believe, that in the actual delivery of them he gave greater prominence to the agency of the Spirit, and was less obscure and mystical in treating of it, than the discourses in print might lead us to suppose. As it is, however, we greatly lament that the Scripture doctrine is seldom presented from the right point of view, and that many precious opportunities of exhibiting and enforcing it are altogether missed.

A second serious objection to the sentiment of the sermons consists in what we take to be their inadequate and unscriptural teaching on the subject of the atonement. We might complain of certain strange notions in reference to the person and relations of Christ, which are scattered up and down in them. It

may be for want of intuitional acuteness, but, we must confess, our intelligence is somewhat flurried, when we are told that, 'before the world was, there was that in the mind of God which we may call the humanity of His Divinity,' or, as it is put elsewhere, that 'the Eternal Son' is 'the Humanity of the being of God, the ever human mind of God.' And when the love of God to the Son, that 'profound truth which the ancient fathers endeavoured to express in the doctrine of the Trinity,' is explained to be only 'the sublime expression of the unselfishness' of His nature; when Christ is said to be 'the son of man just because the Son of God, more Divine because more human;' and when the Saviour, in His youth, is described as gradually and gently waking to the consciousness of life and its manifold meaning, and as finding Himself in possession of a self, not at once, but by degrees,—we cannot but deem that, if speculation, in theories like these, does not pass the bounds of reverence, it at least assumes a liberty in which Christian wisdom would be slow to indulge. What calls for still graver reprehension, however, is Mr. Robertson's doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. That doctrine, so far as we are able to understand it, is something to this effect.—Christ was the eternal idea or type of humanity, 'the reality of human nature.' He contained within Himself whatever can be predicated of every single human being as such. He was representative man. Whatever He did during His incarnation was done by us in Him. In this sense He stood in the place of us all; and recognising the law of sacrifice as the great law of being, by His absolute submission to the will of the Father,—a submission which, because it was perfect, involved the necessity of suffering unto death,—He grappled with and vanquished the evil which tyrannized over our nature, and made us virtually partakers of His triumph. The forensic notion of salvation by substitution, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and in particular the idea that God dealt with His Son as taking the place of the guilty world, and bearing the penalty of its sin, is to be utterly repudiated. He died for sin, inasmuch as sin was the cause of His dying. 'He came into collision with the world's evil, and bore the penalty of that daring. He approached the whirling wheel, and was torn in pieces. He laid His hand upon the cockatrice's den, and its fangs pierced Him.' The penalty of the true life He led was the sacrifice which is the world's atonement. His death was for all men, inasmuch as the evil which caused it was in its essence and spirit the very evil of which every individual is guilty. That evil was our evil precisely as the sin of the men who slew the prophets was the sin of their



descendants in the days of Christ. He was our sacrifice, not because He died on the cross, but because His entire self-surrender as 'the realized idea of our humanity, the idea of man completed,' represents the sacrifice of us all in the like submission of ourselves to God. Not His death, not His bloodshedding, was the satisfaction for sin. It was His entire devotion of Himself to the Father's will. God was satisfied with the offering of Christ because 'for the first time He saw human nature a copy of the Divine nature, the will of Man the Son perfectly coincident with the will of God the Father, the Love of Deity for the first time exhibited by man; obedience entire unto death, even the death of the cross.' And this work of Christ was the work of humanity. In Christ thus made perfect, God 'saw humanity submitted to the law of self-sacrifice;' and 'in the light of that idea He beholds us as perfect, and is satisfied.' And when the germ of Christ's Spirit in us develops, when we become conscious of the relation to God into which Christ has brought us, when we recognise ourselves in Christ as dead to sin and alive to righteousness, and withdrawing ourselves from self are absorbed into the spirit of His offering, then have we the love of God; and sooner or later shall attain to that perfect life which Christ now lives with the Father. —Now against all this we most firmly and earnestly protest. We bind no man to our phrase. We have no apology to make for ultra-Calvinist or any other views of the Atonement, which attribute vindictiveness to God, and exhibit Christ as burdened with the sense of our sins. We yield to none in the strength of our belief, that the Saviour's obedience to the will of the Father was a perfect obedience, and that the perfection of it was essential to the efficacy of His atonement. Were we willing even to grant, that there is somewhat in the writings of St. Paul, seeming to favour those Platonist ideas of Christ's Person and work, which penetrate every part, not only of the foregoing theory of Robertson, but of the kindred schemes of Maurice, Kingsley, and other leaders of religious opinion among us—yet we join issue with this whole school on their fundamental position, and wholly deny the scriptural authority of that doctrine of atonement, which they have reared upon it. The New Testament knows nothing of Christ as 'the idea of humanity,' and of mankind as 'atoned' to God in Him in the sense which these writers intend. It is true it speaks of Him as our Substitute, and it represents men as dying with Him, buried with Him, risen and alive with Him. But there is not the smallest evidence that any such mystical blending of our personality with His personality as the Platonizing view supposes

was ever dreamt of by the sacred writers; and, what is absolutely fatal to its pretensions, while there is no one passage, so far as we know, in which the blessings of the Christian salvation are connected with human nature as such, they are invariably described as flowing to individuals or classes of mankind from the active grace of the Holy Ghost, and as the immediate result of a personal faith in Christ. It is not redeemed man, as such, that dies with Christ and lives in Him; but redeemed man repenting towards God, and believing in His Son whom He hath sent. We wait for the proof, that Scripture ever speaks of any but believers in language like this; and until it is produced, we hold the ideal theory of atonement to be a fantastic, bewildering, and dangerous error. It robs the pre-Mosaic and Levitical sacrifices of their obvious significance. It transmutes very many of the types and prophecies of the Old Testament into mere illusion and accident. It ignores to a great degree the doctrine, on which the Scriptures lay so much stress, that the gift of Christ was a signal, special, and extraordinary manifestation of the love of God to man. It makes no account of that righteousness of God, which set Christ forth as a propitiation for sins, and reduces to a shadow the doctrine of justification through faith in His death. It fritters to nothing those solemn and emphatic utterances of the Spirit of God, which ascribe our salvation to the 'blood' of Christ, and which represent His suffering as bruising and stripes which He endured on our behalf at the hand of the Father. Finally, it lowers the scriptural idea of sin, as violation of the law of God; it places unconverted men in a false position by confounding the distinction between the Church and the world; it dishonours the work of the Holy Ghost in connexion with our salvation; and, whatever may be affirmed to the contrary, tends by a plain logical necessity, to disbelief of the doctrine of eternal punishment.

With views of the atonement such as Mr. Robertson expresses, we are not surprised to find him at fault on the great subjects of our relations to God under the economy of redemption, of the means by which the sacrifice of Christ becomes effectual for men's recovery to peace and holiness, and of the proper character and necessary supports of the Divine life in the soul. His teaching on these points, and on some others akin to them, only too clearly substantiates what has just been alleged as to the sequences of the idealistic theory of Christ's propitiation. Take, for example, what our author has to say on original sin, and on the position in which mankind, apart from all voluntary action of their own, are placed by the self-sacrifice of Christ. There is no such thing as imputed guilt antecedent to our natural tendencies. 'The first man must have exerted

on his race an influence quite peculiar: his acts must have biassed their acts. And this bias or tendency is what we call original sin.' The tendency incurs guilt, but is not the result of any penalty to which man is subject through the sin of Adam. And, in regard to this evil considered in itself, it is not a taint or disease, as it is sometimes imagined to be. It is nothing positive. It is the absence of that controlling will which orders and harmonizes our nature. In its essence it is denial of 'God's paternity—refusing to live as His children, and saying we are not His children.' From this condition Christ has redeemed us, so that we are all from our birth children of God. Baptized or unbaptized—it matters not: this is our high estate and prerogative. Baptism does not constitute our sonship, it only warrants it. It is to every man who receives it what coronation is to a king. It is 'an authoritative symbol,' betokening and setting forth a fact, which is no less real in the absence of it. Let others see what this redeemed son of man is. 'He *is* heir to the inheritance; therefore give him the title-deeds. He *is* of royal lineage; put the crown upon his head. He *is* a child of God; baptize him.' Baptism 'reveals and pledges to the individual that which is true of the race.' You take the child in baptism and address it by name—'Paul—no longer Saul—you are a child of God. You, Paul, are now regenerate.....You are a member of Christ.....You are an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' Every man is, not in the Divine purpose and will merely, but truly and actually, a child of God—only the natural man does not know it, while the spiritual does. The world are God's children as well as the Church so called. Our sonship is 'a broad, grand, universal, blessed, fact.' Humanity in Christ is united to God. All are regenerate. All are entitled to heaven. We are sons of God, not through faith in Christ Jesus, but absolutely and simply through His redemption, irrespective of faith or anything else. And upon this principle we are to judge and act towards others. 'Do not say that because the Church is [by baptism] separated from the world, therefore the world are not God's children.' Much less is any line to be drawn among those whom baptism has constituted members of the Church. As to these 'take care. Do not say that they are unregenerate—of the world. Do not make a distinction within the Church of Christians and non-Christians. That wretched beggar that holds his hat at the crossing of the street is God's child as well as you, if he only knew it. You know it, he does not, that is the difference: but the immortal is in him too, and the eternal word speaks in him.'

Such is briefly the doctrine, which Mr. Robertson holds and inculcates—a doctrine which, however true it may be in some of its parts and aspects, is, in the main, as distinctly opposed to the very letter of the Scripture as doctrine can be. We will not stay to discuss the questions raised by his statements on the subject of original sin. We believe he is wrong in several of the details of his theory; and sure we are, that the view which resolves our natural evil into what is merely negative, or at best privative, is very far from satisfying the obvious requirements either of our consciousness, or of the word of God. 'Enmity against God' and 'desperate wickedness' are much more than the want of regulating will; and that man must be strangely ignorant of himself, who does not feel, that whatever the explanation of the fact may be, his unchanged heart is the seat of a positive, active, and virulent hatred of God and of goodness. But we must not allow our author's dogma as to the common regeneration of mankind, and their universal sonship to God by virtue of Christ's atonement, to pass without formal challenge; and this the more as the hypothesis is a favourite one with a large and increasing school of contemporary theology. We do not deny, nay, we zealously maintain, the doctrine of a real federal relationship between Christ and mankind. In Adam all die; and there is an important sense in which in Christ all live. We may not be able to define precisely the teaching of Scripture on this subject; but we can make near approximation to it. It never speaks of mankind at large as actually and, if we may use the expression, organically united to God in Christ. It never represents men as justified before God, or as being children of God, or as born of God merely because of the fact of their redemption. It never so much as once attributes either sonship or regeneration to the race—to man as man. On the contrary it maintains a uniform distinction between those that are 'condemned,' and those that are 'justified;' between those that are 'after the flesh,' and those that are 'born of the Spirit;' between those that are 'of the world' and 'the wicked one,' and those who are 'the children of the kingdom' and 'of God.' And, which is most noteworthy in this connexion, with an absolutely unvarying uniformity, it points to a personal faith in Christ as the channel through which alone men can receive the grace either of adoption or of the new birth. Potentially, all are children of God. The sacrifice of Christ has made them such. Actually, only those are His children who repent, and believe the Gospel. In the Divine will and in the gracious arrangements and provisions of redemption we are sons; and it is this which the

sacrament of baptism figures and seals: but our sonship is simply a capacity and a privilege, not an experience and fact, until faith saves us. And with respect to infants, who are obviously incapable either of actual sin or of faith in Christ, while we do not doubt that they are objects of the favour of God, and, in case of death, through Christ's merits are received into heaven, it is manifest the terms 'sonship' and 'regeneration,' as applied to them, do not admit of their ordinary New Testament meaning; and, if used at all, must be taken in a sense which belongs to theology rather than to Scripture. Scripture never uses either the one term or the other directly of any but those who have been guilty of actual sin, and are capable of voluntary acceptance of Christ's redemption; and to speak of 'persons of tender age' as regenerate and children of God in the same respects as adults, who 'believe unto salvation,' we hold to be as great an outrage upon reason as it is a misapplication of the plain language of holy writ. Whatever difficulties may belong to this branch of the question,—and we are quite alive to their existence,—we do not hesitate to say, that in the light of Scripture, the notion of the actual, universal, and unconditioned regeneration of mankind through the atonement, is utterly without foundation; and were it not for the unaccountable mystifications into which Neo-Platonist metaphysics have often plunged acute and noble minds, we should marvel that any Christian divine, much less any Christian preacher, should hold it for an hour.

With this beginning our readers will not be surprised to learn that there is much of what is vague and intangible in Mr. Robertson's exposition of the method by which the Gospel becomes the power of God to men's salvation. The predominant idea is, that of the soul's awakening to a recognition of what it is in Christ. We are already all that the Gospel is designed to make us; but we do not perceive the fact—we do not know it. The lower nature—except, indeed, with those who are 'comparatively innocent,' and who have only to go on to perfection—masters the higher, and keeps its eyes shut to the blessed reality of its circumstances. But by-and-by—we are not told how—there is a change. The spirit asserts its authority over the flesh. God is seen in His Paternity. The selfish, the unnatural, the mean, the false, the impure, give place to whatsoever things are true, just, honest, lovely, and of good report. The man is converted; and the child of God, which before was hidden in him under the rubbish of evil, now shines forth in his own proper glory and loveliness. Anything like a passing out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan

to God, the result of definite acts of repentance and faith, is not only not taught, but is absolutely denied and frowned upon. 'God is approached more nearly in that which is indefinite than in that which is definite and distinct. He is felt in awe and wonder and worship, rather than in clear conceptions.' It is an 'error' to suppose 'that on a certain day and hour, under the ministry of the word,' a man can be born again, and become a child of God. Faith never brings us into a state of sonship and regeneration any more than baptism does. The Spirit of God working in the heart develops the good which redemption has planted there; and, by slower or more rapid stages of progress, it ripens into everlasting life. Shall we linger to show that if the Scriptures mean anything, all this is—to say the least of it—only a beautiful vision. Or does it become us to take a sadder, sterner mood, and to express the concern we feel that so little honour should be done by the earnest and eloquent preacher to what appear to us among the most conspicuous and momentous truths of the Bible revelation? Imagine St. Paul preaching or writing in the style of the foregoing quotations and references.

We remark with regret, through the whole of these sermons, what strikes us as a morbid dislike of 'evangelical' views of religion. Whether prejudice of education be the cause of this, or whether the author in early life met with unfavourable specimens of the obnoxious school, or whether the blame be due to want of care on the preacher's part, in distinguishing between the essential and the accidental in the system of opinions now referred to, we will not undertake to determine. Certain it is that, at every turn, we are met by allusions or statements tending to disparage what Mr. Robertson often speaks of as 'Calvinist' views of Christian experience and life. It is quite true that Christ 'did not talk' to Zaccheus 'about his soul'—did not preach to him about his sins—did not lecture him: but what He did not in this instance He did in many others, and on fitting occasions it becomes His ministers to imitate His example. Is it fair to say, that 'religious people' and 'ministers of Christ' 'have no room for doubts in their largest systems; that they shake the head, and whisper it about gravely—that you are verging on infidelity?' In the name of all 'evangelical' intelligence and charity we plead Not guilty to this sweeping charge. It is undeniable that 'religious feelings' have often been mistaken for conversion; and that there are persons of dubious piety who are given to enthusiastic raptures, and we know not what besides. We are willing to grant, too, that there is both a Pelagian and an Antinomian extreme, towards which the modern revivalism, so called, is



ever in danger of verging ; and let no man be counted an enemy of religion, who temperately and in due proportion warns us of the evil. But there are many worse things in the world, even in these Mormonite days, than the 'devout warmth,' the 'religious experiences,' and the 'flashes of [spiritual] joy,' to which Mr. Robertson so often refers in terms of disapproval ; and we are not content that they should be put into dishonourable contrast with that genuine Christian life, of which, in the Divine appointment, they are more or less the instruments and stays. As to the 'convulsions, shrieks, and violent emotions,' which belong to 'the camp of the Methodist and Ranter,' we need hardly say, that our author is mistaken in supposing that they are any necessary element in the evangelical idea of conversion. And so with reference to 'worn-out conventionalities of religious expression,' the 'excitement of religious meetings' linked with 'zest of scandal,' the 'religion' which is 'chiefly the sense of forgiveness,' the 'cant demand for submission' under trial, and other similar objects, against which the preacher directs his scornful sarcasm or bitter warning ;—while we admit particular facts and instances, we regret that he should identify them so often with a whole circle of religious sentiments and practices, and should fix a stigma on a demonstrable good, which belongs only to the caricature and abuse of it. It may be narrowness to be pitied by those who have escaped the bondage of Mr. Carlyle's 'old clothes and clouted ;' but we venture to profess our belief that a well-instructed and earnest evangelicism is the only Christianity which either reason, history, or the Bible, will acknowledge ; and that the future, even more strikingly than the past, is destined to witness the blessed effects of its benign and mighty jurisdiction over the intellect, conscience, and life of mankind.

It is, perhaps, only what might be expected from one whose opinions are such as we have just remarked upon, that his views of the Sabbath and of the inspiration of the Scriptures are considerably freer than those which we have received from our fathers. We should be sorry to contend for a Judaic observance of the day of rest ; and we will go as far as the most vehement anti-Sabbatarian in denouncing the hypocritical selfishness, whether in church or state, whether in the pulpit or society, which would claim a liberty for the rich man in the use of the Sabbath, which it denies to the poor man. But we do not allow that 'the observance of one day in seven is purely Jewish,' and 'defensible on the ground of wise and Christian expediency alone.' Mr. Robertson answers himself on this point. 'The need' of the Sabbath, he says, 'is deeply hidden

in human nature.'—Strange, if this be so, that God did not appoint it before Moses!—'He who can dispense with it must be holy and spiritual indeed. And he who, still unholy and unspiritual, would yet dispense with it, is a man who would fain be wiser than his Maker.' And again: 'So far as we are in the Jewish state, the fourth commandment, even in its vigour and strictness, is wisely used by us—nay, we might say indispensable.' The Church of Christ in early times discovered this; and 'felt the necessity of substituting something in place of the [Jewish] ordinances which had been repealed;' and hence—supplying, as it would seem, a deficiency which the apostles had failed to anticipate,—'the Lord's day arose.' On the subject of the Sabbath, Mr. Robertson has two elaborate sermons, one entitled, *The Shadow and the Substance of the Sabbath*, the other, *The Religious Non-Observance of the Sabbath*. They are highly characteristic of their author, and exhibit the excellencies and faults of his preaching in full bloom. They are full of subtle reasoning, striking illustration, and forcible handling of the conscience; but they are undesignedly one-sided, they draw an unfair picture of Sabbatarian scrupulousness, and they furnish no sufficient reply to the common arguments in favour of the universal and perpetual obligation, in a Christian sense, of the primeval Sabbath law.

We are even more disposed to complain of the manner in which Mr. Robertson speaks of the inspired Scriptures than of his theory of the Sabbath. Every now and then a stroke at the literalists shows which way his views tend. 'It is not by intrenching the soul behind the infallibility of the words and sentences of a book that you can arrest the progress of infidelity.' The dispensation of the Spirit is one in which men shall no longer know the Lord 'by a will revealed by external authority from other human minds.' 'The God of the mere theologian is scarcely a living God....The canon is closed. The proofs that He was, are in the things that He has made, and the books of men to whom He spake; but He inspires and works wonders no more.' This is unguarded and rash. But we are carried much further. It is not well to say that it is 'uncertain whether the name of [Tubal-Cain] is real or mythical.' Surely there is an alternative between doubt as to its being a personal appellation, and regarding it as a myth. But what are we to deem of the following? 'Much of the story' of Jacob wrestling with the angel is not only 'Jewish, narrow, merely of local interest;' it is 'evidently mythical.' To this patriarch's 'unscientific mind' the conflict within his soul was a conflict with 'a tangible antagonist.' It was 'so terrible and so violent,

that it seemed an actual struggle with a living man.' 'In the language of those times,' he wrestled with God. This was the form in which 'that earlier period of literature, when traditions were preserved in a poetical shape, adapted to the rude conception of the day,' encased and enshrined 'a truth wide as human nature—as real in every earnest man as it was in the history of Jacob.' Elsewhere we are told,—and this be it observed in the exquisite sermon on the death of Queen Adelaide, published during Mr. Robertson's lifetime,—that the faith which the Epistle to the Hebrews attributes to Joseph was not 'faith in a written word,' but 'faith in that conviction of his own heart, which is itself the substantial evidence of faith:' it was the 'religious faith' which 'ever dreams of something higher, more beautiful, more perfect than the state of things with which it feels itself surrounded.' And it was this same 'creative faith,' through which 'Abraham saw the day of Christ and was glad.' We trust our readers do not believe this; and if they do not, we will not doubt what their verdict will be on the passage we are about to quote. 'The first office of the [ancient Jewish] prophet was with the present. He read eternal principles beneath the present and the transitory; and, in doing this, of course he prophesied the future; for a principle true to-day is true for ever.....A philosopher saying in the present tense the law by which comets move, predicts all possible cometary movements....It was the very condition of [the prophet's] inspiration that he should be one with the people. So far from making him superhuman, it made him *more* man. He felt with more exquisite sensitiveness all that belongs to man....His insight into things was the result of that very weakness, sensitiveness, and susceptibility so tremblingly alive....He was peculiarly the suffering Israelite: his countenance marred more than the sons of men....Thus especially Isaiah liii. was spoken originally of the Jewish nation, of the prophet as peculiarly the Israelite.' And the truth which he said of himself, he said 'prophetically of humanity:' it was 'true of him, most true of the highest humanity.' So much for holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost! We trust we shall not be accused of an outrageous predilection for the conventional and old-fashioned, if we venture to say, that we prefer even an exaggerated and half-superstitious reverence for the letter of the Bible, to a criticism which deals so uncritically with its most conspicuous phenomena, and reduces large portions of it well-nigh to the level of a child's story-book, or a collection of Oriental legends and ethics.

If we were called upon to name the chief weaknesses of Mr. Robertson's Sermons, apart from what is specifically doctrinal, we should mention at once his love of paradox, the hardihood with which he launches questionable statements on all sorts of subjects, and a certain mystical sentimentality which finds religious lessons and life where ordinary eyes strain themselves in vain to discover them.

Is it more than a play upon words, to affirm that 'no revelation can be adequately given by the address of man to man, whether by writing or orally, even if he be put in possession of the truth itself?' Or can any good reason be assigned for the dictum that 'Christ is the voice of God *without* the man, the Spirit is the voice of God *within* the man; and that the highest revelation is not made by Christ, but comes directly from the universal mind to our mind;' especially when the speaker elsewhere declares it to be 'absolutely revolting' to suppose that the New Testament Epistles contain a more developed Gospel than is to be found in Christ's own words? What philosophy or poetry is there in the doctrine that God's anger is 'everlastingly still,' and the spiritual life 'always calm?' And if it be granted, as we are willing to grant, that the promises of God have always a germinant value, it is surely more than precarious to lay it down as 'a principle,' that they 'never are fulfilled in the sense in which they seem to have been given.' Did not the promise to Abraham, that he should have a son in his old age, receive the accomplishment which he looked for? And do not Christ's disciples find that very peace in believing, which they expect as the verification of His solemn assurance that He will give them what the world cannot. We must confess to some impatience when we are informed that 'the truth cannot be compressed into a sermon,' and that not only is a man's trade not incompatible with his religion, but that 'it is his religion;' because both the one statement and the other are obvious errors, if they are not mere lilliputianisms. Still more do we resent the lesson, 'You can only save others when you have ceased to think of saving your own soul: you can only truly bless when you have done with the pursuit of personal happiness.' This is a dogma which, under various shapes, shows itself again and again in these sermons. We have no faith in it. There is no spiritual latitude and longitude in this world to which it is adapted. It is a refinement of the moralist, which neither experience nor Scripture will endorse. Did not St. Paul save others? Yet he feared lest, after having striven to do so, he should himself become a castaway? And shall we call it 'selfishness,' that Old Testament saints looked for 'the

recompense of the reward,' and that men now hasten to the day of Christ, and comfort themselves with the hope of seeing God as He is? But this hope, it would seem, as it is vulgarly held, is a mistake. 'God will never be visible—nor will His blessedness. He has no form. The pure in heart will see Him, but never with the eye; only in the same way, but in a different degree, that they see Him now. In the anticipated vision of the Eternal, what do you expect to see? A shape? Hues? You will never behold God.' What? Are metaphysics and psychology agreed, that the glorified bodies of the just in the resurrection shall not be furnished with organs capable of seeing the glorified humanity of the Lord, and that God will for ever be apprehended by the Church in heaven no otherwise than He now is, 'by faith,' that is to say, 'and not by sight?' If they are so agreed, we think it time they should reconsider the difference between dogma and demonstration, and learn the wisdom of walking with wary steps where the ground of evidence is untried and doubtful. Certainly the letter of revelation and the general 'consciousness' of Christians are against the decision of Mr. Robertson. And when we are told that Samuel 'with his own hands' hewed Agag in pieces; that hell itself to St. John was but one of the results of 'eternal love;' that St. Paul did not know the long centuries of slow progress that were to precede the second advent of Christ, and that 'there is no fire to torture in the world to come;'—when it is affirmed without qualification that religion has only calm pleasures to offer in the outset; that 'to feel faith is the grand difficulty of life;' that a penitent learns at last to forgive himself for the sins he has committed, 'that a good conscience is an impossibility,' and that pestilence is 'strictly under the guidance of natural laws;'—finally, when it is inculcated upon us, that the son of 'a pure mother' may be tempted and err, but, by the grace of God, he cannot be degraded; that 'there will be a light from home shining for ever on his path inextinguishably;' that a child, 'if he does not exhibit strong religious sensibilities,' may be still at home with God, 'worshipping at home,' unconscious of the communing of God with his spirit; that 'it is through our human affections that the soul first learns to feel that its destiny is Divine;' that the stars preach the mind of Christ; that 'in that atom or daisy you may read the law of the Creator;' and that the Davy-lamp gives its inventor 'place as one of the Church of God,' and confers upon him 'rank in the world to come;' we think we are entitled to complain that the possible and probable are confounded with the certain; that speculation has been unwise enough to part company with discretion; that a

cloudy and dangerous naturalism is substituted for the religion of the Bible; and that some of the most notorious facts of Christian experience and history are either strangely overlooked or as strangely denied.

After what has now been stated, it will hardly be thought wonderful if Mr. Robertson should be found wanting as an interpreter and expositor of Scripture. This is the last point of which we have to speak in this portion of our criticism. With all his culture and learning, with all his sagacity and acuteness, he is often much beside the mark in the explanations he gives of particular passages, and often fails to seize and exhibit with anything like precision and symmetry the proper textual meaning of the sacred writers. Thus he thinks the interpretation, which makes Zaccheus's words, 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor,' &c., an expression of purpose and resolve, to be one which 'has been put upon it in order to make it square with the evangelical order of emotions—grace first, liberality after, and he endeavours to support this view by pointing out, that Zaccheus says, 'I give,' not 'I will give.' When Job said, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' &c., 'all [he] meant by these words' was, 'that he knew he had a vindicator in God above;' and it is 'an anachronism,' we are told, 'to discover in them the doctrine of the second advent, of a resurrection, and of the humanity of Christ.' What would the Dean of Exeter say, if he heard John xviii. 37 explained, 'Thou sayest because I am a king?' And what is any man of ordinary understanding likely to say, when he is instructed, that the words, 'As many as *received* Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God,' mean, that 'they were His own, yet they wanted power to become His own;' and that when St. Peter wrote, 'Of His own will begat He us by the word of truth,' we are to take this as expressing the common relation in which mankind stand to God in virtue of Christ's redemption. An evangelist states that when Christ was twelve years old, the grace of God was upon Him. The meaning of this is, that He exchanged 'an earthly for a heavenly home,' [the temple,] that He gave up 'an earthly for a heavenly parent,' and that He became reconciled to domestic obligations, and so passed beyond that 'first step in spirituality,' which 'is to get a distaste for common duties.' Is it the all-comprehensiveness of Christ's 'humanity,' which 'St. Paul insists upon when he says, that in Him there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free?' We doubt whether His humanity is even thought of. And when Christ's words to His mother at Cana are denied to be a rebuke; when it is assumed that the penitent



thief was first a reviler; when Hebrews i. 2 is explained, 'God spake unto us by a Son;' when the doctrine of hereditary depravity is formally excluded from David's complaint, 'In sin did my mother conceive me;' when the 'flesh' and the 'Spirit' in Galatians vi. are treated of as co-existing elements in the human mind; when 'the general assembly and church of the first-born that are written in heaven' are explained to be the 'God-born of mankind, the selected spirits of the Most High, who are struggling against the evil of their day;' and when the common, but unexplained and inexplicable rendering of 1 Corinthians vii. 31, 'They that use the world as not abusing it,' is adopted without doubt instead of the obvious correction, 'They that use the world as they that make no use of it at all;' we feel, that with the utmost allowance for diversity of opinion on some of the Scriptures referred to, we do not listen to a teacher whose critical and exegetical powers are of the highest order.

It has been a task which has yielded us no pleasure, to point out what we deem to be the imperfections and errors of these remarkable Sermons. We have written with the pensive remembrance, that the lips which uttered them have forgotten their cunning; and it has been our endeavour to avoid whatever might carry the appearance of harshness and indelicacy in the strictures we have passed upon them. Their prodigious popularity, however, coupled with the lavish and indiscriminating praise which the press in many quarters has bestowed upon them, required that we should weigh and pronounce upon their merits; and it is in simple justice to the claims of truth and to the rights of the reading public, that we have used the critical freedom we have now taken. Yet we should be deeply ashamed of ourselves, if we could allow our pen to drop at this point, and did not attempt to exhibit a few at least of the many strong lights which are mingled with the shadows of our picture. Most gladly do we revert to what we said in the outset as to the extraordinary power, beauty, and value of Mr. Robertson's compositions, and enter somewhat more into the detail of their excellencies than we were then prepared to do.

The most superficial reader of Mr. Robertson will be struck with the freshness and vigour which mark alike the conception and the treatment of the subjects with which he deals. He strikes out his own path, and travels in it after his own fashion. There is nothing vulgar and hacknied either in his sentiments or style. The flat, dusty region of conventional terminology and commonplace ideas is behind and beneath us, while we company with him. We breathe the mountain air; and the

broad landscape spreads away to the far-off horizon ; and rock and wood and flower around us play their magic upon the senses. It is not that we are overwhelmed by the grandeur of the spectacle ; but there is a mysterious mingling of the vast and misty and beautiful, which entrances and enthralls us. We need the full exercise of reason to clear our eyes, and enable us to distinguish what is celestial, and what earthly ; what belongs in fact to the objects that meet our gaze, and what is due to the colouring which the author's pencil gives them. If we are not impressed by the massiveness, the coherency, and the nice proportion of our author's thinking, we cannot fail to admire its boldness, its freedom, and its ethereal subtlety and grace. He throws a charm about all he touches. He does not aim at being original ; he is so without effort, apparently without consciousness. Everywhere you meet with the man of fine sensibilities, of noble intellect, of quick imagination, and of cultivated taste. He delights as well in wide generalizations as in minute analyses. He has a vivid perception of the principles which underlie and expound the manifold types of human character. Nature and man and Providence in all their parts and conditions are to him symbols and prefigurations of what is moral, spiritual, and eternal. He finds illustration of the highest topics in the most familiar objects of sense and in the ordinary occurrences of daily life. As is often the case with minds of delicate structure, he uses with great effect the weapons of satire and irony ; and some of the most striking passages in the Sermons are marked by these characters. His readers will not forget how he meets the popular allegation that men turn religious because they can no longer enjoy the world. 'They tell us,' he says, 'that just as the caterpillar passes into the chrysalis, and the chrysalis into the butterfly, so profligacy passes into disgust, and disgust into religion.....So the men of the world speak ; and they think they are profoundly philosophical and concise in the account they give. The world is welcome to its very small sneer. It is the glory of our Master's Gospel, that it *is* the refuge of the broken-hearted.' When we add to this, that Mr. Robertson is always sprightly without being frivolous, that he never lingers on a subject longer than is needful, and that he writes for the most part in clear, nervous, elegant, musical, and flowing English, we have only said a little of what his admirers may justly be proud to regard as due to his genius and literary fame.

Another leading characteristic of our author's writings is the spirit of candour and liberality which pervades them. Apart from any knowledge of his personal history, we think we find

evidence in the Sermons themselves, that Mr. Robertson during his lifetime was an object of suspicion and dislike because of his religious opinions; and that his spirit was chafed and wounded by the treatment to which he was subjected in consequence. To what degree this was owing to any or all those doctrinal sentiments, which have come under review in the foregoing pages, we are unable to determine. Nor shall we attempt to decide the question, how far any coldness or opposition which he suffered on this account was Christian either in its principle or in its particular manifestations. We can very well imagine, however, that with certain classes of religionists Mr. Robertson may have been held in low esteem for a freeness of opinion on points wherein we should thoroughly agree with him. How would extreme Calvinists, for example, be likely to reckon of one who told them that, in logical consistency, they ought to be Antinomians, though they were not? We doubt whether the saving admission would protect the speaker from the anger which his strong expression of the truth would be fitted to evoke from little minds. And when, in face of a powerful popular tendency, he stood up and protested against the excessive cultivation of the masculine graces in our public schools, and pleaded for the inculcation of charity, forbearance, and tenderness, it needs but little knowledge of the circle of society in which Mr. Robertson moved, to understand how the worshippers of muscle might succeed in branding him as an empiric and a weakling. But as a clergyman of the Church of the England, he laid himself open to still more serious question. Let us hear him, and see if he did not. 'There is infallibility nowhere on this earth;.....not in the Church of England; not in priests; not in ourselves—and it matters not in what form the claim is made, whether in the clear consistent way in which Rome asserts it, or whether in the inconsistent way in which Churchmen make it for their Church, or religious bodies for their favourite opinions.' In another place, referring to the dogma of Baptismal Regeneration, he says, 'This view is held with varieties and modifications of many kinds, by an increasingly large number of the members of the Church of England; but we do not concern ourselves with these timid modifications, which painfully attempt to draw some subtle hair's-breadth distinctions between themselves and the above doctrine. The true, honest, and only honest representation of this view is that put forward undisguisedly by Rome.' This would hardly win him favour with a large number of his order. But what shall we say of the following? 'Religious men in every profession are surprised to find that many of its

avenues are closed to them. The conscientious Churchman complains that his delicate scruples, or his bold truthfulness, stand in the way of his preferment; while another man, who conquers his scruples, or softens the eye of truth, rises, and sits down a mitred peer in Parliament.' Or of this? 'Alas: we, the clergy of the Church of England, for three long centuries have taught submission to the powers that be, as if that were the only text in Scripture bearing on the relations between the ruler and the ruled.....Shame on us! We have not denounced the wrongs done to weakness: and yet, for one text in the Bible which requires submission and patience from the poor, you will find a hundred which denounce the vices of the rich.....And woe to us in the great day of God, if we have been the sycophants of the rich, instead of the redressers of the poor man's wrongs: woe to us, if we have been tutoring David into respect for his superior, Nabal, and forgotten, that David's cause, not Nabal's, is the cause of God.' And when we read elsewhere of 'droned litanies and liturgies,' and hear kindly things said of Quakers and other Nonconformists, and are cautioned against the use of coarse and vituperative language in the controversy with Rome, and are taught that it is irrational and absurd to hope to force the principles of the Anglican Church upon all Christians, and are called upon to admire the marvellous proof supplied some years since by the Free Church of Scotland, 'that there is still among us the power of living faith,' in the fact that five hundred ministers gave up all that earth holds dear 'rather than assert a principle which seemed to them to be a false one;' we need not have recourse to doctrinal obliquities for the purpose of explaining any shyness or abuse from which the preacher may have suffered.

Closely connected with the point on which we have now dwelt, not unfrequently, indeed, coincident with it, is the union of strong moral instinct and of unflinching moral boldness which marks Mr. Robertson's preaching. He discovers good where bigots and fanatics can see nothing but evil. He drags evil to light, which the popular voice has baptized with the names of sanctity and religion; and, dealing most directly with both the one and the other as they concerned his own ministerial charge and sphere of life, he shrinks from no consequences of a naked and emphatic declaration of what he believed to be 'the whole counsel of God.' It is easy for a minister to animadvert upon tendencies by which his hearers are not likely to be affected, to lash and stigmatize evils which lie beyond the circle of their rank and condition in life, and to extol and recommend the duties which they are least disposed to neglect and avoid. This

did not Mr. Robertson. He was a man of elegant education, and was surrounded by those who would only too loudly applaud him if he preached the religiousness of music, painting, and general culture. Hear him. 'Romance, prettiness, "dim religious light," awe and mystery, these are not the atmosphere of Christ's Gospel. Base the heart on facts. The truth alone can make you free.' More fully in another sermon he writes: 'Refinement—melting imagery—all the witchery of form and colour—music—architecture; all these, even coloured with the hues of religion, producing feelings either religious or quasi-religious, may yet do the world's work. For all attempt to impress the heart through the senses, to make perfect through the flesh, is fraught with danger [of sensuality acting through the worship of the graceful and refined]. There is a self-deception in those feelings: the thrill, and the sense of mystery, and the luxury of contemplation, and the impressions on the senses; all these lie very close to voluptuousness, enfeeblement of heart; yea, even impurity.' With these sentiments our strongest convictions join hands, and we equally admire the discernment and the courage to which we are indebted for them. Not less worthy of honour is the attitude which we see Mr. Robertson holding towards those to whom he preached, when we consider that they belonged, for the most part, to the wealthy and aristocratic classes of society. The meanest soul that ever trod the boards of a pulpit can be eloquent over the vices of the rich and honourable in their absence. To exhibit these in their true character, when the offenders themselves are before you, your ministerial influence over them for the future depending meanwhile on the dignity, delicacy, and propriety with which you fulfil your task, requires no common wisdom and no ordinary moral bravery. What shall we say of the man who, with haughty scions of nobility and purse-proud nabobs looking him in the face, could speak thus? 'Let us mark that distinction well, so often confused—kings, masters, parents; here is a power ordained of God, honour it. But wealth, name, title, distinctions, always fictitious, often false and vicious; if you claim homage for these separate from worth, you confound two things essentially different.....They who retain these superstitious ideas of the eternal superiority of rank and wealth, have the first principles of the Gospel yet to learn. How can they believe in the Son of Mary? They may honour Him with the lip; they deny Him in His brethren. Whoever helps to keep alive that ancient lie of upper and lower, resting the distinction not on official authority or personal worth, but on wealth and title, is doing his part to hinder the establishment of the Redeemer's

kingdom.' This is sufficiently bold ; but we wonder how many assemblies either of the upper or lower classes ever hear any thing like what follows. 'There are men and women in this congregation who have committed sins that never have been published to the world ; and therefore, though they be still untouched by the love of God, they have never sunk down to degradation ; whereas the very same sins, branded with public shame, have sunk others not worse than them down to the lowest infamy.' With like fidelity, though in gentler tones, he speaks of the possible connexion between elegant life and forgetfulness of God, and insists that for a man to live for the world alone, however unblemished a reputation he may have, and however much he may recoil from everything that is little, gross, and evil, is to be degraded and debased in the truest sense of the words ; and that in every such instance we see a soul formed with a capacity for high and noble things, fit for the banquet-table of God Himself, trying to fill its infinite hollowness 'with husks which the swine do eat.' There is scarcely any thing more admirable, indeed, in these Sermons, than the pains which the preacher takes to impress his hearers of the higher ranks of life with the intrinsic worthlessness of all worldly good, and the chaste and dignified, yet terrible, plainness of speech, with which he sets forth their social obligations and grave religious responsibilities.

To crown all, Mr. Robertson is a fair illustration of his own doctrine, that men's spirit and actions are often in advance of their creed. His religious belief departs, as we think, very seriously, at some points, from the simple and obvious teaching of Holy Writ ; and his Sermons exhibit many redundancies and defects, the inevitable fruit of his errors. At the same time, we are bound to acknowledge the eminently Christian temper which marks the great bulk of his writings ; the passionate sympathy with the person, history, work, and kingdom of Christ, according to his conception of them, which they evince ; the soundness and deep importance of many of the practical principles which he lays down and enforces ; and the exceeding pathos and point of those many gracious and solemn expostulations and appeals, addressed to the young, the worldly, and others, which are found up and down the course of the Sermons. Mr. Robertson has his prejudices, as we have seen ; and we believe he does injustice to parties and opinions which in the main are the strength, so far as anything human can be, of the cause of Christianity. But we acquit him of the smallest intentional wrong to any man or any class of sentiments. The whole tone of his preaching proves him to have been incapa-



ble of doing this. If he was mistaken, his intention was pure. He hated imposture and charlatany and dogmatism with an intense hatred; and he sometimes allowed the feeling to go forth towards objects which bore the semblance of these evils, but were not really what he took them to be. On the other hand, his love of whatever was unaffected, genuine, true, and good, was equally fervid; and it sometimes embraced more than a well-balanced judgment could venture to deem worthy of it. But none who reads his Sermons with care will deny that the spirit of the author is usually worthy of his profession, and in particular shows that jealousy for truth, that sensitive reverence for moral purity, and that large-hearted Christian love, which are allowed on all hands to take rank among the highest outward proofs of the power of the Gospel. Christ, too, if He be not apprehended and taught as we could desire, is still the Alpha and Omega of Mr. Robertson's discourses. His infinite love in the gift of Himself for our salvation, the marvellous wisdom of His ministry and conversations with His disciples, the profound spiritual significance of His whole life and conduct, the perfectness of His submission to the mysterious will of His Father, the vital connexion between Him and whatever is good and holy in man, the imperative necessity of such a faith in Him as shall make us partakers of His sacrifice; these and kindred subjects are the leading topics and animating spirit of his preaching. Christ is the life of our souls. 'Excellence without Christ is but a dream.' The guiltiest may come to Christ; and He will send none empty away. And whoever takes hold of Christ and follows Him can no more perish than God can deny Himself, or the moral constitution of the universe suffer disruption and collapse. With all Mr. Robertson's idealism, naturalism, and humanism, no Methodist living could preach a free, full, and perfect salvation from sin more broadly and earnestly than it is sometimes preached in these pages. We wish the sound of the eloquent preacher's trumpet was always equally certain.

A similar combination of strength and weakness is observable in the subordinate principles and sentiments which cluster about the central doctrines of the book. The gold, however, is vastly in excess of the clay. It would do the idolaters of sincerity a world of good to hear the wise words our author speaks on the relations between goodness and truth, and especially to ponder what he says when he tells us that 'subtle minds which have no broad, firm footing in reality, . . . may become guilty of anything, and excuse it to themselves.' We do not know when we have seen the fact, that the Divine government is not simply one of 'love,' more

strongly put and more thrillingly illustrated than in two of these Sermons. With what force does the preacher plead for the efficacy of positive truth for the destruction of error as against the usefulness of mere negation! How trenchant and crushing is his polemic in opposition to those who teach that religion is an affair of dialectics, and that 'we have only to enlighten' in order to bring men to God! Scepticism is the natural offspring of superstition; civilization is not in the highest sense a regenerator; in things practical conscience, not intellect, is our proper guide; no set of circumstances can of themselves remedy the evils of the world; the Spirit of God alone can sanctify: these are theses on which he dwells with a subtleness of thought, a force of reasoning, a beauty of illustration, and a warmth of gentle earnestness, such as few modern preachers are able to rival. Flaming controversialists can do themselves no better service than to sit down and quietly read over his manly talk about cheap courage in the sermon, 'The Glory of the Divine Son.' Doubters as to the reality of what is known as 'religious experience' are likely to find themselves shaken before they have got through the masterly though not always safe sermon on 'Realizing the Second Advent.' And we would commend the very sensible and weighty remarks which we elsewhere meet with on the mischief of morbid sorrow for sin; on the value of meditation and prayer; on the religious ends of affliction; on the evil of living to God 'second-hand;' and on the importance of holy activity as a means of grace; to all who desire to secure for themselves, and to promote in others a healthy, consistent, and serviceable Christian life.

We have spoken more than once of the impressive practical teaching, and of the plain dealing with the conscience, which are a chief glory of Mr. Robertson's Sermon-remains. Had they but more of the doctrine of the Atonement and of the grace of the Spirit in them, they would be much more persuasive and powerful as a whole than they now are; but, even as they are, some of his pictures and appeals are among the most striking and affecting we ever met with. What a description, for example, is that which the sermon on Luke ii. 40 gives of the process by which religious impressions are often got rid of, and of the consequences of the loss of them! 'When God comes to the heart, and His presence is shown by thoughtfulness, seriousness, and distaste to common business, and loneliness, and solitary musings, and a certain tone of melancholy, straightway we set ourselves to expostulate, to rebuke, to cheer, to prescribe amusement and gaieties as the cure....Some of us have seen this tried; and, more fearful still, seen it succeed. And we have

seen the spirit of frivolity and thoughtlessness, which had been banished for a time, come back again with seven spirits of evil more mighty than himself, and the last state of that person worse than the first. And we have watched the still small voice of God in the soul silenced. And we have seen the spirit of the world get its victim back again, and incipient goodness dried up like the morning dew.... And they that loved Him did it—his parents—his teachers. They quenched the smoking flax, and turned out the lamp of God lighted in the soul.' Who can read this, and not feel the tears rush into his eyes? Here is another appeal. 'It is well for a believer to look on. Dare you? Remember, out of Christ it is not wisdom but madness to look on. You must look back, for the longest and best day is either past or passing. It will be winter soon—desolate, uncheered, hopeless winter—old age with its dreariness, and its disappointments, and its querulous broken-heartedness; and there is no second spring for you—no resurrection-morning of blessedness to dawn on the darkness of your grave. God has only one method of salvation—the Cross of Christ. God can have only one; for the Cross of Christ means death to evil, life to good. There is no other way to salvation but that; for that in itself is, and alone is, salvation. Out of Christ, therefore, it is woe to the man who reaches forth to the things that are before.' One more example, though it too belongs to the predominant class of the appeals—the pensive and solemn. '*Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet Him.* That is a sound that will thunder through the most fast-locked slumber, and rouse men whom sermons cannot rouse. But that will not make them holy. Earnestness of *life*, brethren, that is goodness. Wake in death you *must*; for it is an earnest thing to die. Shall it be this, I pray you? Shall it be the voice of death which first says, *Arise*, at the very moment when it says, *Sleep* on for ever? Shall it be the bridal train passing by, and the shutting of the doors, and the discovery that the lamp is gone out?... Let us learn what time is—sliding from you, and not stopping when you stop: learn what sin is: learn what *never* is. *Awake, thou that sleepest!*'

And now we have done, and with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret lay down these remarkable volumes. We cannot consent that their author should be denounced in fierce and rugged language as a teacher of heresy; for there is much, as we have shown, both in the spirit and letter of his writings to set over against the theoretical mistakes which appear in them, and to reduce if not neutralize the practical mischief to which they tend. We can as little consent that he should be

taken as a pattern of Christian Preachers; for with all his devoutness, and earnestness, and fidelity, and interest in the weal and woe of his kind, both for this world and the next, we must stand to our conviction that in several important respects he misconceived the Gospel, and so failed to use it as fully, completely, and divinely as he might have done for the great ends of his ministry. But he is gone from us; and, we doubt not, understands far better now than any of those who may feel themselves bound to criticize him, 'the length, and breadth, and depth, and height' of the truth which on earth he loved to contemplate and teach. Were he here, he would be the first to pray, that none might ever suffer harm from any imperfection or error belonging to his writings. For ourselves it only remains to thank God for the example of his consecrated genius and evangelical virtues, and to do what in us lies to assist in securing to the Church of coming generations the grace of a godly, well-instructed, intelligent, zealous, and mighty pulpit.

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ART. VII.—*Reports of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society for 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860.*

ON February 16th, 1861, the Hon. William Ambrose Morehead, then governor of Madras, laid the foundation stone of the 'Madras Memorial Hall, destined to commemorate the exemption of the Madras presidency from the mutiny of 1857.' One of the speakers on that occasion, in the course of his remarks, stated the use of the building about to be erected. 'The building which is destined to rise on the foundation stone now laid by our esteemed governor, is to be a Memorial Hall, available for religious, educational, benevolent, and other general purposes not inconsistent with Protestant principles and the glory of God, to be surrounded by offices for the Bible, Tract, and South India Christian School Book Societies.' The Bible Society is beyond doubt the most important of those which are to receive accommodation in the new Hall, and the event recorded affords a favourable opportunity for considering the history of the Bible in South India, its translation and distribution, and the results which have been, or are likely to be, obtained.

The Bible Society's house, with its associations, is soon to become a thing of the past. Let us sketch it before it is gone. Popham's Broadway is the principal street of Black Town, Madras. There the Anglo-Saxon proves on a foreign soil his hereditary love of shopkeeping, characterized by a jaunty,

gentlemanly kind of ease which would be deemed much out of place in the Strand, or Ludgate Hill. The Hindoo follows his conquerors' example keenly, quietly, gainfully. In the midst of these places of business there are, or were, till lately, in this street, two large printing establishments, under the control of missionaries; besides an electric telegraph office, the central post-office, a literary institution, two mission chapels, a Hindoo progressive seminary, and the house of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society. Essays have been written on representative men; and if, after the same fashion, some one would spend a little thought upon the representative buildings so oddly thrown together in that dusty Broadway, he would learn much of the past, present, and future of India.

The Bible Society's house has become thoroughly impregnated with the brown dust of the street. It boasts not a gleam of architectural beauty; the talent of its architect has been limited to four walls and a flat roof. A sign board informs the passenger by Tamil characters that it is the 'house of the book of the Vetham.' On entering, long files of bookshelves present themselves, whereon are stored in very modest coverings 'the leaves which are for the healing of the nations.' Beyond, a group of men, squatted on the floor, are engaged in binding or packing copies of the Scriptures. The Vishnarite, with glaring trident crossing the forehead, the Sevaite, with the sacred ashes running in the furrows time has traced, the Roman Catholic with the crucifix and charm about his neck, and the sign of the cross stained upon his brow, all give their hands to the demolition of their own erroneous creeds. The same observation holds good of the presses where the Scriptures are printed; for though Christians are welcome to the toil, they are not sufficiently numerous to supply the required amount of labourers. The Trojans heartily aid in dragging the horse.

*'Scandit fatalis machina muros,  
Fæta armis. Pueri circum innuptæque puellæ  
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.  
Illa subit, mediæque minans illabitur urbi.'*

*Æneid. ii., 238.*

Upstairs, we come upon a large room, around which more bookshelves are ranged; high-caste shelves these, with glass doors, containing English Scriptures handsomely bound, and the better sort of vernacular ones. Here we have the small but valuable reference library of the Society; great lexicons, and first translations in dwarfed volumes with rickety type; means and end appropriately brought together; authorized versions,

around which the fibres of a nation's heart are firmly knit; tentative versions, which have crept from a studious brain, to see if they can bear the light; manuscripts which may be versions, and are at home when called for. On one side of the room, a pair of large doors may be seen generally closed. A year or two ago, when we visited the place, a hum of voices came from behind them. The bolts being removed, and the doors opened, we found ourselves in the midst of a swarm of Hindoo boys learning English. Part of the building occupied by the Society was then rented by the patrons of 'the Hindoo progressive Seminary,' a school set up in avowed opposition to the missionary establishments and the non-caste Government schools. Here Ramasawneys and Gopalsawneys could be taught the rudiments of English by teachers wearing the orthodox marks, learn morals from *Æsop's* fables, enjoy every idolatrous holiday without let or hindrance, and escape the pollution of sitting on the same bench with a pariah. Strange that the Bible Society should have such a neighbour! The house, with its conflicting tenants, was a type of that great dwelling-place of diverse creeds and races, which is walled in by the Himalayas, two great rivers, and the waves of the sea.

In this upper room the committee holds its monthly meetings; and when the subject is one of interest, as, for instance, the preparation of a standard Tamil version, and consequently the room is full, the group presents many features of interest, and suggests many weighty reflections. Quondam servants, civil and military, of the 'loving friends' in Leadenhall Street, and missionaries of all denominations, mingle together. An agent of the Gospel Propagation Society and a Methodist stand pitted against an Evangelical and a Presbyterian in friendly discussion. One argument is vigorously pressed by a Free Church brother with a brogue fresh from the north of the Tweed, and is supported by a native minister speaking unshackled English, with a brogue almost as decided as his colleague. We have before us missionary scholars, men of the study, whose known philological attainments secure universal regard for their opinions. One has carried through the press a good portion of a monster lexicon; another, a patriarch among his brethren, is now busy in a similar undertaking: a third is the author of what is technically called 'the tentative version.' There are practical missionaries, men of the festival, the bazaar, and the market. They have gone in and out among the people, sounded their feelings, acquired their idioms, and are well able to give evidence on the current worth of any version. They hold the chief place in all discussions upon the tactics of Bible distribu-



tion. Others are there, born on the soil, speaking its language from their birth; quiet and valuable, upon whom the work of evangelization draws largely, both for its ministry and literature. We would not have it supposed that the committee is rigidly subdivided into these sections. No missionary is exclusively given up to one branch of toil; nevertheless certain characteristics become prominent, and suggest such a classification as that attempted above. The committee is seldom without a band of noviciates fresh from home, about to be located at Madras, or to itinerate in the provinces. They are all eye and ear, looking with a kind of reverence on the group before them, almost fearing to enter it. Alas, that the eye should miss from their accustomed places the forms of Scudder, Anderson, and Drew!

If we throw back a glance from that committee, through the past one hundred and fifty years, we shall see how many hinderances have been removed from the pathway of the Book. In 1707, Ziegenbalg sent home a rough draught of the four Gospels in Tamil, from the then Danish settlement of Tranquebar. In 1795, Dr. Carey, in the white jacket of an indigo planter, was trying his hand at a Bengali Bible. In 1793, a resolution favourable to missionary operations in India passed the House of Commons, but was never carried into effect. In 1813, a resolution more forcible than the former was carried triumphantly by Mr. Wilberforce, though not without resolute opposition. The Hindoo character was drawn in the brightest colours; the Vellore mutiny was dragged in, and thrust upon the shoulders of the missionary; and the safety of the empire depended, it was said, upon the soil being preserved free from the missionary's foot, and the national mind undisturbed by his doctrines. O shades of mighty orators! A member of council is in the chair of this Bible Committee, and is supported by a secretary of government. An officer high in rank is bringing up a report of a Hindustani version of the missionary's Book, done by himself in the tent, the traveller's rest-house, or in his home at the presidency. Nor do these stand alone. Every mess room has its Bible men, and a collector foremost in every good work and word (of course, not in his official capacity) is no phenomenon.

That committee suggests another reflection: the advance made in mission agencies. When the first Tamil version was commenced, the Tranquebar missionaries stood alone. When Fabricius revised the same translation, a line of stations, stretching eastward from Trichinopoly to the coast, and northward from Negapatam to Madras, comprehended the entire camping-

ground of missions in South India. In 1813, Wilberforce's resolution opened the door of ingress; and amongst the pioneers of the coming force was Rhenius, the author of the third version of the New Testament in Tamil. There are more missionaries now in the committee-room than all South India could at that time boast. Then Tamil was the only mission language; now the up-country colleagues of these committee men speak Telugu on the banks of the Kistna, Canarese in the plateau of the Mysore; Malayalim at the foot of the Western Ghauts, and in tolerable strength keep up the Tamil succession from the then small city of Madras, to the hutting ground of the Shanar beneath his own palmyras in the far South. Subordinate agents are at work around each missionary, and better ones are being trained. Large Bible schools are collected from among those who, fifty years ago, were left in undisturbed enjoyment of ancestral ignorance and superstition. This enlargement of mission agency is telling strongly on the mission of the Bible. It has created an extensive demand, and is prepared to be the channel of supply.

Again: that committee marks the completion of the preliminaries needful for obtaining standard translations of the word of God into the chief languages of South India. For example, the missionaries who there discuss the subject of a new Tamil version have not to begin with the erection of scaffolding,—the compilation of grammars and lexicons. Not the scaffolding only, but a substantial frame-work has been put together; they are required only to finish the work. The difficulties of doing it are many and serious, yet nothing in comparison with those of the commencement; and we may expect that in a short time a great proportion of the people of South India will have received their greatest boon, a uniform version of the word of God.

But enough of the committee. It has a large attendance of sub-committees for various purposes, as colportage, translation, revision. The Auxiliary has several off-shoots. Local Associations are formed at Vizagapatam, on the east coast; at Mangalore, on the west, at Secundurabad; in the Nizam's country, in the north of the Peninsula; at Tanjore, Tinnevely, and Travancore, in the south. These Associations collect subscriptions, and, in some instances, have control over a staff of agents. Missionaries, catechists, and colporteurs, complete the mechanism of the Society.

There is a class of men, not exactly the Society's agents, yet intimately connected with its interests, whose case is peculiar, and merits a reference. We refer to the moonshees engaged with the missionaries in superintending revisions and translations. Take one man as a specimen of the corps. In caste he is a

chetty or merchant, but has devoted himself to learning, and possesses a wide reputation for erudition and intellectual acumen. In religion, he is a Vishnaite, and bears the sign of his sect prominently upon his forehead. A furrowed countenance and a grey lock 'bespeak him past the bounds of freakish youth.' In manners he is courteous, devoid alike of the superciliousness of the Brahmin, and the sycophancy so common amongst Hindoos. He is an adherent of the Vethanta school of philosophy, and has much to do with the Suthur Vetha Sittanta Sabay, a society incorporated for the purpose of diffusing and upholding the principles of the four Vethams. Yet he professes the widest liberality in matters of religion; and, amongst Christians, is a Christian, barring the vident on his brow. We believe this man to be a fair type of the attainments and religious status of his class. Many of them know the Scriptures from back to back, having travelled through them many times, pen in hand. They are acquainted with the leading Christian doctrines, having heard them stated and defended by the ablest missionaries in the field. In the Tinnevely mission there are six of this class who have embraced the Gospel, and broken from their heathen connexion. With these exceptions, we have heard of no case of conversion amongst them. Poor Henry Martyn vexed his righteous soul by friction with a choleric Mohammedan to no good. Judson translated the Scriptures into Burmese, with one of these *savans* by his side, 'a venerable-looking man in his sixtieth year.' His talented wife gives an account of a conversation upon religion with her teacher. We do not read that either of these gentlemen descended into the Rangoon Bethesda. This fact must appear somewhat strange to Christians at home, but the causes of it do not lie far below the surface. Years of training have imbued the minds of these pundits with the faith of a metaphysical polytheism. Their reputation and learning are bound up with this form of belief. Their perusal of the Scriptures is undevotional and critical. In the same spirit they would con over the title deed of a Brahmin village, or a proclamation of government in the vernacular. They take the lamp and sweep the house, but not for the lost treasure of Divine favour. Perhaps the missionaries confine themselves, in discussion with these men, too much to philological subjects, and lay aside the plain statement and appeal with which they would greet a shopman in the bazaar, or a loiterer trolling a religious ballad at the foot of a shady tree. The men want the 'honest and good heart' in which alone the seed takes root. The race is becoming gradually extinct. The gifts which have brought them before

great men, and given them favour in the sight of the people, are losing their price. The influx of a new language and a new wisdom, the currency of the west, has caused a revolution in the scale of intellectual values. The language and learning of the soil are at a discount.

From that centre, in 'Popham's Broadway,' the Book carries its mission over a wide and varied field. Its first dress is Tamil; for we suppose it to travel southward, and in its journey it must often change its attire. The hand that moves in all history has left its mark engraven in the deeds done and the changes wrought upon the Coromandel Coast. Upon its towns, villages, and rivers, are written the letters-patent of the great proprietor, conveying a continent over to the leasehold of a distant land possessed of the Bible. The Book touches at Sadras. Where is now the Dutch power in India? It reaches the Seven Pagodas, the city submerged in the sea. Centuries hence Brahminism may be sought for, and fragments of its mystical polytheism fished up from the past, as men now watch the retiring sea to drag out the fragment of a pillar, or recover an inscription, from the ruins of one of its head and ancient cities. Pondicherry tells its story to the traveller. Ambition and Dupleix lost the prize of Indian sovereignty; commerce and Clive won it. Had Pondicherry become Calcutta, and all Dupleix's schemes been fulfilled, where now would have been the Book and its mission in India? A few miles from the French settlement, and the Book passes by the way of the sea: on the one hand, the dashing, rolling surf; on the other hand, vast sand-hills, shaded by topes of palmyra trees. On that strip of land was fought one of India's decisive battles. Twenty years before the Bible Society was thought of, Coote and Hyder Ali put its interests to the point of the bayonet. Hyder was routed. The Book travels on to the small Danish settlement of Tranquebar, where Ziegenbalg learned Tamil from his servants, and printed the first leaves of the tree of life in that language. It passes the holy Cavery, so holy that a sinner of deepest dye need but cry, 'Râma, Râma,' wash, and be clean. Its waters will lose their sanctity, and the Jordan of South India be counted with Abana and Pharpar, the Mersey and the Thames. At Ramiseram, a long line of pilgrims seek the spot where Rama, in search of his lost wife Seta, confined Seva to a stone, and bathed in the sea. A grain of happy heresy falls among them: 'Neither in this place nor yet in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father: but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.' Turning Cape Comorin, it enters the only country where the

Mohammedans never ruled. In Travancore, Hindooism holds its own. Passing northward into Malabar, the Book clothes itself in Malayalim. What a work for it there in the homes of Nairs and Tiers: in the hearts of the bigoted Moplahs, to turn a furnace flame of zeal for the prophet of Mecca into fervent affection for Jesus of Nazareth: amongst the Syrian Christians, inheritors of an honourable name, to erase the 'Ichabod' of their later history, and bring back the glory of their primitive Christianity. A few miles more are passed, another garb assumed, the Canarese; and, attired in this, the Book ascends the Western Ghauts, and enters the plateau of the Mysore. It passes the city where Tippoo, the tiger of Mysore, was found buried amongst the slain. The hand that there lay stiff in death, was the last raised to propagate the Koran by the sword. 'Buckler, nor sword, nor shield' forms part of the equipment of the Book; yet by its might the Koran will as assuredly be dethroned and ejected as was that propagandist by the bayonets of the Company's forces. Turning due north, it penetrates in Hindustani costume the dominions of the Nizam, the last large fragment of the once formidable empire of the Mogul. There to this day the Mussulman feels a pride and hatred to the Giaour, which he dares not vent save by a supercilious curl of his moustache, or an insulting spit upon the ground. Touching at Nagpore, and Gangam, where a Babel of tongues have currency, the Book again reaches the Coromandel Coast. There it turns southward, and, clothed in Telugu, its last and most pleasing dress, reaches once more its home in Popham's Broadway.

The ground thus rapidly passed over in company with the Book encloses an area of 335,315 square miles, with a population of 42,958,506; that is, about fifteen millions greater than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, seven millions greater than that of France, six millions greater than that of the Austrian empire. So vast is the multitude to which the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society proposes to break the 'bread of life.'

The following table may be taken as an approximate statement of the divisions of the population by their respective languages.\*

Telugu .....	14,000,000
Tamil .....	11,327,228
Canarese .....	12,506,338
Malayalim.....	2,584,096
Miscellaneous .....	2,540,844
	<hr/>
	42,958,506

\* See *Report of Ootacamund Conference*, Appendix, Table III.

So much for the field in its geographical extent. The view of it thus far is surely impressive, were its people of one race, speaking one language, uniform in customs and in creed. But it is not so; we have already seen something of the diversity of race and language. Let us now take the religions of South India, the natural enemies of the light 'that has visited those who sit in darkness.'

The Book must confront *Hindooism*. The Hindooism of the soil, and that of English opinion and imagination, are widely different. To most Englishmen, Hindooism is unique, and uniformly received over the country. Gross in a polytheism which we abhor, refined by a philosophy which we respect and almost dread, its adherents are deemed sincere, sensitive, and bigoted. Hindooism on the spot is fragmentary and diversified, received in different aspects by different sections of the population. The creed of one extreme is Vedantic philosophy; of the other, demonolatry; of the centre, mythology. The belief of the great mass of the people is mythological: their Scriptures are the Purāṇas, the Ramayanam, and the Mahabharatham, and other sacred poems; theirs are the three hundred and thirty millions of gods; by them the vast apparatus of heathen worship is supported, and over them the sacerdotal class still exercise an almost despotic control. The creed of the left extreme, or lower classes, is demonolatry. To them powers of evil rest in the air, rustle in the trees, revel in the forest, smite with pestilence, blast with drought, scourge with famine. These 'evil gods,' as they are called, are to be propitiated by the sacrifice of animal life, by worship, by gifts and orgies. The creed of the right extreme is contained in the system of the Vedanta philosophy; for in South India this system has absorbed or ejected all others. It does not belong to us here to go into the details of the creed; suffice it to say, that it is the stronghold of Pantheism. The Supreme Lord 'is the internal spirit of everything that is; He, by an impure delusion in names and forms, makes Himself, the one God, multiform.\*' 'God, apart from the world, or, in scriptural language, above the world, is taught by the Vedanta to be void of any property and contents whatever, a mere incomprehensible point. For, everything endowed with properties is not God in Himself, but only His manifestations in the world.' 'For the purpose of getting a world out of the absolutely empty Parabrahma, the Vedantists consider Māya to be the intermediate cause. This Māya, according to their older and original teaching, is the illusion of Brahma concerning himself;

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\* *Religious Aspects of Hindoo Philosophy*, p. 123.



but, according to their later explanation, it is the illusion of our human senses, by which he mistakes a purely imaginative world for a real one.' 'Therefore the wise man, by the power of his contemplation, must penetrate through all these worldly disguises until his knowledge reaches that perfection where all reasoning and thinking ceases altogether, as looking immoveably into the sun will end in perfect blindness.\* With these views are united the doctrines of transmigration and fatalism, common to all Hindoo sects. It may well be conceived, and such is the fact, that Vedantism as a creed, that is, a well-defined system of belief, is confined to the more educated classes of Hindoo society. Sages capable of defining and defending it may be found by twos and threes, last residents in colleges and halls of ancient Hindoo learning, or in the quiet streets of some large temple court. There can be no doubt that its adherents have been multiplied by the indirect influence of European education. Though, as a system, Vedantism may be thus limited to the upper and educated class, fragments of it have found their way into almost every rank, and terse sentences, embodying its Pantheism, often drop from the lips of the humblest members of a missionary's audience.

It requires no great amount of discrimination to speak of the state of religious feeling amongst the Hindoo people. Every form of belief is held with remarkable indifference. There is a separation, not to say a divorce, between faith and feeling. It would be too much to expect much religious animation from the followers of Vedantism, the frigid zone of Hindooism. Its perfection is the extinction of emotion. The sympathies and desires of the mass of the people are confined to the questions, 'What shall we eat? what shall we drink? wherewithal shall we be clothed?' Faith, fear, and fervour, and those of the lowest type, are restricted to the meanest and most ignorant of the population.

Having, perhaps, wearied the reader's attention by this dissertation on Hindoo creeds, we may refresh it by an illustration of the views we have advanced, drawn from what our eyes witnessed at a great festival in the temple of Seringam, the most celebrated shrine in South India, and have witnessed since in many places and in many forms. For some time before the day upon which the god was to travel round his domain in the car 'beautiful,' the country people crowded to the temple along all the roads. The pilgrims of various villages, having collected in groups, march on their holy journey, headed by a few persons

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\* Ootacamund Report, p. 217.

of age and influence. A bullock, gaily adorned, begins the procession, bestridden by two rude kettledrums; then follow the men bearing on their heads fruits and rice for food, and plantain leaves for crockery. Women bring up the rear, carrying the cooking utensils, a pile of smoke-black pots. In numerous instances an infant slung at the back, or suspended in a sheet tied to a bamboo, with two bearers, is added to the burden. The kettledrums are furiously beaten at short intervals, the elders raise the cry 'Goonidhu,' the crowd take it up in irregular chorus, and make the streets echo with the name of their god, 'Goonidhu, Goonidhu!' Amongst the groups are distributed certain curiosities of the human species, who, once on the sacred spot, display their feats of devotion. One twists his limbs and countenance into a shape more hideous than ever grinned from the cornice of a mediæval church, or writhed in the wall-pictures of a Spanish torture dungeon. Another, without a sign of trepidation, allows his head to be dabbed up with moist sand, and remains motionless as a mummy for a time sufficiently long to tire the patience and stir the charity of the spectators. A third, with cramped arms, and compressed lips, rolls lengthwise down the long street in which the car stands, professedly without respiring, much as a child would roll a pillow on the floor, his village companions vociferating the while, 'Goonidhu, Goonidhu!' Both actors and admirers in these pious antics were from the villages,—pagans, both in the classic and Christian sense of that word, 'votaries of old and decaying superstitions.' There was reverence,—no, that name is too pure,—there was a gleam of awe about them, as they trod the courts of the temple, and gazed in upon the dark shrines and paltry images of their gods. The vast crowd surrounding the car, and waiting to bend their shoulders to the cable and drag along the moving pyramid, was composed of labourers just returned from reaping down the harvest. The contrast between these 'pagans' and the few better-educated and better-fed townspeople who were present, was most marked. The latter looked upon the former with as much scorn as ever Brahmin vented upon a Christian, and sought to explain their rude appearance and noisy devotion by calling them 'jungle people and barbarians.' Comparatively few were there to see the car drawn, and they stood at a respectful distance, in much the same relative position to the country people as the respectable passers by in a street in England, standing awhile to see a showman's elephant pass, to the commonalty who have followed the animal through the whole line of march. But at noon, when the temple courts presented the appearance of an English fair, when devo-

tion was succeeded by display ; and in the evening, when the confectioner, the bangle-maker, the gambler, and the juggler were plying a busy trade in the golden sunset, or by the light of glaring torches, the whole mass of town population turned out to relish the gay conclusion of a religious festival. To complete our sketch, in a retired street we light upon a group of a dozen or so of grave men, seated on the *pial* of a respectable native house. Careless of the noisy display and devotion going on around them, they listen to one of their number chanting and explaining a *sastiram* from an old book. They are the type of the highest estate of Hindooism,—its philosophers.

Now, it may be asked, how is the Book to make its way against this threefold enemy? We answer, By its 'words of truth and soberness' it will vanquish the philosophy of India, as it did the philosophers of Greece and Rome ; by seeking for itself and its opponents a severe historical criticism, and by the revelation of the one true Incarnation and the blessed results accruing from it, it will drive away the idols to the moles and to the bats, with its old foes of the Pantheon and the Acropolis ; by the doctrines of the fatherhood and providence of God, of the one sacrifice of Christ, and of the forgiveness of sins, it will give to the groping mind of the superstitious, 'the peace of God that passeth all understanding.' But for the removal of wide-spread indifference we want more than the impartation of religious knowledge. We need power. The dry bones of the valley can never be vivified, except by a wind from the Lord. Whilst British Christians send us Bibles to communicate evangelical knowledge, let them not remit their prayers for the Spirit of evangelical power.

Amongst the class of rustic idolaters to which we have referred, the Roman Catholic Missions have made numerous converts, and the Shanar Christians of Tinnevely may be put in the same category. It must be remembered that, in villages where none can read, except, perhaps, the accountant, a Brahmin or two, and the temple dancing-girl, the missionary and the schoolmaster must precede the Bible.

By the side of Hindooism we have Mohammedanism. No man is more afraid of the light than the follower of the crescent. He furnishes a marked contrast with the Hindoo. Hindoo youths are found by thousands in mission-schools, Mohammedans by tens. Hindoos will listen to the missionary with courtesy, and reply with decency ; the Mohammedan will either walk off in a fume of undisguised contempt, or break in upon the discourse, and interlard his arguments with terms of insolence. A Hindoo will take our books, and read them,—in some instances give a

trifle for them ; a Mohammedan shakes his head, and puts away the portion from him, exclaiming, ' Not current here ! ' However, the Book is gradually approaching them, and can as calmly wait till a breach is made, where that is needed, as make a direct onslaught where that is advisable.

We pass by with merely a reference, the remnants which Buddhism has left behind in its southward journey,—the fire-worship of the banished followers of Zoroaster, and the gross superstition of the tribes who live along the mountain crests, in all likelihood possessors of the soil before the Hindoos immigrated from the north. The Book is the regenerator of a lapsed Christianity. If ever the Nestorian and Syrian Christians of the western coast recover the simplicity of that faith for which their fathers suffered, it must be by the pure Word of God ; and it is a pleasing fact that the members of those interesting sects, both priests and people, are earnest in their inquiry for the Bible. Moreover, the work of the Reformation has to be done over again in South India. The pseudo-Christianity which incorporated during centuries the heathenism of Rome with her own system, did something similar at once in this country. Papists may be counted by tens of thousands ; and amongst them a large majority know no more of Christ and the Gospel history than is contained in their creeds, whilst their own priests confess that in ignorance and immorality they are on a level with the heathen. The Monk of Erfurt, though dead, still works in his own chosen sphere. The Word of God, which he unbound in Germany to the peril of the Papacy, is the engine by which the oriental form of it shall be overthrown.

The Bible is a great *social* worker. Without agitation, without the sound of hammer or chisel, the work of overthrow and restoration proceeds. The influence which Christianity has everywhere exerted upon the social position of woman will gradually obtain here, where hitherto she has served as a slave or reigned as a vixen. The partitions of social life, for which India has had so wide a reputation,—the puzzle of philosophers, and the chief impediment of all improvement, indigenous or exotic—are already modified by the influence of the Bible, working through Christian schools, Christian books, and the pressure of Christian opinion. The Brahmin will cease to have his separate village, his plot of holy ground. The outcast, raised in character and attainments, will refuse to dwell beyond the walls of his town or village, will ask a share for his house and influence amongst the body of the people, and, if refused, will take it. We dare scarcely speak of the change to be effected in social morals. Their present state is so low, the standard

proposed by the Scriptures so high, that did we venture to speak of the consummation of such a change as an event likely to be realized, we might be deemed visionary. A believer in the Book, however, will be able by its past history to trace the process and anticipate the result.

Take, then, South India in its geographical extent, its ethnological varieties, its diversified errors, and its social features, and it will be apparent that seldom or never has such a field been presented for the work and victory of the word of God.

Probably, whilst reading of the conflict of the Book with the various errors of India, our readers may quietly suffer themselves to slip into the pleasing delusion, that upon this field the Book can enter at once. Few think of the preparatory labour of *translation*.

In 1707, Ziegenbalg sent home a rough draught of the four Gospels done into the Malabar tongue, (as Tamil was then generally called,) written in his own hand; and Schultz completed the entire version in 1727. Yet, in 1861, we are still in search of a uniform version. In 1772, Fabricius brought out the New Testament, a revision of the old Tranquebar edition; and, soon after, the Old Testament. This Bible is still in use among the majority of Christians in the south, who are descendants of the first converts of the German missionaries. This revision is true to the original, but often unidiomatic in expression. On the 4th of July, 1814, the Rev. C. T. E. Rhenius landed at Madras; and in the following year, the Calcutta Bible Society having resolved upon a revision of the old Tranquebar Bible, we find him commencing that work,—a somewhat venturesome task for a man not twelve months from home. The work, however, was not rashly done; for the revision of the New Testament was not committed to the press until twelve years after: and when he died, after twenty-four years' residence in the country, the Old Testament was still unfinished. As the work grew beneath his hand, he appears to have ceased thinking of a mere revision, and made what should have been such, a new translation. It is characterized by a widely paraphrastic mode of rendering. From 1836 or 1837, the Old Testament of Fabricius and the New Testament of Rhenius have constituted the Tamil Bible. It will thus be seen that the desired result has not been reached; we have not obtained a version worthy of being deemed standard. The Jaffna Bible Society originated a tentative version, afterwards printed by the Madras Auxiliary Society: this, again, failed of general approval. The Tanjore missionaries completed a valuable version of St. Matthew's Gospel. Thus have

we reached the present year, the hundred and fifty-fourth from the rough draught of Ziegenbalg; and all these years have been spent in preparation. Now at length we stand upon the threshold of success; a united version is within the range of probability. Tedious work is required from the brain, the pen, and the press, for the production of a version of approved merit. The following is the plan pursued in the present instance.

The Bible Society has a sub-committee of revision, with the Rev. H. Bower as principal revisor, and representatives of the various missionary bodies as colleagues. The Gospel of St. Luke now lies before us, having been preceded by St. Matthew and St. Mark. Whilst we have been preaching in the streets and teaching in schools, every man after his own order, our revisor has been at work with versions and lexicons: and here is the result. The Gospel is printed on large quarto paper, in beautiful type, three columns on a page. The first contains the proposed text of the new version, the second the readings of different versions upon important phrases, as the Fabricius, Rhenius, Tentative, and the Pondicherry version of the Roman Catholics, interspersed occasionally with references to the original. The third column is vacant. The same post which brought a copy to us, carried one to the delegates and to each of the missionaries engaged in the practical work of using and distributing the Scriptures. All who are so minded, read, criticise, and dot down their suggestions in the vacant column. Copy after copy finds its way back to the revisor's table. More work for him and his co-revisors; nice discussions upon technical terms; thoughtful references to the *textus receptus*, and to standard exegetical authors; delicate balancing of proposed renderings:—thus step by step the version creeps to its *finis*. In the present instance, the principal revisor has now been at work three years; yet, so far from the work being complete, he finds himself at a stage unexpectedly distant, from which he must make a new start, and undertake the labour of constructing a *new text*. The present is the most promising attempt that has ever been made towards procuring a united version of the Bible for the Tamil people; and it is grievous to find that the Jaffna missionaries have ignored the work from its commencement. The translation must be ultimately referred to the parent Society in London; and although it would be too much to expect that they should for ever pledge themselves to this one version, yet prudence and economy seem to point to the propriety of their throwing their influence into the support of one secured by such pains and advantages.

Such labour is there in fixing the utterance of the word of



God for the ears of the eleven million speakers of Tamil. Other translations are proceeding by stages. 'During the past year the printing of the Tentative edition of the Old Testament in Canarese has been brought to a conclusion; so that, for the first time in the history of the Canarese Missions, we have a complete Bible in one (quarto) volume. This is regarded as a great boon by the members of the native Church, who have hitherto never been able to obtain the entire Bible within a less compass than four bulky volumes octavo.'\* After many years' delay and some disagreement, a revision of the Telugu New Testament, generally acceptable, has been completed, and is now ready for distribution among the 14,000,000 who speak that tongue. A Hindustani version, suitable for the Mussulmans of the Deccan, is a more difficult matter; the gentlemen who have given their efforts to the work, finding it difficult to agree upon the style to be adopted.

The history briefly given above of a version into one language, reveals the qualifications required in a translator of the Bible. He should be a man of accurate acquaintance with the original languages of the sacred volume; thoroughly versed in the vernacular, both spoken and written; of a vigorous frame of body, promising years of study in a trying climate. Experience has shown that such men are not to be found. We have had men of considerable proficiency in Hebrew and Greek, but their Tamil has been in some respect defective. We have had others of high Tamil attainments, but their slight knowledge of the original languages of the Scriptures has led them into loose translation. We have had a few men of mark, possessed of both requisites; but continued labour has demanded their return to their own country, or laid them in a lamented grave. The collected efforts of several generations have done what it would be folly to expect of any single life. In this light, delay in the issue of a uniform and standard version of the word of God, though reckoned by jubilees of years, appears a sad necessity. The most eminent of educational missionaries has drawn from these facts the conclusion that all this time has been lost, and the money expended on these efforts wasted; that both time and money would have been better employed in sending every where the speaking herald of the Cross, and preparing the natives by a thorough and scholarly education to be translators of the Bible.† We cannot but think that prejudice in favour of his own sphere of effort had a little to do with an argument so plainly erroneous. Surely it may be asked, in the onset, what could the living herald do without the printed book?

\* Report, 1860, p. 46.

† Dr. Duff, *India and India Missions*, pp. 410. 511

Could he speak of the revelation of God, and not have numerous cries for 'The book, the book?' Should his work be crowned with success, his converts would reasonably demand the knowledge of that book which, they were taught, had been specially sent of God for the benefit of men. Again: these messengers in bygone days were few, and their visits far between. They would indeed have been poor sowers of the seed, had they not left it upon the ground which they had endeavoured to break up. Had we waited for this translation agency of converted and erudite natives, we should now be in a position worse than even our present one,—without a Bible at all, or with a bungling attempt at one. Should we from this day follow the proposed plan, and turn our efforts to the manufacture of proficient in Hebrew, Greek, and Tamil, we might find our paragon translator after the lapse of a century or so, but possibly not then. On review of the whole case, the version appears to have grown according to the natural order of events, and the delay to have been consequently unavoidable. It has been brought down to the point where vernacular knowledge is chiefly required for its completion, and that knowledge is now being exercised upon it. We trust that for some centuries to come, the Tamil people will have a version which they can love and revere. Then perhaps it may be allowed to them to move for a revision; and a happy event will it be, if the committee entrusted with the work should contain but a few European members, the last of a long line of foreign evangelists, and if the remaining members should be sons of the soil, learned in all the wisdom of the ancients.

In the *distribution* of the Scriptures the missionary was until lately the chief agent. The old German missionaries were men of zealous heart and free hand. Scripture portions and tracts were the issue of their own press. Probably no men since their day have had so much irresponsible charity in their hands. Hence in the Tanjore province their names are cherished as mementos of unrestrained liberality. Traditions are still in circulation of their *modus operandi*. The venerable pathin set forth with horse or palanqueen, or both, with a retinue of moonshees, writers, and other attachés, and a small escort of peons. He had in charge a goodly supply of books and cash: applicants for both were many. He went out full, and returned empty.\* Free distribution of the word of God was then a necessity. Christianity was a novelty. People were not disposed to receive an article of whose value they had no idea, save as a gift. There was no chance of excess; for the translator was still

\* *A Memoir of the First Centenary of the Earliest Protestant Mission at Madras*, chap. ix. p. 27.

creeping over his work; the press was slow of operation, paper and machinery very expensive. Hence Dr. Buchanan found in 1806 that converts were more numerous than Scriptures. 'There are upwards of ten thousand Protestant Christians belonging to the Tinnevely and Tanjore districts alone, who have not among them one complete copy of the Bible; and not one Christian, perhaps, in a hundred has a New Testament.' The establishment of the Madras Bible Society in 1820, and its subsequent labours in translating and printing the Bible have given great impetus to its distribution.

From 1820 to 1830, there were distributed 94,546 portions.

„ 1830 to 1840,	„	„	270,410	„
„ 1843 to 1852,	„	„	385,662	„
„ 1853 to 1860, (eight years,)	„	„	473,374	„

In 1855, a proposition emanated from the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., that a movement should be inaugurated on behalf of India, similar to that which had given a million Testaments to China. The parent committee, before taking any decisive measures, forwarded the proposition for the consideration of the Indian auxiliaries. The following extract from the Report of 1855, will show the reasons why this proposition was modified into a suggestion that Bible colportage should be systematically introduced into the presidency:—

'It is natural that, in a land of heathen darkness, there should be various obstacles in the way of diffusing the light of truth, by means of the circulation of the word of God. Inability on the part of the natives of this country to set a value on the Holy Scriptures, is the most common but the least powerful hinderance to their dissemination. The one that is, perhaps, the most discouraging of all, is, that we have reason to fear that the total absence of any feeling of reverence for the Bible often leads to its being wilfully destroyed, or to its being made an article of trade for the sake of the paper. The greatest difficulty, however, which we have to encounter,—and it is one that possesses gigantic proportions,—lies in the ignorance of the people. Nineteenths of them have never received even the first elements of education; and, being unable to read, cannot make use of the Scriptures, if offered them.....These circumstances are disheartening; but, nevertheless, there is abundance of scope for our operations amongst the educated part of the population, and the committee are persuaded that a well-organized system of colportage, directed by an experienced and zealous superintendent, would be attended with great results, in spreading the knowledge—and in some instances, it may be hoped, a *saving* knowledge—of the truth.' \*

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\* Report, 1855, p. 43.

A superintendent of colporteurs has been selected and stationed at Trichinopoly, a large and populous town in the centre of the Tamil country. We learn, from the Report, that he has under his supervision seventeen colporteurs, stationed at different points through the extent of the Madras presidency. The colporteurs are men of a good working stamp; the qualifications required of them are, piety, a common knowledge of the vernacular tongue, and ability to meet the ordinary objections against Christianity. They are not expected to do the work either of catechists or of Scripture readers; their public speaking is limited to personal conversation, or, at the most, to friendly discussions with those who may gather round them in the execution of their work. That work is to visit the towns or villages where they may be located, house by house; to offer to each individual some portion of the word of God; and obtain, if possible, a small price for it. The sale of the Scripture portions is the new feature of distribution. This regulation commends itself to our acceptance, chiefly by the following consideration. The classes who can read can pay the price demanded for the books; generally not more than a few cash, a little more than the bazaar value of the paper. A man must have little curiosity or sincerity in asking for a portion who refuses to pay that price. His refusal to pay is ground enough for the colporteur's refusal to give. The plan has stood well the test of experiment. In 1858, the total number of portions distributed by the colporteurs was 13,263, of which 8,194 were sold, bringing in the sum of two hundred and eleven rupees. We do not see any statement on this point in the Report for 1860. It may be said safely of nearly every portion sold, that it will have, at least, an attentive perusal.

The colporteur, in his round of duty, meets with many objections; though few are weighty, and many ridiculous in our eyes, though influential amongst the people. Some are stereotyped editions of standard objections. 'Your Vetham for you; our Vetham for us.' 'God has graciously appointed many ways to heaven to suit all kinds of persons. Gold is the same, but many different jewels are made of it.' 'All you say is very good, but it does not suit us. This is the religion of the white men, and is well suited to them.' Loss of caste is declared frequently to be the great barrier to conversion. Here is a novel account of European hatred to that form of social tyranny:—'What thought and pains the English are at to destroy all our castes. At first the Mussulmans corrupted them on their arrival at Madras, by causing them to eat food cooked by the hands of pariahs. They are vexed at this; and, bearing it in mind, they

are doing all they can to bring all into one caste. But, whatever they do, they will never succeed in getting all to renounce caste, and come into the way of their Jesus. What do those get by it who join them? Let us wait, and see what becomes of such caste-breakers.' Some objections are of recent coinage:— 'Government will not allow these books to be taught in their schools, because they contain lies. Why should I buy them?' The following bears date about the time of the decease of the East India Company and the introduction of the new régime: 'What is the use of your going about with these books? None of you can now act according to their teaching. Government will not permit you. You have endeavoured to propagate your faith by establishing schools; now all will be in vain.' We shall close our references on this subject by quoting an extract from last year's Report.

'It appears that a catechist in the employ of the London Missionary Society at Nagercoil was presented with a few English books by some European friend of his several years previously; but finding after a time that they were of no service to him, as he could not read the English language, he sold them, and determined that as the books were originally presented to him, he would devote the money to the purchase of Scripture portions and other religious publications for gratuitous dissemination among his unconverted brethren. In prosecution of this plan he, in company with our colporteur, visited a large village named "Kotaroo" in January last, on the occasion of a great heathen festival held there. About ninety Scripture portions were distributed at the festival, most of which were paid for by the catechist. Of these, one (Luke's Gospel) was given to a rich Brahmin who was passing by with a goodly retinue of servants; but he rather contemptuously handed it to his umbrella-holder, a mere lad, who retained possession of it, and took it to his village a few miles off. Whether he ever read it or not, does not appear, but after a few days he sold it to a bazaar-man for snuff. The latter being fond of reading readily purchased the book, intending, as he acknowledged, to destroy it after reading, as he had done other portions of the Scriptures which fell in his way. On his first reading, he appears to have been struck with the account of the sufferings and death of so holy a character as that of Christ Jesus. He knew before this, in a general way, that he and all men were sinners; that is, that he did not always speak the truth, nor act honestly towards his fellow-men, &c.; but it is doubtful if he ever felt before this, that the sins he had committed were against God. He read the Gospel narrative again and again, and conviction gradually dawned on his mind of guilt against God, and of condemnation by His righteous laws. He now began to feel deeply anxious about the salvation of his soul; and the little book, which only a few days before he thought of destroying, became his constant companion and guide. Of the necessity of a sacrifice for sin he could

understand something; but that Christ, who was so holy and pure, and who taught as no man could ever teach, that He should be the sacrifice, startled him, and the language of his heart was, "Can it be that *Christ* has suffered so greatly for *me* a sinner?" He could not rest with this important question unsolved, and accordingly he determined to seek counsel of a mission schoolmaster stationed at his village. Here he had the scheme of salvation opened up to him, but still he could not believe; and while yet in a state of anxiety and doubt, he was taken to a catechist, who dealt faithfully by him, and pointed again and again to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." After much prayer and reading of the Scriptures together, he was at length enabled to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, and to feel that peace and joy of heart which the world can neither give nor take away. His first act, after being "clothed and in his right mind," seems to have been a renunciation of caste. He was led to this, as he told me, not from any suggestion made to him, but solely from the scriptural statement as to the common origin of man. Since then he has been going on steadily in the ways of Christianity; and, according to the latest accounts, he has been baptized and received into fellowship with the church of Nagercoil. His wife has also come over, and is now under instruction, but she does not yet seem to have undergone any change of heart.

It is impossible to describe the influence of a book by figures: we cannot therefore give numerical expression to the result of so much Bible distribution in South India. We must content ourselves with pointing out the channels in which these results are being obtained.

In 1859, there were in South India and Ceylon 1027 mission agents, as European and assistant missionaries, catechists, &c. These all teach, preach, and distribute the Scriptures. In their wide and diffusive travels, they leave behind the most important portions of the word of God; the life of Christ, holy, impressive, attractive, Divine; the history of His passion and death, and of the bright examples of the early Church; the most sublime interpretations of God's moral government; the most homely discourses on moral duty:—and these too not in set creeds or scholastic syllogisms, confining the books to a few *sastins* chanting Sanscrit 'Slogams' in temples and colleges, but in language adapted to the home, for husband, wife, and child. So many are the sowers; such the seed: surely in due time 'we shall reap, if we faint not.'

There were 106,190 Christians and persons under Christian instruction. Here the influence of the word, so freely supplied by the Society, is rapidly and truly working great results, in elevating Christian character among the natives, in forming habits of family devotion, in contributing to power in the



closet, consistency of example, and conversation more intelligently Christian, than aforesaid.

The translation and distribution of the Bible stand intimately connected with the growth of a vernacular literature continually increasing in value and extent.

There are more than 50,000 children receiving their education in mission schools, and in that education the Bible is the chief instrument. It is thus going far to form the inner life of the rising generations of Hindoos; and as that life develops, the decayed externalism of their ancestral creed will fade away.

Sum up the preceding details,—the large mission agency, the growth of a Christian body in the midst of the heathen, the issue of Christian books, the numbers under Christian instruction,—and we reach another result, the wide diffusion of the thoughts, statements, and facts of the Scriptures amongst the people.

One word more. We could wish the Bible had a greater share than at present in the moral education of the young, through its introduction into the schools supported by the treasury of her Majesty's Indian Government. Yet we honestly confess, that on the theory of direct government education, we do not see how our wish can be realized. We need not go at length into this vexed question; but shall content ourselves by giving briefly the reasons for the conclusion we have just now stated.

Opinion has generally been divided into two extremes. On the one side it is said, that the introduction of the Bible as a class-book into the government schools would be a breach of strict religious neutrality, by favouring one religion more than another; that it is unfair to take the tax-payer's money to teach a religion in which he does not believe; that it is impracticable and unadvisable to have the Bible taught by masters, the majority of whom are opposed to its teachings, or neglectful of them.

On the other side, it has been replied that a Christian government should know nothing of such a neutrality as the one proposed; that the Hindoos have no insuperable objection to Christian teaching; that to the mind of the Hindoo no such neutrality exists, as he cannot form the conception of an irreligious government; that he consequently looks upon the so-called neutral government as favourable to Hindooism, and the government schools as opponents of the missionary establishments. In accordance with these views it has been proposed that the Bible should at least be admitted as a voluntary study into the school curriculum.

To this there are two very strong objections: that the Bible

being taught by government teachers, on government premises, at government expense, under government patronage, its study would really be compulsory, thereby committing the government to an act of partiality; and secondly, that there are no teachers to whom the Bible could be intrusted.

To our administrators the arguments for a purely secular education have appeared the strongest; and consequently they are placed in the awkward position of being regarded (and in some respects really being so) as traitors to Christianity, abettors of Hindooism. The most important part of education, the developing of the sentiments of religion and morality, is neglected.

The Christian public have justly and indignantly remonstrated against the fact of Christian statesmen occupying such a position. During the past year the director of public instruction for the Madras presidency has made a wretched attempt at a compromise by allowing the Bible to be placed for reference or optional study amongst the other class-books. This is a mere shuffle, not a solution of the difficulty.

Where, then, is the solution? We believe there is only one. Dr. Carey saw that solution long before government elaborated its false system; the fact is referred to by Sir Charles Trevelyan in one of his letters to the *Times*, under the signature of 'Indophilus.' 'On the single occasion where I had the happiness of seeing that holy and humble man, Dr. Carey, he expressed a decided opinion *against the Government taking any part in native education*; and as he was in a state of great bodily weakness, (it was shortly before his death,) the emphatic earnestness of his manner made a deep impression on me. He had no doubt deeply reflected upon the impossibility of government giving Christian education, and upon the objections to its giving education without religion.' This then is the solution. Let government cease its direct connexion with the education of the people, and confine itself to its legitimate sphere,—the assistance of all who give a secular education sufficient to meet the approval of government inspectors. *The Friend of India*, in a recent article, speaking of the tactics to be pursued by the religious section of the British public, says, 'Agitate till they convince the home authorities that the Indian government will get out of the religious difficulty only by ceasing its connexion with special schools and colleges altogether; that it has no call to become a schoolmaster, as it now is; but should devote the thousands it wastes on incompetent directors of public instruction, and professors who compile class-books containing the filth of the French school of English writers, to Grants-in-Aid,

which will assist all who give a good secular education.' With a little trouble, it might be shown, that motives of economy, as well as good principle, recommended the step referred to. Let the Christian people of England take this advice, and be at the same time prepared so to extend their schemes both of vernacular and English education, that government shall have no reason to complain, or the people to suffer. Let the solution of this long-standing grievance by this step be secured, and the Bible would be rid of its greatest obstacle, and have the mind of young India almost entirely under its own influence.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Life and Letters of JOHN ANGELL JAMES; including an Unfinished Autobiography.* Edited by R. W. DALE, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. Second Edition. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.
2. *The Autobiography of the REV. WILLIAM JAY; with Reminiscences of some distinguished Contemporaries, Selections from his Correspondence, &c.* London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

THE autobiographies of these two distinguished men differ considerably. Neither of them can be said to have been completed; but Mr. Jay's was more leisurely written than Mr. James's. It includes also what the latter is deficient in, notices of remarkable persons with whom the writer had been more or less acquainted, some of which are very interesting and valuable. Mr. Jay began his record at the instance of his children, and put it into the shape of letters to them. As nearly as can be ascertained, this was in 1843; after he had completed his seventy-fourth year. When he had finished the first letter, Mr. James paid him a visit, and, learning what he had in hand, greatly encouraged the attempt. Mindful perhaps of this conversation, and solicited by many friends, Mr. James undertook the same labour at about the same period of life, but appears to have had many misgivings as to his success, and to have soon abandoned the task. Mr. Dale supplies the following introduction to the work:—

'The Autobiographical Fragment found among the papers of the late John Angell James was commenced in the autumn of 1858, and laid aside before the end of the year.

'Let the reader imagine himself in a square room of moderate dimensions, comfortably furnished, but without ostentation, a blazing

fire on the hearth, the dark heavy curtains drawn, and candles lit for an evening's work. The wall on your left is covered with engravings of well-known ministers: you will recognise at once the majestic form and the ardent gaze of Dr. M'All, the most brilliant of modern preachers; the quaint, kindly countenance of William Jay; the rugged face of Chalmers; and the robust form and ample brow of Robert Hall, who, in genius and scholarship, vigour of judgment and splendour of imagination, surpassed them all. Facing you are two large oil-paintings, one on each side of the fire-place; that on the right is an early portrait of Mr. James, the other, of his second wife, who has been dead now for seventeen years. Two or three other faces which are dear to the old man writing at the table, look down upon him from above the mantelpiece; and on a bracket fastened to the opposite wall stands the bust of his tutor, Dr. Bogue.

'There is a couch on one side of the fire, and on it there lies one whose sufferings, protracted through many weary years, have had much to do with her father's sanctity. Now and then, as he looks up from his writing to speak a kind word to his child, you see in his countenance a massive strength and a winning gentleness, the simplicity of childhood blended with manly shrewdness and nobility. The mouth was made for eloquence; the broad and ample chest below is what you like to see in a popular orator. His eyes are of the light blue so uncommon now in England, and brighten as he speaks till they shed a positive illumination over his face. But the light passes away, and he turns again to the page before him, writing swiftly and yet surely, hardly ever pausing for a word or turning back to cancel or correct. He writes like one who has written much, and who has small anxiety about the refinements of literary art. If he can make his meaning clear, if his sentences run smoothly, and are tolerably accurate and vigorous, he is satisfied. And now, having shown you the writer, I leave you for a time to the manuscript which is growing rapidly under his hand. It is the record of his long and laborious life.'

Mr. Jay was fortunate in having his manuscript edited by two brother ministers who had known him long, and who possessed the double advantage of great ministerial experience, and considerable practice in authorship. We do not impute it to Mr. Dale as a fault that none of these things can be predicated of him; and we are not unmindful of the difficulties of his task. We only wish that the material he has accumulated with such laudable care had been more skilfully employed, and in particular that he had been mindful of Mr. James's just remark: 'Even of the most distinguished men, biographical memorials are often too diffuse. It is too commonly thought, that a great man's history must necessarily have a *very* great book.' (Page 8.) A third edition will probably be much improved by the omission of certain passages which Mr. Dale himself appears

to have been inclined to remove from the second, if opportunity had been afforded him,—those, namely, in reference to his own settlement; and we would suggest that the letters to Mr. James's church, his deacons, and his friends in America, might be, if not omitted, greatly abridged; or, better still, 'worked in mosaic,' as Southey used to say, into the narrative. Best of all alterations, however, would be the condensation of the whole into a moderate-sized volume which every minister might buy and keep on his shelves for a Saturday book.\* Such a volume might be compiled from the present as should well answer this purpose; and its compilation would be the most fitting tribute to Mr. James's memory, inasmuch as his memoir would thus be accomplishing a purpose most dear to his heart, in assisting to promote the usefulness of Christian ministers from generation to generation.

But notwithstanding the necessity and capability of improvement on which we have remarked, we hold that Mr. Dale has produced a valuable book. It is a faithful portrait, though of somewhat too large a size, and too cumbrously framed. The book is true. The impression with which we rise from its perusal is in accordance with our personal knowledge, so far as it went, and with the facts of history. And on doctrinal subjects the tone is sound and clear, while the style throughout is vigorous and compact. Many a good man has been twice buried,—in his grave and in his biography; and it is because we are sure that Mr. Dale has it in his power to preserve our beloved friend from such a fate that we urge upon him the abridgment or reconstruction of the volume before us.

That each left an autobiography was but one of the many resemblances between the two remarkable men whose names here stand together. Each was a Dissenter of the Independent denomination,—neither of them a noisy or a violent Dissenter. Both were highly popular preachers, attracting large congregations wherever they went. Both for a time stately preached in London, and thus secured a metropolitan as well as a provincial reputation; but both remained pastors of country Churches. Each completed half a century in the service of one Church, and celebrated a jubilee with his congregation. Both were highly successful authors; their writings carrying instruction and

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\* *Saturday books* is a phrase used by the venerable John Clayton of the Weigh House, (the father of three distinguished preachers, John, George, and William,) to denote books by the use of which ministers might be assisted to bring their minds into a frame harmonizing to some extent with the duties and engagements of the coming day. Mr. James was accustomed to call them 'Saturday afternoon books,' and his list was made of such books as Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*; but see after, p. 223.

delight far beyond the range of their noble voices. Mr. Jay republished his works in twelve volumes during his life, but takes care to inform his readers that the credit of the edition is due to his son; Mr. James's son (who is, we believe, like Mr. Jay's, a solicitor) announces himself as the editor of his father's collected works, in eleven volumes. Both these great preachers made their way to distinction and usefulness in spite of early disadvantages; and they are among the best examples of 'self-help' which our age has produced, for they neither proudly omitted to invoke the highest aid, nor forgot to put forth their own strenuous endeavours. Each was prayerful, each laborious, each achieved success of no common order.

James was born at Blandford Forum in 1785, and received the name of Angell in honour of his mother's aunt, who left her four thousand pounds. His father, who appears never to have exercised much influence over him, attended the Independent Meeting, and at the close of his life became a member of the Church. His mother was a General or Arminian Baptist; but for lack of a Baptist place of worship in the town, accompanied her husband; she found, however, little spiritual life among the Independents, and, 'weary of the coldness and formality of the services at the Meeting, often attended the Methodist preaching, and found there,' says Mr. Dale, 'less polish and more power.' After four years spent in two poor schools, he was, in his thirteenth or fourteenth year, apprenticed to a draper at Poole. Here his religious life began. The instrument of his awakening was a fellow-apprentice who, on the first night he came, knelt by his bedside, in the presence of all the other inmates of the room, and prayed before he slept. This apprentice was in the habit of going out, when the shop was shut, to call upon a pious cobbler, for purposes of religious improvement. Young James, whose conscience was thus awakened, asked leave to join them; was admitted to the fellowship of their conversations and prayers; and from that time came more and more under good influences; and never looked back, though the man to whom he owed his good impressions did. The old cobbler and his wife were kind to him; lent him good books; and encouraged him to pray, little thinking that the timid and volatile youth with whom they were so much grieved when he went once to a ball, and once to a play, would in a few years be one of the most popular and useful ministers in England. We are glad this portion of the history has been preserved; for the encouragement it supplies to private, personal labour in the cause of Christ is invaluable. But for John Poole we might never have had Angell James.



We have much desired a more full and clear account of Mr. James's conversion. That he was unable, at the distance of sixty years, to remember the details, is the apology suggested by Mr. Dale for the meagreness of the chapter in the Autobiography relating to the subject; and it is the only probable one; for really he tells us little or nothing, save that the little company which met at John Poole's increased; that James grew increasingly serious, and was often impressed under the word preached, particularly by the sermons of Mr. Durant; that he attended prayer-meetings regularly and gladly, and became a Sunday-school teacher. Of his coming to Christ, closing with Him, and relying upon Him, there is not one word. He did not join the church at Poole, nor was he even invited to join it; though he was invited to preach in a village congregation, and 'had some intention of doing so.' He has recorded his love and practice of prayer; but beyond this scarcely any signs of grace appear in him when we find him on his way to Gosport to study for the ministry. He appears to have been sent under the stimulus which Mr. Robert Haldane's liberality gave to the Hampshire Independents through Mr. Bennett of Romsey. 'I,' said he, 'will give a hundred pounds *per annum*. Do you raise two hundred, and we can thus provide for the education of ten young men for the Christian ministry, allowing them thirty pounds each.' A noble proposition! How far it was responded to, and how long the contribution was continued, we are not informed; but the money was well spent if it did no more than bring Angell James into the work of the ministry, and save him from the secularities of a draper's shop, from which, however, his father was loth to release him.

We bring together here a few extracts from the Autobiography relative to this period of his history.

'The little circle at the shoemaker's was enlarged by two more young men, who were permitted to join us. We usually all met on a Sabbath evening after sermon at his house for prayer and praise, and very sweet and sacred were the seasons we there spent. It was the vernal season of my religious life, when all was lively and budding. I now attended an early prayer-meeting on a Sunday morning at the vestry before breakfast, and occasionally engaged in prayer, though I believe with more fervour than correctness. The sermons seemed very solemn and interesting to me, and religious exercises in general very delightful. My religious affections were very strong, but my knowledge limited. I, of course, understood that I was to be saved from my sins by Christ, yet I had very crude notions of justification and other great doctrines of the New Testament. I was now thoroughly engaged to the

subject of religion, and had given myself up to the company of the Lord's people.

*Editorial.*—An old gentleman, still living at Poole, gave me a very characteristic illustration of Mr. James's earnestness during the early period of his religious life. One Saturday evening Mr. James had gone over to Blandford to see his friends, and, of course, was not expected at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting the next morning. "But, Sir," said the old gentleman, "I happened to be a few minutes late that morning, and when I came to the door of the vestry I found the meeting had begun, and I thought that from the voice it was John James who was praying, but could not believe that he had got back from Blandford so early. However, when I got in, I found that there he was. After the meeting was over, he came up to me with his smiling face, and said, 'O, why could you not come in time? I have walked over from Blandford this morning, and got here before you.' As Blandford is about twelve or fourteen miles from Poole, he must have started soon after three o'clock."—Pp. 31, 32.

'It will be seen by what I have related that my religious character was a gradual, and not a sudden formation; there was no pungent conviction of sin, no poignancy of godly sorrow, no great and rapid transition of feeling, nor any very clear illumination of knowledge; but there were many evidences of a real change. My delight in prayer was very great; when alone in the shop, when riding in the country on my employer's business, I could not help pouring out my heart to God. In one thing, as I have already said, I was extremely injudicious; and that was, I allowed my feelings so far to get the upper hand of my judgment as to pray so loud, that though I was in the attic, I was heard in the lower parts of the house, and exposed both myself and the exercise I was engaged in to no small degree of ridicule. Young converts in the ardour of their first love oftentimes want judgment. Still I did not intend to be ostentatious, and really enjoyed the exercise of prayer as an act of communion with God.

'My joy in the company of the Lord's people was very great; they were my chosen companions, their conversation was my delight, and a happy circle, as they then appeared to me, I had. Through the medium of my good friend the shoemaker, I became acquainted with several of the members of the church, of great worth and much esteemed. There were also several young people who, like myself, met at the house of this good man for conversation and prayer. One of these, William L——, was a respectable young man, engaged as an apprentice to an ironmonger, whose mind appeared to be in some measure under religious influence for awhile; and yet there were acts of his, of which I was aware, that ought to have made me suspect the sincerity of his religion, and deliver to him the language of faithful warning. After a while he strangely apostatized from his religious conduct, and went into downright infidelity, upon the principles of Thomas Paine. The town of Poole

was at that time deplorably infected with the disciples of that reviler and blasphemer of God's holy word. A band of them used to meet at the house of an apostate Quaker, to strengthen the hands of each other's iniquity, and to pour contempt upon the sacred Scriptures. Poor William L — fell into the snare, and became so ardent a proselyte that he copied out the whole of Paine's *Age of Reason*, and sat up at night for that purpose. This did not occur till after I left Poole. His infidelity, however, was soon shaken for a while, in consequence of a dangerous illness which brought him within sight of the grave; his alarm and agony of mind were extreme. He sent for our common friend, beneath whose roof we had so often met, poured out the confessions of his guilt in abandoning the Bible, cried for mercy to his offended and insulted Saviour, and, ordering his infidel manuscript to be brought, made his deeply affected visitor burn the whole before his eyes. He found infidelity a wretched companion on a bed of sickness, a miserable comforter in prospect of death. He recovered, and, for a season, returned to the good old paths which he had forsaken. But as a washed sow returns to the mire, and the dog to his vomit, he relapsed again, I believe, to infidelity, and became a callous, practical rejector of religion, though I am not sure that he continued a speculative blasphemer. Of his end, or whether he has come to his end, I know nothing.

'Another of my companions became, I believe, a drunken profligate; and as for poor B —, who was in some sense the occasion of my conversion, his history was a melancholy one. He inherited considerable property, which, having no knowledge of business nor any business habits, he gradually frittered away, and then went to America, where he wandered about from place to place, reduced, I believe, in some periods of his history to the lowest straits. A letter of his to a friend in Poole, the last, I believe, he ever wrote to this country, now lies before me, and a sad detail it is; speaking of his poverty, he says, "I have not a solitary dollar." He died I hope safely; though long after he reached America he confessed, in a letter I received from him, that at the time we used to meet at the good shoemaker's he was a stranger to the power of true religion. I can never think of his name but with a pang of remorse; in his distress he applied to me for assistance, and, not being at the time very well able to afford substantial relief, and not being satisfied as to his character, I was dilatory in replying to his application, till when I would have helped him he was beyond the reach, and I hope the need, of sympathy or succour.

'Such, then, were the three friends with whom I used to meet at the house of John Poole, and with whom I took sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company. Precious and hallowed were the seasons we spent there, when on a Sabbath evening, after the public services of the day were over, we united in prayer and praise, and still prolonged the Sabbath for the exercises of sacred friendship.

'But there was another of my Poole friends, with whom, at a later period of my residence in that town, I became acquainted. and who still continues a consistent follower of the Lamb, a preacher of the Gospel, and a pastor of a Christian Church,—I mean a Mr. Tilley, then a tailor: a truly humble, pious, devoted servant of the Lord. Sweet indeed and profitable was my intercourse with him. He changed his views on the subject of baptism, and became an immersionist. I was at that time nearly persuaded to embrace the same sentiments. As there was no Baptist congregation in Poole, my friend went to Wimbourne, a distance of six miles, to be baptized. I remember the time well, as I accompanied him on his way on the Sabbath morning selected for the ceremony, and see myself now shaking him by the hand at the stile when we parted, and wishing that I was going with him. Little events determine the future destination of men. Had I been at that time my own master in all respects, it is every way probable I should have become a Baptist, and thus the whole course of my life would have been naturally changed. I consider it a mercy, of course, that I was not then led away by my friend, but continued in the sentiments which subsequent reflection convinced me were true.'—Pp. 34-37.

'At this time, I had never entered into the fellowship of a Church; and, indeed, had never been baptized, as my mother was a General Baptist, and my father, like too many others, yielded to her wishes in not having the children baptized. This ceremony was performed before a large company in the vestry, after which I was admitted a full member of the church under Dr. Bogue. I have no particular recollection of the state of my mind during this service, except that the publicity of it rather diverted my thoughts from that solemn sense of self-surrender which ought to accompany such an observance.

'During the early part of my studies, I often had much spiritual enjoyment and many seasons of solemn communion with God. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a college life is eminently favourable to godliness. It requires a degree of watchfulness and determination such as few possess, to keep up the life and power of religion amidst studies which, from their very nature, have such a tendency to depress the spiritual state of the soul. Lessons *must* be prepared, lectures attended, and all the demands of the tutor met; and too often this is done at the sacrifice of time required by the closet. Subjects hitherto treated only as the elements of devotion, are now made matters of criticism and discussion. Besides this, any assemblage of young men will usually contain some of more than usual vivacity, not to say levity, the buoyancy of whose spirits will be perpetually rising into boisterous and, not unfrequently, unseemly mirth. It is difficult to repress this, and almost as difficult to resist its ensnaring influence. Many are carried away, and not a few are injured by it. Spirituality is damped, the tone of devotion is lowered, and the fine edge of conscience somewhat blunted. I never saw or heard anything approaching to immorality

of any kind, and I believe such things are extremely rare in any of our colleges. Still, I am quite sure personal piety, without great care, is flattened, and learning is sometimes gained at the expense of godliness. I do not think I suffered materially in this way, though I am not quite sure that my religion was not below its former level when I left college.'—Pp. 50, 51.

The academy at Gosport, conducted by Dr. Bogue, was a humble establishment in all respects. The students lived where they could, met for instruction in the vestry of the chapel, and heard lectures which, if we may trust Mr. Dale's account,\* were not very well adapted to awaken interest, or lead them into orderly and harmonious views of Divine truth. The doctor's method was to give out his lectures to be copied, requiring the students, when they were given in, to read to him the passages from various authors to which he had given them references, and on which he asked them, at his discretion, to offer their own observations. This plan had the undoubted advantage of securing to the students some acquaintance with the writings which their tutor considered as standards, and also of compelling them to work hard. Accidentally, however, its operation on Mr. James was unfavourable. He shall tell the tale himself.

'I remember that, when I entered the college, the class were in the middle of the system of divinity, and the first lectures I had to copy, to read upon, and to study, were, on "The Freedom of the Will;" and one of the first books I had to read was, Jonathan Edwards' celebrated treatise on this profound question. To those who are acquainted with that extraordinary piece of theological logic, it will be no surprise that, to a youth just leaving the counter, with no previous habits of study, who had gone through no process of mental training, such a volume should prove a most vexatious and discouraging commencement. It was, indeed, a *pons asinorum* to my untutored brain, which, to tell the truth, I did not, and could not, pass over. So I tumbled over the side of the bridge, into the water; and, narrowly escaping drowning, scrambled up the bank and got into the road again, with the rest of the train, a little further on.

'With such a course, which lasted with me only two years and a half,

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\* We observe he gives as his authority an American edition of Bogue's Lectures, edited by the Rev. Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey. However, while we cherish a sincere respect for Dr. Bogue's memory, as one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and the educator of some of its first missionaries,—Morrison among others,—we have no idea of setting him up as an accomplished tutor, and we hope his Lectures on Church History were more trustworthy than some parts of the History of Dissenters, which he published in conjunction with another of his pupils, Mr., now Dr., James Bennett. Mr. James's account of him is fair:—'My literary advantages at Gosport were of the 'most slender kind: though possessing a great mind and noble heart, he was not a great scholar.'—Page 51.

it will be matter of little surprise that I never became a classic, mathematician, or metaphysician.'—P. 52.

His stay at Gosport was less than three years; and, during the last twelve months of the period, he was in correspondence with the Church in Carr's Lane, Birmingham, respecting his future settlement. Four Sundays' preaching, during the vacation of 1804, procured him an unanimous invitation, (the whole number of members being then forty-one,) which, in January, 1805, was formally accepted; and, in the beginning of September, he went to reside, having in the meantime admitted fourteen new members, which, he says in a letter to his father, 'raises the number to fifty-five; no inconsiderable Church.' An unexplained delay of eight months occurred before his ordination; but, on the 8th of May, 1806, the rite was celebrated, no less than ten ministers taking part in the service, which was divided into two parts, of which the first lasted five hours, 'the people discovering no mark of inattention to the last.' Modern Nonconformists are, we fear, a degenerate race in this respect. In another, they are probably improved; for we read in the letter which supplies us with an account of the proceedings:— 'The ministers had their parts all arranged, so that there was no disputing about engaging. Everything was done decently and in order.'

Three months afterwards, he married a lady belonging to his congregation, whose 'character, spirit, and temper, were a combination of matured female excellence;' and who, for nearly fourteen years, contributed much to his comfort and usefulness. Three years after her decease, he was led to form a second matrimonial connexion, equally conducive to his happiness, and perhaps still more, or at least more directly, to his usefulness,—the highly-gifted lady being able to devote much of her time and fortune to works of benevolence. In 1841, she was removed by death; and, for the remaining period of his life, he remained alone, except so far as the society of an only daughter, who was an habitual invalid, relieved the solitude of his dwelling.

The only other events of his life were the enlargement of his chapel, which in 1820 was rebuilt; the settlement of Mr. Dale, who had previously been his assistant for twelve months, as his colleague, in 1854; and the celebration of his jubilee in the year following. Four years afterwards he was dismissed to his rest; and, amidst such demonstrations of public respect as he had justly earned, was buried in the meeting, near the pulpit which he had so long and so efficiently occupied.

From this brief sketch, it may be clearly seen, that, whatever of interest attaches to Mr. James's life, must arise from the



contemplation of his character as a preacher, pastor, and author. This he clearly foresaw, and his Autobiography is constructed accordingly. In these characters he earned his title to grateful and admiring remembrance.

As a preacher he had few superiors while living, and is not likely soon to be surpassed. His popularity mainly rested on a sound basis. In his early years he was addicted to an elaborately ornate and rhetorical style; and his flowing periods, exquisite voice, and commanding manner, secured him immense popularity. As he advanced in life, his spirit was chastened, and his style became more grave; but his voice and manner were unaltered; and what he sacrificed in rhetorical power he gained in moral and spiritual efficiency. Patriarchal wisdom, gravity, and holiness, more than compensated for the graces of style which he had ceased to cultivate, or the ornaments which were no longer affected. But usefulness was ever his main object; and he sought it in the most legitimate method, by the exhibition of Gospel truth, and by fervent and reiterated appeals to the conscience as well as to the passions of his auditory. Perhaps his greatest pulpit effort was his sermon at Surrey Chapel on behalf of the London Missionary Society in 1819,—a discourse which occupied two hours in the delivery, and was followed by the largest collection ever made on such an occasion, amounting, we believe, to nearly four hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Dale devotes several pages to an analysis of this discourse; and while he is justly severe upon 'the excess of metaphor by which it is enfeebled,' he is careful to do equal justice to the noble thoughts which it embodies, and to point out how much 'of truth was naturally, and without any show of effort, introduced into the discussion.' To this element he ascribes much of its power, and so far we agree with him; though we are not by any means sure that the general remarks in which he indulges as to the change in the popular taste in the last forty years are correct. We could wish that his opinion as to 'the type of popular excellence' having been '*completely altered*' in the interval between the time when this sermon was preached, and the present, were in accordance with the fact; but our observation leads to a very different conclusion. Excessive ornamentation is still, with too many hearers, the surest proof of genius; and, to use Jeremy Taylor's figure, the 'gay tulips and useless daffodils' are more sought after than the 'medicinal plants springing from the margin of the fountains of salvation.'

But to return to Mr. James. Another sermon, preached about the same time, but on a less important and exciting

occasion, may better serve to show that even in the zenith of his popularity he was not unmindful of the paramount importance of evangelical truth, and would neither conceal nor dilute it in the vain hope of conciliating the enemy, or for the sake of attracting the shallow and superficial.

The subject is Christian mercy; the text, Matthew v. 7. After a short introduction, in which the whole of the beatitudes are epitomized, he announces his intention to explain the nature of Christian mercy, direct to its objects, enumerate its properties, unfold its reward, and urge its practice. In speaking of its properties, his first remark is, that it is supported and directed by the discoveries of the New Testament, and not merely by the force of natural feeling. Under this head he proceeds as follows :—

‘It will be remembered that I am now speaking of *Christian* mercy; or, in other words, of that compassion which is represented in the word of God as the work of the Divine Spirit; which supposes the previous existence of the Christian character, and which is urged by considerations peculiar to the Gospel. The renewed mind of a believer is represented, in the figurative language of the Scripture, as the garden of the Lord; and all the holy virtues of sanctification, as the fruits and flowers which, by a heavenly agency, have been planted in it. Between these and the natural virtues of the unrenewed heart, there may be often a considerable resemblance, as there is between the wild productions of nature, and plants of the same species when removed within the borders of the flower garden, and placed beneath the care and skill of the hot-house. I admit there is mercy, much and amiable compassion, shedding its fragrance and yielding its fruits in the wilderness of corrupt nature; refreshing the weary by the former, and by the latter satisfying the wants of the hungry. And O! it is a melancholy spectacle to see a man whom a whole village or a town unites to bless, because he has been eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a father to poor; and has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy; to see such a man, because he has not erected his mercy-seat, like that in the temple, upon the basis of revelation, swept away with the refuse of the earth, and the wreck of the nations that know not God. I pretend not to determine what effect natural loveliness of disposition without religion may have in lessening the torments of hell; but if there be any truth in the Scripture, it will not elevate to the joys of heaven. A Deist or an Atheist may be of a merciful disposition, but will this save him? One feels a reluctance in applying the denunciatory parts of revealed truth to men who, though they are apparently destitute of all real religion, possess everything else that can adorn humanity, or render them the blessing of their species; and yet, when so many are perpetually told, and so readily believe the assertion, that charity is a

passport to the skies, it would be cruel if those who know the reality and consequences of the delusion, were to be silent, and not to declare that the most amiable and diffusive benevolence, if unaccompanied by the essentials of true religion, will leave a man after all within the flood-mark of Divine vengeance, where he will be swallowed up by the approaching tide of omnipotent wrath. St. Paul expressly declares, that "though a man give all his goods to feed the poor, and have not charity" or "love," that is, love to God, leading to a proper regard of our fellow-creatures, he is nothing. Many have deluded themselves on this subject by the dreadful perversion of a passage of inspired truth, which utters a sentiment the most remote from that which it has been made to promulgate. "Charity," say these persons, "shall cover the multitude of sins." Now by charity here, is meant love; and the sentiment contained in the expression is nothing more, than that love will *conceal* with a friendly covering, instead of *publishing* to the world, a multitude of imperfections in those we regard. This is its true meaning. Taken in the acceptance of the persons who are weighing their alms-deeds against their crimes, it would justify all the vile and horrid hypocrisy of the darkest age of Popery, when to build a church or found a monastery was declared by lying priests to the worn-out murderer or adulterer, to be a sufficient expiation for all the crimes of the most impure or bloody life; for if lesser acts of benevolence will cover lesser sins, there are no vices so flagrant, but may be covered, on this principle, by an increase of munificence.

'Let it not be said, that it is of no consequence upon what principle a merciful act is performed, provided the compassion is felt, and the relief actually communicated. I admit, that in relation to the *object* of our mercy, and the interests of society, this remark is strictly correct. In reference to these, it is no matter what may be the secret motive which dictated the measure; whether the glory of God was in the view of the philanthropist, or whether he was an infidel. But there are other relations which our actions sustain, which make it of infinite and eternal moment, under what motives, and upon what principles, they are performed. The question now is, not what influence our conduct will have upon the comfort of others, but upon our own eternal destiny;—not what may be demanded by our fellow-creatures, whose most penetrating discrimination cannot reach the heart, but what may be, and is, required by that Omniscient Being, to whom the very soul, with all its most secret contents, is an open and legible page. In short, the question is not what constitutes mere worldly morality, but what is essential to pure evangelical religion.

'We go on to observe, then, that true Christian mercy, that which will be accepted in the sight of God, and receive His smile; that which will insure His gracious and unmerited reward, and which will have no slight connexion with our celestial happiness, is exercised in designed obedience to God's command; in express imitation of His conduct; and with an earnest desire to promote His glory. This is

the ground on which it is enjoined: "Be ye merciful, as your Father who is in heaven is merciful." This disposition is assiduously cherished, by a devout contemplation of that mercy which shines from heaven upon the human race, through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. With other men, mercy is merely a *feeling*; with the Christian, a *principle*. By them, it is exercised simply under the constraint of inclination; by him at the dictate of conscience. They think it is kind for one needy creature to compassionate another; in addition to the force of this sentiment, he argues, that if God has so far pitied him, as to deliver his soul from eternal misery, the least spark of gratitude must lead him to relieve the wants of his fellow-creatures. They go no higher than to gratify their own propensities; he desires to honour God. They expect, by deeds of mercy, to merit eternal life; but he depends, amidst the most profuse benevolence, upon the righteousness of Christ.—*Christian Mercy*, pp. 13-17.

Under the sixth division, that Christian mercy should be attended with self-denial,—and the next, that it should not be discouraged by ingratitude or opposition manifested by its recipients,—his remarks are not less pointed or evangelical in their character.

'We are not to offer on *her* altar, the halt, the blind, and the lame, the mere *offal* of our comforts, which we deem below our notice; nor are we to be content with yielding up the *surplus* of our possessions, which we do not want, and cannot use. We must stand prepared to make sacrifices and endure hardships. It is shocking to think how little some persons will do to relieve the miseries of others. If they can supply the wants of the needy, and alleviate the woes of the afflicted, without going a step out of their way, abridging themselves of a single comfort, or giving up a moment's ease, they feel, probably, no objection to do a generous act; but if they must endure the least fatigue, or sacrifice what is in any degree valuable to themselves, tears may flow in torrents, and groans may rise in dismal concert, before they can be excited to deeds of mercy. They will not touch one of all their luxurious gratifications, although the prunings of almost any of them would be enough to guard the cottage of a poor neighbour from the entrance of the worst terrors of poverty. Did the Son of God exhibit a species of compassion which cost Him nothing? Did *He*, without effort, and without humiliation, merely give us, if I may so speak, the surplus of His riches, the redundancy of His glory? Did He only speak from the throne of His majesty, or merely dispatch a company of angelic forms from the countless host that minister around His feet, to bring us tidings of mercy, expressions of His good will? Altogether the opposite. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich." Measure, if you can, the distance between the throne of His glory, and the cross of His ignominy, and calculate the immensity of

that self-denial, which fills up the intermediate space between these wide extremes. Can that man persuade himself he is a disciple of this merciful, self-denying Redeemer, who will not make the smallest sacrifice in mercy's cause?... That man has calculated too highly upon human virtue, who believes that benevolence will always be rewarded by the gratitude of those whose wants are supplied, and whose sorrows are mitigated by its exertions. It is too common a fault of our species, first to mistake, and then to forget, their benefactors. Mercy is not always received with the promptitude with which it is offered. Some are too proud to be dependent, and turn with scorn from the hand that would lift them into comfort; others sullenly receive the assistance as their due, and stoop not to thank the generosity to which they are indebted. It is not thus with all. Tears of gratitude often repay the philanthropist with a reward, compared with which the gems of India are but as dust. If, however, we would do good, we must do it looking only to the smile of conscience and of God for our remuneration. It is delightful to behold want, and care, and disease, and sorrow, retiring before us in the path of mercy; and, although it is an abatement of the pleasure to see ingratitude advancing to fill their place, we must be comforted with the reflection that we have done *our* duty. In this respect, also, we may be instructed by the history of our Divine Saviour. He flew to our world on the wings of mercy; He was Himself incarnate love; truth dwelt between His lips; compassion reigned in His heart; wherever He directed His course, the miseries of multitudes vanished before the miracles of His grace, and salvation followed His footsteps. He was the Teacher that instructed their minds—the Benefactor that satisfied their hunger—the Physician that healed their disorders—the Deliverer that would have saved their souls; yet, for all this, He was maligned, calumniated, hated, persecuted, murdered. And shall we expect to find the path of benevolence like one of the walks of paradise, where no serpent was concealed beneath its flowers? If we do, we shall soon discover our mistake.'—Pp. 24-27.

Last among the motives to the exercise of mercy, he urges our dependence on Divine mercy for all the comforts of this life, and all the blessings of the life to come.

'It is, indeed, an impressive consideration, eminently calculated on the one hand to encourage our hopes, but certainly on the other to awaken our alarm, that we are all most entirely at the mercy of God. Having sinned against His law, we have forfeited our souls to His justice, and depend for happiness on that grace which He is under no other obligation to exercise, than what He has imposed upon Himself by His own promise. If we are ever saved at all, it must be by an act of goodness, still more unmerited than that which we should perform, were we to bestow a favour upon the man who had done his uttermost to injure us. God could utterly destroy us, and from the very ruins of our eternal interests raise a monument to the praise of

His justice. The smoke of our torment ascending up for ever and ever, would cast no reflection upon the equity of His proceeding, nor throw a dark shadow upon the perfection of His administration. "God be merciful to me a sinner," is the humble petition which best suits our character in every approach to His throne. Upon that mercy we are every hour living. It is this which keeps us from dropping into the pit, from whence there is no redemption; this which gives us every comfort we enjoy on earth; this which opens to us the prospect of eternal glory. And shall we, who owe everything we possess, everything we hope for, to the unmerited grace of God, deny the exercise of mercy to our fellow-creatures? Shall we, who must perish eternally, unless God be full of compassion towards us, be wanting in pity towards those who are in any measure dependent for their comfort on us?

'Where is the heart that can resist the force of these considerations? Let us yield ourselves up to their influence, and convince the world that the wisdom which descendeth from above, is indeed what the Scriptures declare it to be, "full of mercy and good fruits."'—Pp. 42, 43.

It will here be seen that it was not merely on a missionary occasion, when the great characteristic doctrines of the Gospel may be most fitly and naturally introduced, that he delighted to bring them forward; but that, like a wise master-builder, he knew how to rear the fabric as well as to lay the foundation, and made the truth as it is in Jesus subservient to all the occasions and purposes of practical piety. We have, indeed, in this discourse, enough of that rhetoric which Mr. Dale appears to think is no longer relished; but as it only forms, as it were, the garnish, and not the contents of the dish, does not deserve severe criticism. Thus, for instance, he speaks of Elizabeth Fry, then but newly entered on her labour of love.

'Behold that heroine of our own days, who, almost in opposition to prudence, certainly in the face of advice and persuasion, but with the mighty impulse of benevolence in her heart, and, as it now appears, with the shield of Omnipotence for her defence, ventured within the walls of Newgate, where, in addition to all that could offend the eye, the ear, the touch, the smell, was everything to shock the moral sense; see this astonishing woman, descending from the splendour of life to place herself amidst scenes of living, crawling filth; and leaving, for a season, the pure and quiet endearments of social life, to collect around her a band of furies, in whom disease and crime seemed struggling for pre-eminence; and all this for the simple purpose of reforming creatures who were considered by multitudes beyond the hope, and below the very effort, of improvement:—*This* is mercy! Go, ye soft and sentimental benefactors of the human race, who can weep for wretchedness, but cannot bear to see it—go, look at these



sublime and interesting characters, and learn what mercy is.'—Pp. 20, 21.

That such sermons were popular is not wonderful: it would be shameful if they were not. But these, it may be said, are occasional efforts; how did he preach in his own pulpit? The true reply would probably be, Better than in other places. Mr. Dale has taken much pains to show how the Great Head of the Church interfered to guard the preacher against the dangers which attend a course of extensive popularity,\* by

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\* The remarks on the dangers attending popularity are so just, and so well expressed, that the reader would regret our omission to quote them. Preachers and people may ponder them with great advantage.

'It was during this period' (in 1813 to 1833) 'that he became known in all parts of the country as a stimulating and impressive religious orator. The restless, dissipating life of a popular preacher, travelling incessantly from county to county, occupying a new pulpit, or a new platform, every successive evening for a month together, reaching home weary and jaded at the end of the week, and starting on a new journey early on Monday morning, was the life which Mr. James was at this time in some danger of living. He never permitted himself to be quite hurried away by the strong and deceptive current of entreaty, flattery, and excitement, which might have swept him from the anchorage of a devout retirement and unostentatious pastoral work; but for a time he must have been in serious peril.

'The injurious influences against which a popular preacher has to struggle are not sufficiently considered, either by the silly idolaters of his power or by the harsh critics of his imperfections; and they are grave enough to make those who may be disposed to sigh over the obscurity of their ministerial work content and grateful; and grave enough to alarm any man who, instead of attempting to make his ministry effective in producing the noblest results, is so foolish as to court tumultuous admiration.

'It is no inconsiderable evil that the popular preacher loses the moral and religious benefit of order and regularity in his personal habits. The monastic rule appointing to every hour its proper functions, though likely to produce stagnation in a sluggish nature, protects the active and the vigorous from many evils; external order is an assistance to calm self-control, and to what the mystical writers call "recollection." The minister whose work lies round about his own home may secure to a considerable extent the advantages of this discipline. He has his time for study, his time for work among the people outside, his time for rest, and, above all, his time for prayer; and though he will not attempt to enforce the systematic division of his hours with rigid exactness, the approach to method in his life is healthful and invigorating.

'But if once a minister chance to achieve a noisy reputation for the oddity, or the beauty, or the brilliance of his sermons, he will find it very difficult to resist the temptation to desert his home, and his more private and noiseless work, that he may dazzle, amaze, or impress congregations that are eager to hear him all over the country: if he yield, his inward life is likely to become as restless and unquiet as his outward life; and his piety, instead of being calm and profound, will probably become vague, desultory, and fitful.

'The irregularity of a popular preacher's life, though a serious evil, is perhaps less obviously injurious than some of its other characteristics. While constantly travelling from town to town, he is likely to find that necessities he can scarcely evade, often allow him no time or opportunity for protracted meditation and prayer. Nor is it spiritually healthy for him to be incessantly engaged in authoritative teaching and exhortation.

'Preaching does not exercise and strengthen the gentleness, the patience, the perseverance, which are developed by the more private functions of the ministry; the visitation of the sick and the troubled and the poor, seems an almost indispensable protection against the self-exaltation into which an attractive preacher is in danger

leading him to the cultivation of passive graces, disabling him for a season from public work, and sending sore affliction upon him. In his very prime he was thus visited, and compelled to a partial retirement. When he was able again to enlarge the sphere of his activities, he had to a great extent outlived the dangers referred to. Meanwhile this compelled devotion to his stated and ordinary work yielded invaluable results. But nothing that we are able to say in reference to his preaching could be compared with the very able chapter on this subject by Mr. James's son. Some passages of this essay deserve to be quoted at length, and to be carefully read by young preachers.

'He had a profound sense of the greatness of the preacher's vocation. Though he sometimes echoed the fashionable creed that the press has usurped or inherited the ancient supremacy of the pulpit, he never heartily accepted it. He believed in preaching as a Divine institution, for which the true ministers of Christ receive special endowments from the Holy Ghost. He thought of it, too, as the highest employment of man's natural powers, demanding from all who are called to its responsibilities and glories, the consecration of every faculty and every noble passion. He permitted no side pursuits to divert his strength or abate his enthusiasm. Theological reading, literary work, ecclesiastical business, social pleasures, were forbidden to encroach on the time claimed by his sermons. With some preachers, preaching seems a mere parenthesis in their life, interrupting the pursuits to which they give most of their energy and nearly all their heart; Mr. James expended his utmost resources in making his sermons attractive and powerful.

'For very many years his preparation for Sunday seldom commenced later than Wednesday morning; \* and he liked to be able to

of being betrayed. Even that kind of humility which is produced in a true-hearted student by the perplexities of many of his studies, and by the transcendent greatness of the illustrious teachers of the human race, the famous preacher whose days and nights are spent in haranguing crowded congregations has no chance of acquiring. The excitement he creates he must largely feel himself, and to be agitated day after day with violent emotions will not promote the depth of his religious affections.

'Moreover, he is exposed to terrible and constant temptations to utter more than his heart feels, to exaggerate and intensify the expression of his spiritual fervour and zeal for human salvation. Sometimes the preacher must be weary, and long to be with Christ "in a desert place," for quietness and rest; but the throngs that fill the pews and aisles demand his thrilling climaxes and his passionate appeals; they expect to catch the contagion of his enthusiasm; and if he shrink, as he probably will, from disappointing them, he will use, with a vehemence and solemnity which imply present earnestness, language which was natural and true when first he wrote it, for it was the unstrained expression of his inward ardour, but which is now most false, for the ardour has quite gone down. If he speak extemporaneously, his danger will be greater still; for he will perhaps lash himself into a rhetorical excitement, and utter words and thoughts which imply the most solemn and awful vision of the eternal world, rapturous fellowship with God, Christ-like agony for the conversion or sanctification of his hearers, while the great currents of his religious nature are stagnant or frozen.'—*Life*, pp. 216-218.

\* \* He often began on Tuesday.'

lay down his pen between one and two o'clock on Saturday, that he might have the afternoon for the students, and the evening for quiet thought and prayer. But he did not suppose that when the sermon was written all preparation for the pulpit was over. He always read on Saturday evenings books which powerfully move the religious affections, or which assert the awful dignity of the ministerial office,—books like Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*, Payson's *Life*, Brainerd's *Life*, Howe's *Blessedness of the Righteous*, Owen's *Spiritual-Mindedness*, Archbishop Leighton's *Commentary on Peter*.

'To the last he wrote his sermons very fully, though, except on occasions of unusual importance, he never used his manuscript in the pulpit. When his popularity as a preacher was at its height, he preached *memoriter*; and I think that even in his later years he generally delivered many passages nearly as he had written them. Few could speak better when altogether unprepared; but he escaped the ruin into which a fatal fluency has betrayed many a clever but indolent man, by conscientious and painstaking preparation for ordinary as well as extraordinary services. He was not satisfied when he had mastered the meaning of his text, and thought out the didactic matter of the sermon. He conceived that a preacher was not a mere quarryman, but a sculptor; and that the arrangement, language, and illustrations required as much labour as the solid thought. In this process he was guided partly, no doubt, by the oratorical instinct which was born with him, but partly, too, by the spirit he had caught from the great preachers whose works he had studied, and by the observations he had made on the style, topics, arguments, and appeals by which men are most deeply interested, and most powerfully moved. He could have written a very useful book, and I once begged him to do it, on the influence of particular aspects of religious truth on the affections and the heart,—a homiletical treatise, discussing the substance of sermons, instead of the form.

'He was so much in the habit of insisting on the importance of the preacher's manner, that some people suppose that his own power lay principally, not in what he said, but in how he said it, and that his sermons owed all their charm to his voice, tones, and gestures. This is a great mistake. He knew precisely what facts, what truths, what arguments, have the mightiest control over the common heart, and these he reiterated with unwearying perseverance. It was the substance of his preaching that produced impression as well as the manner, and the impression was produced by thoroughly legitimate means.....

'His preaching was addressed to the imagination and the passions, as well as the judgment. He knew that there are obstructions to the reception of truth which reasoning cannot remove, but which are often consumed in a blaze of feeling. Blasting is often more speedy and effectual than the pick and the spade.

'Even when he had obtained the assent of the understanding, he was unwilling to leave the truth to produce its own effect. He did not think of truth so much as a living seed, which by its own vital force will germinate, if once lodged in a kindly soil, but as a weapon

which must be wielded by a vigorous hand, and directed by a keen eye, if any results are hoped for. He asked himself what particular impression he wished to secure by the facts or doctrines which formed the staple of his sermon, and selected and arranged all his materials with an eye to this. He always meant to prevent his hearers committing some sin, or to persuade them to discharge some duty ; to awaken gratitude, reverence, faith, fear, hope, or joy. He never forgot that to demonstrate is not always to convince, nor to convince always to persuade. A gulf, broad and deep, often lies between the judgment and the will ; and he endeavoured to bridge it over. Hence his sermons would never by any accident be called *intellectual*. That term has been applied of late years as an epithet of honour, to describe a style of preaching which is deficient in all that distinguishes eloquence from instruction. The orator does not exert his intellect less strenuously than the philosophical lecturer, but in a different way ; he appeals to the emotions of his audience, and not merely to their logical faculties. He does not analyse the process of persuasion, but persuades. He does not show how strikingly adapted certain truths are to ennoble all that believe them, but so states and enforces these truths as to produce belief.....

‘The instruction of Christian people in the duties they owe to God and to man, had a very conspicuous place in his preaching. He thought it necessary to show the application of spiritual principles and moral laws to the minutest circumstances of human life. He was incessantly preaching to particular classes on their peculiar duties and dangers. He did not think it a violation of the dignity of the pulpit to preach to mistresses and servants, masters and workmen, husbands and wives, on their mutual obligations. His ethical sermons were among the ablest and most powerful that he ever delivered. Whatever truth there may be in the reproach often thrown on the evangelical pulpit of neglecting the inculcation of ordinary moral duties, no one who heard Mr. James frequently would bring the charge against him. Some men imagine that wherever the Divine life has been implanted, it will transform by its own intrinsic energy the whole character, and that to instruct those who have been renewed by the Holy Ghost in the details of moral duty is unnecessary. Would to God that this were so ! But there is no pastor who is not from time to time grieved and amazed by the obliquity, or dulness, or very partial development of the moral sense, even in good people.....

‘Very few of Mr. James’s ethical sermons were preached on isolated texts chosen for the purpose. He expounded in course many books both of the Old Testament and the New ; and he often said that in addition to the many other advantages of this practice, it enabled a minister to preach on particular moral virtues, and on particular moral offences, without giving the congregation reason to suppose that the infirmities or sins of any individual had suggested the discourse. His expository sermons were very unpretentious, but were marked by sound judgment, and were very instructive. He availed himself freely of the most recent, as well as the older exegetical authorities.....

‘In historical sermons, Mr. James was also very successful. He was equally happy in illustrating the lessons suggested by the domestic life of the patriarchs, and in painting the splendour of Belshazzar’s feast, or the terrors of the plagues of Egypt, the “darkness that might be felt,” “the thunder, the hail, and the fire” that “ran along the ground.” Unlike many preachers who tell the story in their introduction, and fill the rest of the discourse with mere didactic matter, he interwove the narrative with the instruction, and the climax of the story was often wrought into the peroration of the sermon. Indeed, he could tell the facts in such a way that made it almost unnecessary formally to state the “moral.”

‘The same observations apply to the sermons he preached on public events. He was not continually looking through the columns of the newspaper for tales of blood and horror to drag into the pulpit; but, now and then, when the public mind was greatly excited—whether by a continental revolution, or a financial crisis—by the apprehension of war, or the hope of peace—by a royal marriage, or the death of a great statesman—or by the execution of some notorious criminal, whose dark career suggested salutary warnings—he availed himself of these circumstances with consummate tact, and as in his historical sermons, the lessons he wished to inculcate were so interlaced with the facts, and the facts themselves were so skilfully arranged, that the congregation listened with an interest that became more and more intense as the discourse proceeded. These sermons were not only popular, but calculated to do great good.....

‘But the sermon was far from being the only remarkable part of the Carr’s Lane service. As Mr. James slowly ascended the pulpit, the stranger would see in his calm and solemn countenance that his spirit was awed by the sense of God’s presence; and, after the opening psalm was read,\* and a hymn sung, he offered a prayer, which was generally characterized by the profoundest awe and reverence for the Divine Majesty, and by earnest, sometimes impassioned supplication for spiritual blessings. The Scriptures were then read a second time, and a second prayer was offered, in which intercession was made for “all sorts and conditions of men,” for the queen on the throne, for the ministers of the crown, for judges and magistrates, for merchants and tradesmen, for masters and servants, for the rich, the poor, and the troubled, for all Christian Churches and ministers, and very often for some special department of Christian labour; missions in China and the East being often remembered. And again, at the close of the prayer, there were solemn ascriptions of praise, sometimes swelling into lofty eloquence, to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The

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\* ‘Some changes were made in the order of service a year or two before Mr. James’s death. Formerly the order was, 1. The reading of a psalm; 2. Singing; 3. Prayer; 4. Reading the Scriptures; 5. Prayer; 6. Singing; 7. Sermon; 8. Singing; 9. Prayer and benediction. The present order, which is nearly the same as when Mr. James died, is, 1. Prayer; 2. Singing; 3. Reading the Scriptures; 4. Prayer; 5. Singing; 6. Prayer; 7. Reading the Scriptures; 8. Singing; 9. Sermon; 10. Prayer; 11. Singing; 12. Benediction.’ [How like a liturgy!]

tones of his voice, rich and deep, his manner—never hurried, and generally very deliberate—added solemnity to the devotional part of the service; and many, I should suppose, are ready to acknowledge with myself that his prayers were often characterized by even brighter excellencies than his sermons.'—*Life*, pp. 606–619.

Some additional particulars on the same subject are introduced into the chapter which professes to treat of Mr. James's *Home Life*, where they appear somewhat out of place; but, to afford a complete view of what the volume contains on this topic, it is necessary that they should be placed before our readers.

'He seemed to me to be by nature an orator; for he was always able to divine what was suited to his audience, to adapt himself to their opinions and tastes, and to gain their confidence and sympathy, and establish an interchange of feeling with them; and he could make subservient to his purpose the occasion, all associations of the time and the place, the accidents of the meeting, and the statements and phrases of other speakers. His mind was sufficiently logical to carry his hearers with him from one point to another with conviction and delight; he had powers of imagination and description which enabled him to inspire them with pity, admiration, or reverence, the master-feelings of the soul; he was himself at once ardent and susceptible, and evidently felt all he uttered; he had a countenance of great flexibility, and a voice of unusual power, sweetness, and compass; and, with these endowments, and the advantage of the sacred themes on which he dwelt, he could lead the minds and hearts of men at his pleasure.....My father's *forte* lay in expository lectures upon the historical parts of Scripture, (a method which he especially recommended to students,) and in inculcating moral and religious duties; and he showed marvellous delicacy and skill in handling topics which, in any other hands, would have been resented. He seemed to me to fail most in abstract reasoning and in devising illustrations of his subject. As to the matter of his sermons, I recollect his saying, not long before his death, that if his time were to come over again, he should preach on moral subjects more often than he had done, though he could not reproach himself with having neglected them. Except when going through Isaiah, or expounding the epistles to the Churches of Asia Minor, he avoided discoursing on prophecy or different events from the Book of Revelation; and he always seemed most to delight in his subject when his text was taken from the writings of the apostle Paul. He was a very fair expositor of Scripture; he did not take advantage of his speaking with no one to contradict him; he chose to understate the meaning of his text rather than to strain it; his hearers felt that he was dealing fairly by their understandings; and their reason being satisfied, the truths he conveyed went direct upon their consciences.

'He always wrote out his sermons at length, but he did not so



much commit them to memory as go over them and over them again, so often that he never forgot them from the time of his writing them to their delivery; and having once had not merely the thoughts but the words also in his mind, he could at any time easily recall them. When, through illness, or not having had time for study, he was obliged to preach an old sermon, he took two or three with him; and he often, as he told me, changed his sermon after going into the pulpit, and even sometimes just before rising to give out his text. He very rarely confined himself to what he had written, but he always liked to have the whole sermon in his mind, that he could leave it and return to it again at any point as he chose. He never went into the pulpit without his notes, though they rarely left his sermon-case.....

'To the last he continued the laborious preparation of his sermons, and in consequence they retained all their accustomed vigour and freshness; when he forgot his ailments, his voice was nearly as clear and strong as ever; and "his congregation hung upon his lips as in his prime." Professor Rogers, from whom I have quoted the last expression, remarked to me that he thought this one of the most remarkable circumstances attending him.'—Pp. 589–591.

His course as a pastor was a remarkable one not merely for its continuance, but for its prosperous character. He came to a small society, weakened almost to exhaustion by the withdrawal of his predecessor, who was followed by most of the young people and favoured by the neighbouring ministers, and was personally a very prepossessing man. Mr. James's chapel was small, and surrounded by undesirable premises; so that he began at great disadvantage. But in less than ten years his chapel required enlargement, and in seven years more it was rebuilt. His new chapel would *seat* eighteen hundred people; and of course *contain*, when crowded, more than two thousand; but it was soon filled, and continued full to the end. The Church consisted, as we have seen, of forty-one persons when he was invited to preside over it; and when he kept his jubilee, it numbered more than a thousand. How it advanced in practical piety may be seen from the following statement, published in the *Evangelical Magazine* a few months before his death.

'When I became pastor of my Church, more than fifty-three years ago, the only object of congregational benevolence and action was the Sunday school, which was then conducted in a private house, hired for the purpose. There was nothing else; literally, nothing we set our hands to. We had not then taken up even the Missionary Society. And *our* state was but a specimen of the inactivity of the great bulk of our Churches, at least in the provinces, throughout the whole country. We may well wonder what the Christians of those days could have been thinking of. Now, look at the state of things

at the opening of the year 1859. If I allude to my own Church, it is not for the sake of ostentation or self-commendation; for we are not one whit better than some others. Ours is but a specimen and average of the rest. We have now an organization for the London Missionary Society, which raises as its regular contribution nearly £500 *per annum*, besides occasional donations to meet special appeals, which, upon an average, may make up another £100 a year. For the Colonial Missionary Society, we raise, annually, £70. For our Sunday and day schools, which comprehend nearly two thousand children, we raise £200. We support two town missionaries, at a cost of £200. Our ladies conduct a working society for orphan mission schools in the East Indies, the proceeds of which reach, on an average, £50 a year; they sustain also a Dorcas Society for the poor of our town; a Maternal Society, of many branches, in various localities; and a Female Benevolent Society, for visiting the sick poor. We have a Religious Tract Society, which employs ninety distributors, and spends £50 nearly a year in the purchase of tracts. Our Village Preachers' Society, which employs twelve or fourteen lay agents, cost us scarcely anything. We raise £40 annually for the County Association. We have a Young Men's Brotherly Society, for general and religious improvement, with a library of two thousand volumes.

'We have also night schools for young men and women, at a small cost, and Bible classes for other young men and women. In addition to all this, we raise £100 per annum for Spring-Hill College.

'I again say that this is but an average of congregational exertion and liberality in this day of general activity. Yea, many Churches of our own and other denominations perhaps greatly excel us. And, after all, we none of us come up to our resources, our opportunities, or our obligations. We all could do more, ought to do more, must do more. Still, compare this with what my congregation did with its single object, the Sunday school, fifty-three years ago.

'In addition to this, there are, in all our congregations, many and liberal subscribers to our public societies, such as the Bible Society, the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and all other objects of Christian zeal and benevolence.'—Pp. 495-6.

In the management of ecclesiastical affairs he was assisted by his deacons, with whom he discussed all his measures before they were proposed for adoption; and what he proposed was always carried in the church meeting. This was due in great part, no doubt, to his personal influence, which grew greater and still greater, as time wore on. In part, also, it was due to his invariable practice of consulting beforehand those who had a claim to be heard on the subjects brought forward. The rigid principles of Independent democracy were modified in action still further by the trust deed of his chapel, which, if we understand his biographer aright, limited the right of voting in church meetings to the male members, and on financial matters to such of

them as were seatholders. Cases of discipline were dealt with by a small standing committee annually appointed, one half of the members of which were deacons. Two or three hints dropped in the course of the volume, as the results of his experience, deserve preservation. One relates to the size of his chapel: he thought that if he had to build again he would not provide for a congregation so large as to render it impossible that they should all be duly visited at their houses. Another, to the admission of members, which, on the whole, he was inclined to think was too easy, and tended to encourage a false security among many who are admitted. 'Though I have been more strict than many of my brethren,' he says, (p. 329,) 'there are many, very many, whom I now wish I had rejected.' Yet, to destroy 'that reliance which is so general upon profession,' he wished to have it published more prominently and impressively, 'that the Church is not to be considered a body of truly converted persons.' To reconcile these conclusions with one another, or with the principles of the body to which he belonged, does not enter into our task.

As a pastor, he was intensely and laudably anxious about the rising ministry of his denomination. Scarcely any feature of his character comes out more prominently in his later years than this, and certainly few are more worthy of imitation. The Spring-Hill College, designed for the Independents of the midland counties, was the object of his most ardent affection. He regarded it as a sphere of influence second only to his pastoral charge, and spared no pains or expense to promote its efficiency. 'For many years,' Mr. Dale writes, 'he was its main support out of doors; his name procured both funds and students. More than any other man he was responsible for everything.' (P. 368.) As chairman of the Board of Education he filled an important part in its administration with unflinching diligence, and he was earnest in his efforts to procure for it all needful pecuniary supplies.

'There was one invitation that he could scarcely ever resist: till within the last year or two of his life, when he found that travelling was attended not only with inconvenience but with danger, any minister in the midland counties could almost infallibly obtain a sermon from Mr. James, by asking him to preach on behalf of Spring-Hill College.

'It was no uncommon thing, indeed, for his crafty admirers to make the offer of a collection for the college the bribe to induce him to pay them two visits. "Come and preach for my schools in February, and then you shall come and preach for the college in May;" or, "Come and preach at the opening of my chapel next

summer, and you shall come and preach for the college within six months after," was the substance of dozens of letters, and the bait was a very killing one.

'He did not wait, however, to be asked to visit a congregation on behalf of Spring-Hill; I suppose there are few ministers in any of the larger towns of Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Northampton, Shropshire, Stafford, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, who have not received from him letter after letter begging to be permitted to come and preach for it. Nor was he satisfied with pleading in public for a large collection. It was his custom, whenever it was practicable, to arrange for a meeting of some of the wealthier members of the congregation in the vestry before he preached, or at breakfast the next morning, and to press upon them individually the claims of the institution. Even this was not enough; notwithstanding his infirmities, he would call at house after house, and with remarkable tact and unflagging perseverance, though never with the brigand-like violence of some of the representatives of philanthropic and religious societies, beg for money. Sometimes, though not often, he begged in vain; sometimes he was confounded by his success. On one occasion, he called on a gentleman of great wealth and equal eccentricity, from whom he was very doubtful whether he should obtain a single guinea. Mr. James's friends had told him that it was certain his visit would be a failure; however, he was not quite hopeless. The gentleman received him quietly, listened to his pleading without manifesting much interest, and then rose and said, "Well, I will give you a cheque for £5,000." "Did I understand you rightly, Sir?" was the reply. "Yes, £5,000," was the rejoinder.—Pp. 365, 366.

Another service which he was in the habit of rendering to this institution, was of greater value than the donation thus unexpectedly obtained. Once a week it was his custom to invite two or three students to spend a portion of the day with him, partly in social intercourse, partly in religious conversation and prayer. He had the opportunity at these interviews of giving encouragement or caution, stimulus or direction, as he saw it was needed, and of thus transfusing his own views and dispositions, the very life-blood of his own effective ministry, among those who were around him, many of whom were members of his own church during their student-ship. He earnestly recommended such senior ministers as had opportunity to follow the same or some similar plan, and even went so far as to introduce his recommendation into an Essay on Ministerial Training, read at the Congregational Library in 1845. The temper of this document is so kindly, and its counsels so wise, that we would gladly copy it entire; but a sentence or two must suffice.

'Verily we have no need to wonder, and no right to complain, that

our rising ministers fall below some of the older ones, if the older ones do not take pains to make them better than themselves. It was said of Earl St. Vincent, under whom Nelson was a pupil in the art of naval war, that he formed a greater hero than himself, and then admired him without envy. So ought it to be with the senior pastors of our Churches. Useful and happy is that minister, who, when the student's eye is looking round for an object to gratify the pantings of his youthful ambition, shall so fix it on the glory of the Cross, that he shall never after be able or willing to escape the fascinations of that glorious object.'—P. 376.

Such a spirit could not fail to be a blessing; and accordingly the volume contains several most interesting and even touching testimonies to his success in this department of labour. We will here collect the opinions which he has expressed on two or three practical questions of importance connected with colleges and students. We attach considerable weight to them, as coming from an eminently sagacious and kind-hearted man, who had considerable experience in such matters. 'Every student ought to have a pastor, and the tutors, or the committee, ought to see and know that he has one.' (P. 373.) 'There is a great fault in our students in forming hasty and often injudicious attachments. Those generally do best who hold their affections in control till they have finished their studies and entered upon their ministry.\* The cause of failure to many of our ministers may be found in their hasty and ill-formed matches.' (P. 89.) 'He regretted the absence and direct systematic training for public speaking, though he confessed how hard it is to supply the deficiency.....In the training for public speaking..... he included the cultivation of the voice and of general manner. Of the importance of a good elocution and graceful and impressive manner, he was never weary of speaking.' (P. 369.) Mr. Dale gives the statistics of the college for twenty-one years, which are interesting; they show sixty-six admissions, of which number fifty-four continued the whole term, (five years we believe,) and twelve left before it was completed. Forty-five, or more than two-thirds of the whole number, have entered the Congregational ministry, and four or five that of the Established Church. The remainder left through sickness, or other causes.

Another object which excited the deepest interest in the mind of Mr. James was the promotion of union among Christians. In 1842, he indicated his views as to the desirableness of form-

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\* In this he followed his sagacious tutor, who used to lecture on domestic matters, and advised his students first to marry a Church, then a wife. These subjects do not usually enter into a professor's courses, but with the pastoral Epistles before us we find it much easier to justify the introduction than the omission of them.

ing a Protestant Union, both in a speech at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union, which he had a large share in establishing, and afterwards in a long letter to the secretaries of that body. Next year he took part at a meeting in Exeter Hall, and published an Essay in a volume designed to advance the great object, also in the Congregational Union moved resolutions warmly approving the principles of Christian Union, and expressing a desire for a representative meeting of delegates from all parts of the world. When it had been arranged to convene a meeting at Liverpool in the autumn of 1845, to consult as to the practicability of any scheme that might be propounded, and to arrange further measures, if such should be resolved upon, he was there among the most happy and most hearty of the assembled brethren. His former efforts in the cause marked him out as the most proper person to preside over the first meeting of that wonderful series; and his opening address gave a tone to the proceedings which was not lost to their close. In all the subsequent deliberations of the Provisional Committee, and at the formation of the Evangelical Alliance in August, 1846, his zeal and his prudence were alike conspicuous. He seemed to realize in the work of those few months the answer to the supplications of many years, and the prelude to the music of heaven. Joy flashed from his eyes, love breathed in his words; and, in common with hundreds of his fellow-Christians, he experienced another Pentecost, in which it might without presumption be said, 'The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul, and great grace was upon them all.' Had nothing more been attained by the Evangelical Alliance than the happiness of those few months, all the labour and expense would have been amply compensated. Whether it has failed, and, if so, why, are questions which cannot be discussed here. Mr. James's large share in its formation has been traced and recorded; and it is due to him to add, that it was not owing to any fault of his that its career has not answered the expectations of some of its friends. He has left on record his opinion, that 'it seems to have come too soon;' and the sentiment will be sorrowfully adopted by not a few.

In the cause of religion in the United States he appeared more interested than any other Englishman we have known; and his correspondence with Dr. Patton of New York, and Dr. Sprague, shows that he took pains to acquaint himself with its state and progress. His acquaintance with these and other transatlantic brethren exercised much influence upon his religious life and upon his ministry, particularly in relation to the question of revivals. How far the views which he adopted



contributed to the efficiency of his labours upon the whole admits of a grave doubt. The habit of looking for a constant succession of revivals can scarcely be considered 'the more excellent way' of promoting the prosperity of a Church, tending as it necessarily does to introduce, if not to sanction, a reactionary interval proportioned to the period of excitement. A clearer view of the privilege of Christians, as living under the dispensation of the Spirit, and a more firm and consistent expectation of His aid, would supersede much that now operates to the prejudice of religion in connexion with this subject. Yet while a system of doctrine prevails which encourages exaggerated views of the Divine sovereignty, and restricts the purpose of mercy to the elect, it is not difficult to see that a series of revivals affords most natural, if not the only, ground of hope for the ultimate triumph of the Gospel.

Whether the revivalism of the States was serviceable to Mr. James or not, there can be no doubt that his correspondence with the two eminent men named above was a pleasure and an advantage to them. His protests against slavery, in these letters, and his repeated entreaties to his friends to use their influence against it, do him the highest honour. It is worth observing, that so far back as 1827, he expresses an opinion that the United States would 'divide into separate kingdoms,'—an anticipation which just now seems more likely than ever to be realized. One of his last letters to Dr. Patton, dated May, 1857, contains the following reference to the Dred Scott case:—

'This decision of your supreme court fills us with astonishment, horror, and indignation. It is, indeed, the most terrible outrage upon humanity that has been perpetrated for ages, and will do more to lower the moral character of your country than even the present system of slavery. All Europe and the whole civilized world will blush for you. It is the first time that I know of when a whole race was put without the pale of social life on account of the colour of their skin. *Will* your country submit to it? Can it be conceived that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers will bow to so horrible a rebellion against the precepts of Christianity and the dictates of reason? My dear brother, what are the Eastern States about, that they do not rise *en masse* against this dictum of a few men upon the bench? However, there is one hope. It is so bad—shows so clearly the advance of the slaveocracy in your country—that it must help on eventually the cause of abolition. The American Union of the States appears to me to be becoming an idol, before which your people are willing to make the most costly sacrifice of moral principle. Anything so that the Union be preserved. If it is attempted to be preserved in this

way, God with one of the thunderbolts of His vengeance will by and by shiver it to pieces.'—P. 562.

Mr. James's authorship supplies a good illustration of his character. He was not one man on paper, and quite another when you came to know him in the flesh; but just what his writings would lead you to expect,—devoted, earnest, and intensely practical. He had aimed to form himself, as a preacher, upon the model of Richard Baxter, and succeeded to admiration; happily he did not take him for a literary model. Logic was never Mr. James's forte, controversy was his aversion. Once, and only once, he launched a pamphlet on the questions at issue between the Dissenters and the Established Church; and even this he did not willingly, but to vindicate himself against a disingenuous application of something he had written by way of caution and reproof on the working of his own Church system.\* Holding firmly by his convictions on the points at issue, he was nevertheless satisfied that the alliance between Church and State could not be terminated by measures contrived for the purpose. The fetters which he believed the Church to wear must be melted by the gradual growth of conviction, rather than shivered by Parliamentary enactments. And, meanwhile, as love was equally important with truth, and much real Christianity was found in the Established Church, he advised his people and all Dissenters to unite where they could, and dissent only when they must. This was his deliverance in 1830; and as he advanced in years, and in acquaintance with pious Churchmen, he was, if possible, less disposed to recede from it than when it was uttered.

The *Sunday-School Teachers' Guide*, *Christian Charity*, *Family Monitor*, *Earnest Ministry*, and *The Widow directed to the Widow's God*, are works which, had he written no more,

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\* Mr. Dale seems anxious to prove that Mr. James was a very *sincere* though charitable Dissenter. Perhaps the best proof of the sincerity of his convictions, because it is so clearly undesigned, is the wonder at the progress of true godliness in the Established Church, which he avows in a letter to Dr. Patton. 'One of the most extraordinary circumstances.....is the vast increase of evangelical clergymen in connexion with a system so manifestly and notoriously corrupt.....I cannot interpret this circumstance; a vast nucleus of piety has been forming in the midst of surrounding evils of an enormous character.' (Page 339.) It does not appear to have occurred to him as possible that a conscientious Churchman might have been equally surprised at the spread of religion among Dissenters. Our wonder at his simplicity, however, must not blind us to his candour in the acknowledgment of what was good, and his truly catholic love for such men as Burn, Marsh, Riland, Garbett, Marsden, and Miller, worthily reciprocated, we doubt not, by all, but particularly by the last, who offered public prayer for him during his last illness, and preached a funeral sermon for him in St. Martin's church.

would redeem any man's life from the reproach of 'vanity' which by nature belongs to it, and make it worth while to struggle through threescore years and ten. Altogether, they, with the others which go to make up his collected works, have largely and blessedly realized the usefulness which it was his highest, if not his only, ambition to secure. But what shall we say of *The Anxious Inquirer*, which, as it has carried his name further, will probably continue in circulation longer than any of his other publications? A circulation counted by myriads, if not millions, has been secured to books in various departments of literature, most of which must be pronounced of the earth, earthy, and the fame of them perishing with the earth. Here, however, is a book which has secured a *deathless*, as well as a world-wide, reputation. In our day there has been nothing like it; Macaulay, Dickens, Mrs. Stowe, Byron, and even he whom we call our 'immortal bard,' must all give place to the unpretending teacher of the Carr's Lane meeting-house. Upwards of FIFTY CONVERSIONS by means of this work are recorded in the volume before us; and it is known that many more have taken place, though the record of them has not been preserved. Some of these are cases of ministers, or students for the ministry, who in their turn will have been the instruments of good to multitudes, until the circle expands to infinity. Mr. James, in his Autobiography, gives a modest account of the honour which God had put upon this little book; and then goes on to improve the story by persuading preachers to preach in the same style in which he has written, dealing with elementary truth seriously, earnestly, plainly, concisely, and, above all, affectionately. Mr. Dale points out another probable cause of its success, in its reality, as dealing with doubts, difficulties, and dangers as they occur, all of which were probably brought before the author in the Inquirers' class, which he was, at one time, in the habit of meeting weekly. Another, and, as it appears to us, a very effectual one, is its brevity, which allows of its being repeatedly read even by those who have not much time for purposes of devotion. Here lies its great superiority—not intrinsically, but in respect of adaptation—to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, which Mr. James used to employ and lend about in his Inquirers' class before his own book was written, recommending his friends not to read more at present than the first ten or twelve chapters.

The chapter of Mr. James's life which relates to this book is one of profound interest to all who study the work of saving souls with a serious purpose of learning something from the history of *The Anxious Inquirer*. Mr. Dale dwells upon the

deficiencies of the book in respect to doctrinal clearness and firmness in the point of justification, which Mr. James considers as substantially the same with pardon; and also in the point of the nature of faith, which is sometimes represented as a mere intellectual belief, and at other times as 'belief in Christ Himself founded on the belief of Christian truth.' (P. 300.) On the first of these points we apprehend the biographer differs from the New Testament as well as from Mr. James, and from many other eminent divines. His great objection to such a definition of justification as identifies it with pardon is, that whereas pardon needs to be, and is often renewed, justification cannot be said to be repeated, or is by so saying 'reduced to insignificance and worthlessness.' In the mouth of a Calvinist holding justification to be a permanent and irrevocable blessing, this argument is natural and conclusive; nor do we remember that Mr. James anywhere attempts to reply to it. Indeed, a passage quoted by Mr. Dale from one of his subsequent works (*The Course of Faith*, published in 1852) almost admits in words what Mr. Dale contends for. But, in our estimation, who believe that a just man now living by faith may so draw back that God's soul shall have no pleasure in him, and yet may be graciously restored on his renewed repentance and faith, the renewal of justification presents no greater difficulty than the renewal of pardon; and the question appears to respect words rather than things. If pardon is needed, guilt must have been incurred; and a state of guilt is opposed to, and cannot co-exist with, a state of justification. On the second point the biographer clearly establishes his complaint of a want of consistency and harmony in the passages cited, though the general drift of both is sufficiently clear. To us, however, it appears that the main defect of the book lies in another direction. We desiderate a clearer and fuller recognition of the work of the Divine Spirit both as the Author of faith and as the Spirit of adoption. The *general* doctrine of the absolute necessity of His operations in order to salvation is clearly, forcibly, and repeatedly taught;\* but His peculiar

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\* Here, as elsewhere, his Calvinism hampered him, though unconsciously. If the penitent or anxious inquirer were represented as the subject of Divine influence to such an extent, how could he be consistently cautioned against 'losing his present feelings?' But such caution the sagacious and experienced guide of souls knew to be necessary, and administers it at length, and with great impressiveness. In spite of all that can be said on behalf of irremissible grace he tells him plainly (chap. ii.) that 'the Spirit of God is striving with him,' and that he will either 'yield to His suggestions,' or 'grieve Him by resistance and neglect, and cause Him to depart.' In another place he appears altogether to have forgotten that he had represented the inquirer as the subject of a work of grace; for he tells him plainly that 'as long as you pray in an unconverted

work and function in, and on behalf of, penitent sinners, in awakening contrition, disposing them to receive the humbling doctrine of salvation by grace, and to close with, and rely upon, Christ, as set forth in the promises of the Gospel, are not dwelt upon as so many sources of encouragement, or motives to hope, prayer, and effort, in the way they should have been. Still less, if possible, do we find of His work as *The Comforter*. That faith must go before assurance is a point well cleared, and repeatedly insisted on; but assurance itself is represented as the consciousness of having believed, rather than that Divine persuasion of the believer's acceptance, that 'sense of the paternal love of God,' which it is the office of the Spirit to 'create,' and 'whereby we cry, Abba, Father.' If the author believed this to be the privilege of Christians in general, (which we doubt,) he omits to teach it where such teaching would be most appropriate and effective, and so far impairs the value of his book as a safe guide, and is accessory to his readers resting short of the New Testament idea of a Christian. 'Because ye are sons,' St. Paul writes to the 'foolish' Galatians, and not on the ground of any special personal regard for you as individual believers, or as the recompense of exemplary diligence and zeal, 'God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying 'Abba, Father.' His words plainly teach an equality of privilege between all the children of God in this particular; and all teaching which falls below or contradicts this view, however well intentioned, and otherwise effective, tends to stunt the growth of piety, and withholds from the Blessed Paraclete the honour which is justly His due. That such a defect obtains so extensively among Evangelical divines of the modern Calvinistic school, 'is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation.'\*

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state, your prayers are only the operations of self-love which though not sinful are not truly holy,' with more to the same purport. (Chap. vii., sec. 4.) No wonder that he is urgent with his reader to ignore (for a time at least) the whole doctrine of election, which has involved him in such contradiction and perplexity; but it is surely strange that men should continue to hold as true what they continually exhort seekers of salvation not to think about. What Calvin would have said to one of his scholars who should thus have advised an inquirer, 'Leave the decrees out of consideration; for you know nothing about them, and have nothing to do with them,' may be gathered from that chapter in his Institutes in which he discusses the subject. A single sentence may suffice. 'Those, however, who are so cautious and timid that they would bury all mention of predestination, in order that it may not trouble weak minds, with what colour pray will they cloak their arrogance when they indirectly charge God with a want of due consideration, in not having foreseen a danger for which they imagine that they prudently provide?'—Book iii., chap. xxi., sec. 4.

\* The difference between most modern Calvinists and Calvin himself is as curiously marked in regard to this question, as in respect to the point noted above. He insists on a direct Divine witness of adoption as going before our own conclusions on the subject as plainly as on the necessity of preaching the decrees, and would have satisfied John

Among the latest productions of Mr. James's pen was an appeal on behalf of an increased missionary force in China,—a striking exemplification of the intensity of his zeal when the snows of more than seventy winters rested on his head. In early life his association with Morrison had directed his thoughts to that wonderful country; and for many years it was borne on his heart to the throne of grace in specific and earnest supplications. In 1853 he adopted a proposal to raise a special fund for sending A MILLION TESTAMENTS to China, and advocated it with so much zeal and success that the Bible Society were induced to take up the scheme, and opened a special fund which the cost of TWO MILLIONS will not exhaust, and of which more than £22,000 remain in hand. Having been honoured to be the instrument of thus providing the word of God in almost fabulous numbers, he might well say, 'The subject belongs to me;' and, 'I seem almost authorized to raise another call for a hundred missionaries.' This appeal, which Mr. Dale describes as 'glowing with passion, and radiant with hope,' he not only published; but sent by post to several hundred persons, accompanying it, in many instances, with a private letter, urging and entreating an immediate response to 'God's voice from China.' It is pleasant to learn that many of these letters were answered in a manner which indicated that the hearts of the receivers had been touched; and that the whole Bench of Bishops were among his correspondents upon this question; each of whom (with one exception) acknowledged his communications with courtesy, and several of them with great cordiality. Perhaps the seed thus sown may bear fruit in time to come; but in any event the sower deserved well.

He laid down his pen only with his life, and his last effort of it was to honour the memory of one who, like himself, had been eminently useful,—the missionary Knill. With the essay he had written on this subject he sent a letter, in which the following sentences are found. Written within twelve hours of his decease, they show 'the ruling passion strong in death;' and are just such last words as such a man should have uttered. They were addressed to Mr. Birrell of Liverpool.

'In some humble degree I have aimed at usefulness both in my preaching and writing; and God has, to an amount which utterly astonishes and overwhelms me, given me what I have sought. It seems a daring and almost presumptuous expression, but with a

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Wesley himself on the question of the Witness of the Spirit; if, indeed, he does not on one point go beyond him. See his Exposition of Romans viii. 15, &c., pp. 210-214, Beveridge's Translation.



proper qualification it is a true one, that usefulness is within the reach of us all; the man who intensely desires to be useful, and takes the proper means, will be useful. God will not withhold His grace from such desires, and such labours. O my brother! how delightful is it, notwithstanding the humbling and sorrowful consciousness of defects and sins, to look back upon a life spent for Christ!—P. 526.

Mr. James's good sense and discrimination were never better exemplified than in a passage in his Autobiography on the subject of usefulness, in which he owns that he, like others, had often attached a too restricted meaning to the word. His aim was to be useful in the awakening and conversion of sinners; and he was conscious of a tendency to think and speak as if this alone were usefulness; which he corrects by enumerating other important departments of ministerial and ecclesiastical service for which he had little or no fitness, but which other persons had ably filled. The variety of gifts which the Divine Founder of the ministry distributes among His servants is unquestionably subservient to His great purpose, and claims the thankful recognition of His people. Perhaps no two ministers of our time exemplified this variety more than the two named at the head of this article; and though some would speak of Mr. James as the more useful of the two, he would, we believe, have been among the first to disclaim the preference, and discourage the comparison. We shall not therefore attempt any comparative estimate of their respective merits; but hope that as the characteristic excellencies of each are exemplified, the work of the same almighty hand will be alike recognised.

There is little or nothing now to tell of Mr. Jay's early history. His birth at Tisbury, apprenticeship to a stonemason, employment in that capacity in the building of Fonthill Abbey, and entrance into the academy at Marlborough, under the care of Cornelius Winter, before his apprenticeship had expired, are all well-known facts, having been published during his life, and in part, at least, by himself. We regretted the absence of any full and clear account of Mr. James's conversion, and Mr. Jay's Autobiography awakens a similar regret. In neither case can there be a reasonable doubt that there was a turning from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; but that the circumstances attending the great change should in both have escaped recollection, or be of set purpose excluded from the record, is not a little remarkable. Mrs. Turner, of Trowbridge, appears to have been to Jay what the shoemaker at Poole was to James. 'Her information and addresses,' he says, 'were more useful than many of the sermons I heard.' (P. 23.) And when we

read of her taking him by the hand, and welcoming him to the chapel, when he came to the morning preaching, and coming to meet him as he walked home from his work at the Abbey, that she might follow up on the week day any good impressions which might have been made on the Sunday, it is impossible not to feel that we are probably indebted under God to the zeal, kindness, and condescension of this pious woman for much, if not all the benefit we have derived from her young friend. But for Joanna Turner, we might never have had a William Jay. Mr. Jay himself looked mainly to Mr. Winter as having made him what he was; but while admitting the higher claims of the tutor, it is evident, from the narrative before us, that both parties were almost equally concerned in the introduction of this remarkable youth into the sphere he was afterwards to fill so well. The story is a wonderful one. Tried by the ordinary rules of prudence, Mr. Winter's procedure would be highly culpable; but the result shows that both parties were under a guidance higher than that of human wisdom. Mr. Jay narrates the facts thus:—

‘ Among these supplies [at Tisbury chapel] came the excellent Cornelius Winter from Marlborough, a distance of near forty miles. A year after the first time, he came a second; and calling on Mrs. Turner at Trowbridge on his way, he told her that when at Tisbury before, he had been particularly struck with the aspect of a lad in the congregation; that the impression had not worn off; and that he felt a strong desire to have an interview with him before he should return. Not knowing, however, his name, he could not inform her who was the youth he intended. She immediately said there was a lad in the place she also much wished him to see and converse with, mentioning my name, that he might inquire for me. Accordingly on the Saturday evening he desired the doorkeeper to ask for Billy Jay to come to him in the parlour after the service. Again while in the pulpit he was equally attracted with the appearance of *the* lad who had so impressed him before; and was eager to know who he was, and to have some talk with him. When the preaching was over, as desired, I followed him into the house, and was presented to him. I was in my simple village dress, with my apron drawn around me. He then perceived that the youth Mrs. Turner had mentioned and the youth he had remarked were the *same*. He was affected even to tears, and immediately kneeled down and prayed. I was of course amazed at the strangeness of all this; nor could I for one moment conjecture the design. He then began to talk with me, and in a manner which disarmed me of fear, concerning several things, and especially of my religious views and feelings. At this interview he proceeded no further, but desired me to come to him again after the service on the morrow evening. I again waited upon him; he again immediately prayed for a few moments; and then

began to inquire whether I should not like, and did not long, to communicate to others what I felt myself. He observed that he had a small academy of young men for the ministry; and kindly invited me to join them, if after reflection and prayer my heart should be inclined, and my parents should be disposed to give their consent. The invitation was after some time accepted; and I went to Marlborough, where for some years (they were far too few) I was privileged to live under the tuition and care of that incomparable man.'

In the interval between this service and his going to reside at Marlborough with Winter, the youth wrote to his future tutor a letter, which the editors have inserted in his Autobiography as a specimen of the raw material out of which the elegant and successful preacher was, as it were, manufactured. As a means of measuring his improvement during his stay at Marlborough, it is very interesting, and not less so as indicating even then the possession of some of those characteristics which were the foundation of his future fame. 'Health,' he writes before he was sixteen, 'health is the honey that sweetens every temporal mercy. To be well in body is a great blessing, but to be well in soul is a much greater blessing than this. For what is the body compared to the soul? No more than the candle's slender light compared with that great luminary the sun in its meridian splendour.' He goes on to tell of his experience in very satisfactory terms. 'I desire to love the Lord above all, and to live more to His glory and honour. I hope I can say that He is the chiefest to my soul among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.'

What studies he pursued we do not know. There are hints in one of Winter's letters to him of his having learned Latin and a little Greek. The tutor evidently liked the pupil whom he had so strangely taken, and possibly had a presentiment of his future eminence; (which, however, he was judicious enough to conceal;) for he made him his companion on many preaching excursions, and writes to him in a very affectionate style. Mr. Jay (p. 36) speaks of his having to fag hard at first, but soon finding pleasure '*even in the languages*,' a form of expression somewhat significant as to the extent of his acquaintance with them. But Winter soon saw with what special gifts the lad was endowed, and cultivated them with care. He had not a large library; but it was large enough to supply his pupil with what seemed an ample store of theological reading, and the youth availed himself of it eagerly at every spare moment. The villages around were many of them in great need of evangelical preaching, and the labourers were few; so Jay was permitted, before he had completed his seventeenth year, to exercise his preaching gifts. His first sermon, of which the date has not

been preserved, was preached at Ablington, a village near Stonehenge; and he continued these efforts in village preaching, till his tutor thought he might be intrusted to preach in his native village. A letter written to him on occasion of receiving this appointment is defective in the date, but probably belongs to 1785. In it he warns him against self-confidence and levity; and tells him that he hopes to pray more with him in future, as he feels that he has been deficient in that exercise hitherto. Winter's character, as it is developed in these letters to Jay, begun during his occasional absences from home, and continued after his pupil had left him, is indeed attractive and beautiful. Such humility, kindness, good sense, and moderation, might well win the heart even of one whose standard of excellence was so high as the late Bishop Jebb's, who, nevertheless, calls him 'that celestial creature.'

Jay's early popularity was aided in part by his youthful appearance and the sweet expression of his countenance, and still more by his exquisite voice. He was called the 'boy-preacher,' and, as such, sought for, and followed by many. Where he was quite unknown, his boyish face and humble attire sometimes excited prejudice; and it is said that he was refused permission to preach in some places to which he was sent by Winter; but where he was permitted to open his lips, all difficulties vanished. He was soon in great request; and the best proof of his having profited largely by his training, is found in his having been engaged by Rowland Hill, (a man of great penetration, all his oddities notwithstanding,) to supply Surrey Chapel for two months. This happened, as we gather from Jay's *Life of Winter*, (for there are few dates in the *Autobiography*,) in 1788, and consequently when the preacher had just completed his nineteenth year. Hill's judgment was vindicated by the event. The place was soon crowded to excess; and, on one occasion, at least, the crowds who filled the yard would not depart till their young favourite had addressed them from the window of the parsonage. When this engagement came to an end, he returned into Wiltshire, with the intention of spending a year or two in retirement and study at Christian Malford, a village he had formerly visited, and where he was engaged to tend a small flock at a small salary. But as he had few books, and no money to buy more, and many invitations to preach abroad, his hopes were not realized, and after twelve months he removed to Bristol. His farewell sermon to his rural charge was published at the particular request of Mr. Winter, and was his second appearance in print before he had completed his twenty-first year. By the time he was of age,

he had preached, as he supposed, a thousand sermons. No wonder, then, that he had attained such proficiency as these early productions exhibit. We do not, indeed, discover in them many of the peculiarities which marked him out in mature life as being, in the estimation of that severe, if not fastidious, critic, John Foster, the 'Prince of Preachers;' but there is much to admire notwithstanding. They are serious, earnest, correct, and graceful, and with the advantages of his voice and manner were, doubtless, highly effective when delivered.

From Bristol, where he supplied Lady Glenorchy's chapel at the Hot Wells for twelve months, or more, he removed to Bath. A new chapel had lately been built there for Mr. Tuppen, a minister whose health was then failing, and who soon after died. During his sickness, Mr. Jay had supplied for him, and had opened the new chapel; and Mr. Tuppen had, on his deathbed, recommended him to the deacons as his successor. He accepted an invitation, and was ordained in the place he had opened a few months before, on the 30th of January, 1791. A few days previously he had been married in London to Miss Davies, the daughter of a clergyman to whom Winter had introduced him on his first going to supply Surrey Chapel. His marriage and ordination having been solemnized so nearly together, his settlement in life was completed; and he was determined that, if possible, he would move no more. Nor did he. Every attempt to induce him to leave Argyle Chapel was in vain, until, in October, 1852, he resigned the pastorate, after having held it for the almost unexampled period of nearly sixty-three years. Beyond the ordinary incidents of domestic life, including a second marriage, the enlargement of his chapel, and the celebrations, first, of his completing forty years of ministerial service, and then of his jubilee, his career was marked by no incident. His congregation could not well be larger, his church grew, and was united. No divisions among his people distressed him until after his resignation, when, unable to agree upon a successor, they became two Churches; he himself voting, *as a member*, against the gentleman elected to fill his pulpit; and thus practically justifying the secession. His biographers were of opinion that 'it then was time for so large and flourishing a body' as his Church had become, 'to colonize;' and with their hope and wish that even the painful events they chronicled may turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel, every Christian reader will sympathize.

When Mr. Jay settled at Bath, and for many years after, it was a very fashionable place of resort for persons in the higher ranks of society; and he was brought into association with many such, as well as with other visitors from every part of the

country,—if not of the world. Among the attendants on his ministry, whether stated or occasional, to whom he or his biographers introduce us, are five or six peers, and we know not how many members of the Lower House, with more baronets, physicians, actors, and clergymen than we have space to write of. Many who would not be seen to enter a meeting-house at home thought they might safely, if not innocently, go to Argyle Chapel; while others, who were attracted only by the fame of his eloquence, would have heard him anywhere. Probably no minister of his time had more miscellaneous audiences, or had been brought into association with more remarkable persons. His Reminiscences are charming by their variety, and he has evidently taken pains to make them instructive; though they would have been better in all respects had he begun to write them sooner. His first visit to London brought him into intercourse with the venerable rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, who ever after held a high place in his affections and esteem. Newton heard of his popularity, went to Surrey Chapel one Friday morning, and asked him for a private interview after preaching. Jay did not then know him, but led him into the study, where he took him by the hand and began: 'Some of us are going off the stage, but we rejoice to see others rising up and coming forward. But you, my young friend, are in a very trying situation, and I am concerned for your safety and welfare. I have been so many years in the ministry, and so many years a minister in London; and if you allow me to mention some of the snares and dangers to which you are exposed, I shall be happy to do it.' The pious youth's heart was touched, and he gladly accepted an invitation to the open breakfast which used to be so great a means of grace in London sixty or seventy years ago. The more he saw and heard, the more he loved the old man; and he closes his account of him with, 'I deem Mr. Newton the most perfect instance of the spirit and temper of Christianity I ever knew—shall I say with the *exception*?—no, but with the addition, of Cornelius Winter.' Among the many anecdotes he tells concerning him is one concerning a Calvinist, who once asked him whether he was one or not; 'for when I read or hear you, I sometimes think you are, and sometimes, again, that you are not.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I use my Calvinism as I use this sugar'—taking a lump, and stirring it into his tea—'I do not give it alone, and whole; but diluted, and mixed.' Others tell the tale a little differently, or probably heard Newton use the same figure on other occasions. 'Some men,' he is reported to have said, 'eat the sugar in lumps, and like to hear it craunching between their teeth. I like to taste mine in my tea.' But in any version the



saying was an instructive one, and well describes the practice of multitudes of Calvinist preachers for more than half a century. Very few now, comparatively speaking, either in the Established Church, or among the Independents, give the sugar in lumps, though not a few among the Particular Baptists do. The popularity of Mr. Spurgeon will probably encourage them in this habit; but how far the cause of truth and holiness will gain by it remains to be seen.

Newton's ready wit was well employed in congratulating a lady whose house and furniture had been burnt. 'What,' said she, 'congratulate me on the destruction of my property?' 'No, Madam, but on your possessing property which nothing can destroy.' 'Pray, Sir,' said a forward youth, 'what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?' 'Sir, I never think of it,' was the prompt and wise reply. 'I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it. There my knowledge begins, and ends.' Very like this was one of his dying sentences uttered to Mr. Jay. 'My memory is nearly gone; but I remember two things: that I am a great sinner; and that Christ is a great Saviour.'

The same first visit to London brought Mr. Jay another singular acquaintance. One day, as he sat in a friend's parlour, an old-fashioned gentleman walked in, who, without further ceremony, took him by the collar, shook his fist in his face, and roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground.' Releasing his victim, and lowering his voice, he sat down and began to talk, which gave the 'young man' an opportunity to survey his dress. A wig of five stories behind, coat with large open sleeves, and long waistcoat with flaps almost to his knees, and square-toed shoes, were items of ministerial attire fifty years before that time, and not then altogether obsolete. 'Sir,' continued his visitor, 'nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' Two ministers who had been thus spoiled by caressing were then mentioned; and other seasonable and useful remarks made, which ended Jay's first interview with John Ryland of Northampton, with whom he was afterwards very intimate; a man of sincere piety, great powers, strong passions, and, in his day, of great usefulness too, though not now so well known as his son, for whom Robert Hall published a funeral sermon. Jay derived much advantage from his eccentric and boisterous friend, who was, he says, 'always leading me to think;' and who helped to confirm him in his good habit of early rising, by

roaring at him at the close of a long lecture on the subject, 'If ever you are in your study after nine o'clock, I wish — may appear, and drive you to bed.'\* Whether the terror of this apparition was one means of keeping the young preacher in good order or not, it is certain that his regularity was almost unbroken. His physician tells us that he rose at five, breakfasted at seven, dined at one, drank tea at five, supped at nine, and went to bed at ten, almost without any exception. He gave the early part of the day to study, and the afterpart to exercise and general reading; and thus, by God's blessing, preserved his health to an advanced age, and was seldom interrupted by sickness in the discharge of his duties.

Mr. Jay's reminiscences of Mr. Wilberforce are as long, or longer, than those relating to any other person; and establish the fact, that a cordial intimacy subsisted between them to the close of Mr. Wilberforce's life. It follows that those extracts from the statesman's *Diary*, in which his sons have represented him as timid, and reluctant even, in his occasional attendance at Argyle Chapel, and scarcely civil towards the minister, must be susceptible of another interpretation, if all were known; or that their father was both impolite and insincere. There are two other noticeable points in the document. Mr. Wilberforce told Mr. Jay that he had visited Carlile, the notorious infidel writer, while he lay in Dorchester gaol, and learned from him that he had once been a Wesleyan Methodist and a class leader.....He advised Jay to take no notice of anything that appeared about himself in the public prints, arguing thus, 'if you leave anything unnoticed, *that* will pass for truth which cannot be refuted.' Mr. Jay, it should be added, notes that Wilberforce was careful to keep the Sabbath holy, and to secure time for private prayer, as well as that his family worship was regular, solemn, without formality, and very impressive.

Mr. Jay's recollections of Hannah More are tinged, like those last noticed, with vexation at the attempts made by her Episcopalian admirers to deny, or palliate, as though it had been an offence, her early connexion with him. He was justly gratified at having had two such persons for hearers, admirers, and friends; and loth to have them otherwise represented. At her house he met Alexander Knox, whom he justly describes as having helped to prepare the way for Puseyism; and Sir James Stonhouse, whose sentiments, he says, were 'the skim-milk of

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\* Ryland's faith in the supernatural suggested odd combinations sometimes. He had been preaching on the presence of angels in assemblies for worship, when, the singers having afterwards done their best to mar the devotions, he acknowledged their services with, 'I wonder the angels do not wrench your necks off.'

the Gospel,' though his popularity as a preacher, and particularly as a reader, was great. From Hannah More he also heard the remark, now become common in reference to the Puritan and Nonconformist divines, whom she, though an Arminian, greatly enjoyed, and often read, 'I find nothing so good as the lean of their fat.'

John Foster comes before us in these sketches. Mr. Jay does great justice to his wonderful powers of mind; and states that Dr. Chalmers agreed with him in the opinion that in some things Hall was inferior to Foster. But he notes, as might be expected, with disapprobation, some of his friend's peculiarities; such as his renunciation of religious technicalities, his disapproval of divisions in sermons, and, above all, his disuse of the Christian sacraments. Of his Lectures he says:—

'They also show, though too sparingly, that he held what are called the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. Of these doctrines, as a Christian, he felt the truth and importance; yet not sufficiently by believing to enter into rest, and feel that peace which passeth understanding, keeping his heart and mind through Christ Jesus; or *fully* to enjoy the blessedness of the people who know the joyful sound, and walk all day in the light of the Lord's countenance. His mind seemed too much surrounded with gloomy, rather than with cheerful, images; nothing appeared to satisfy him in civil or religious concerns, and he commonly was not indulged with the peculiar associations which interested and pleased his mind and heart.'

Of his neglect of ordinances he writes:—

'When residing at Borton, he always heard the pastor, yet left the table of the Lord; and Mr. C. complained.....what distress it occasioned to himself, and what a stumbling-block it proved in the way of other members. I presume (but I am not certain) that in the several places where he officiated as pastor himself, he administered the Lord's supper; but as to the other ordinance, he never dispensed it, or attended the ministration of it; and after several attempts, Mr. Hughes, his most familiar friend, assured me he could never get him to express himself upon the subject; but had a full persuasion that, with the Friends, he did not believe in the perpetuity of water baptism.....And who can commend his wish to break up all church institutions and orders, leaving religion to individual influence and exertion, or at most to domestic?.....Is it wise to abandon the present methods of doing good because of their defectiveness, instead of endeavouring gradually to improve them? Who knows what may be the result between the giving up of the old means and the establishment of the new? for the change may not be easily, and therefore not speedily, accomplished; and who can be certain of its greater benefit and usefulness?'—Page 407.

John Wesley was the guest of Lady Maxwell while Mr. Jay supplied Hope Chapel, and he was invited to meet the founder of Methodism on two occasions. The first time he was pleased that Wesley recognised him, and spoke kindly of his tutor Winter, who had not spared to testify against Wesley; and not a little displeased with Captain Webb (whom he miscalls Well) for keeping all the talk to himself. The second time he seems to have been astonished more than a little to find Wesley a believer in demoniacal possessions, the case of Lukins occupying nearly all the conversation, as well it might, where the vicar\* of the parish in which it had recently occurred, was one of the party. He heard Wesley preach the same evening. 'The language,' he says, 'was terse and good, the delivery low, and unanimated.' This surprised him for a time; but he seems to have recollected afterward that he was listening to a man of eighty-six.

But we must hasten from these Reminiscences, curious and interesting as they are, to look at the writer of them in that capacity in which he most effectually 'served his generation by the will of God.' As an author he was popular and extensively useful; but with the exception of a volume of Family Prayers and two biographies, his publications are all sermons, or parts of sermons; the Morning and Evening Exercises containing little that had not been delivered from the pulpit, or might not have been, had he been so minded. Some of them, indeed, would have appeared to greater advantage had he printed them in their original form, instead of breaking their continuity by the re-arrangement of the parts.

Born a preacher as truly as some others have been born poets, he had the good sense to perceive where his great strength lay, and to concentrate his energies on attaining excellence in the work for which he was best adapted. He deemed it better to do one thing perfectly than two or three things simply well; and the results justified his choice. When the bloom of youth had faded, and the attraction of novelty was at an end, he was listened to by as many persons, and with equal, if not greater pleasure, than when all adventitious circumstances were in his favour. If in the earlier period of his ministry he was in some danger of making 'the great things' of the Gospel less prominent than they should be, he escaped the snare; and his

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\* The Rev. James Easterbrook, vicar of Temple, (misspelt, on p. 413, as Easterhooht) a most pious and charitable man, of whom it is reported that during his incumbency he preached in every house in the parish. Mr. Henry Moore published a funeral sermon for him; and Mr. Jay has preserved the tradition, that some respectful notice was taken of his death in every pulpit in Bristol.

testimony became, and remained to the last, explicit and unwavering.\* This was his first great excellence,—fidelity to the truth as it is in Jesus. Yet there was no wearisome sameness. By constant study he secured constant variety, and the oldest of all doctrines were from his lips always new. To this result his devout spirit contributed not a little. It was his custom to steep his heart in his subject by meditation and prayer, and to go from his closet straight to his pulpit. His style was well adapted to his object, as expressed in his own words: 'I want something that shall *strike* and *stick*.' Long discussions, and abstruse topics, minute distinctions, and elaborate criticism, he deemed out of place in the pulpit; however suitable in the study or class-room, he would have only the results of them brought before the congregation, and these in the most compendious and attractive form. Narratives and similitudes were his delight, and entered largely into his discourses; and an interrogation, or an apostrophe, in his hands, did the work of a whole paragraph. Anecdotes often introduced, and skilfully told, clenched many a nail as soon as he had driven it; and strokes of pathos laid crowds at his feet. His sermons were never hard to be understood, and never difficult to be remembered; for he divided them skilfully, announced his plan clearly, and adhered to it closely. He aimed at making his sermons scriptural, not in regard to the matter and the structure, but in the language also; and in this he succeeded to admiration. Such a command of Scripture phraseology, and such skill in the employment of it, have never been exhibited by any other preacher whom we have either heard or read of. He astonished and delighted even old students of the sacred volume, by the variety of his Scripture illustrations, the aptitude of his quotations, and the skill with which he brought out the force and beauty of particular passages, and even of single words; making, as it were, every hair's breadth of the diamond a reflecting surface, flashing with Divine light. When we add, that his voice was 'most sweet,' and equal to the demands which even the crowds at Surrey Chapel made upon it, there needs no more to account for, or justify, his great and enduring popularity.

The very full and able discussion of Mr. Jay's character as a preacher, which his friends and literary executors have published at the close of his Autobiography, will repay attentive and repeated perusal. His friendly critics have set forth in the

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\* Mr. Wilberforce was made a blessing to him in this respect. His letter of friendly caution and warning is a beautiful composition, displaying a truly Christian spirit; and was as serviceable as it was designed and adapted to be. See pp. 302-305.

clearest light his characteristic excellencies, and have done full justice to his defects and mistakes; among which they name a somewhat deficient action, excess in quotation both of Scripture and poetry, and a tendency to quaintness,\* particularly noticeable in his declining years, and not perfectly reconcilable with good taste. Two paragraphs from the conclusion are all that our space will permit us to copy.

'It will be seen, by this description, that we do not claim for this eminent preacher any dazzling brilliancy of genius, any profound originality, any power of philosophical analysis, any logical acumen, or even great theological research. To those who can only be pleased with such things, or to others who resolve all pulpit excellence into abstract generalizations, or lofty speculations, or subtle argumentation, Mr. Jay's sermons presented few attractions. His sound evangelism, his practical wisdom, his rich experience, his strong sense, his melting tenderness, his touching pathos, his beautiful illustrations, his sweet antitheses, his poetic fancy, which procured him, while a living preacher, such wide and continued popularity, and which in his published works will never cease to delight the readers who can be pleased with strong intelligence and true piety—were held in light esteem by those who love to soar in the clouds, or delve in the dark mines of German mysticism.

'To be a useful preacher was his aim; and it was thus, by constant and unwearied effort, he became one. And if this were the habitual study of all who are called to occupy the pulpit; if with an intense longing after the salvation of immortal souls, and an unwavering determination to know nothing among men, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; if with a truly philosophical view of the adaptation of preaching to awaken attention and produce impression; if with a recollection of what has been done by the great masters in the art of preaching,—all ministers were to study the best models of evangelical pulpit eloquence, and were to take extraordinary pains to acquire, by the aid of Divine grace, a commanding and interesting style of pulpit address; and, while cherishing a sense of absolute dependence for efficiency upon the work of the Holy Spirit, they were to recollect the

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\* Mr. James, as a great master of the diffuse and declamatory style, could not be expected to sympathize fully with Mr. Jay, who excelled in the compact and sententious. And as to the taste which condemns quaintness of manner and expression, we are reminded of Jay's own words, 'We cannot gather flowers in a balloon. They are on the ground, and we must bend to view them, and stoop to gather them.' We hold, as he did with Cowper, that to '*court* a grin' is 'pitiful'; but many of his pithy sayings will be remembered for years, when, if they had been conformed to what is sometimes called 'good taste,' they would, indeed, have been listened to without a smile; but they would have been forgotten before his hearers got home. The same may be said of his introductions, *ex abrupto*, of which his editors justly say, they are dangerous experiments for a preacher to make. Yet who could forget this?—'You have often heard of persons dying of a broken heart. I will show you to-day how to live with one.' The text that followed was Psalm li. 17.



Spirit works by appropriate means; and took half the pains to make their speaking in the pulpit as impressive as the actor does to make his successful upon the stage; if, concerning the powerful preaching of the Gospel, they said "*This one thing I do*," and called in all collateral aids to do it in the best manner,—we should not hear, as we sometimes do, of the declining power of the pulpit. It is for a wonder, a lamentation, and a reproach, that they who have to do the most momentous work under the sun, give themselves the least pains to do it effectually. Mankind are wrought upon by manner as well as matter. It is an interesting, earnest style of address, that engages attention, reaches the heart, and accomplishes the end of preaching; in the absence of which learning the most profound, and theology the most scriptural, will fail to secure popularity, or to obtain success. It will not do to say, We are so engrossed with the matter of our discourses as to be indifferent to the manner of them. The more important to men's interests is the matter, the more anxious should we be that in our manner there should be nothing to hinder, but, on the contrary, everything to aid, the success of the matter. That minister who feels called by the Holy Ghost to be a preacher of Christ's blessed Gospel, ought to feel himself no less called to take all possible pains to do it in the best possible manner.

'How eminently Mr. Jay's efforts to excel in this matter were crowned with success, the reader of the foregoing pages has seen amply illustrated as he has advanced through this volume. We shall here, however, add one more testimony, which, from its impartiality and high respectability, is entitled to much weight. Bishop Shirley, in a letter to the Rev. C. Bridges, says: "I spent two days at Bath, and heard Mr. Jay preach. He is a very extraordinary man. There is a commanding energy in his manner, and a weight in his style, which give authority to what he says, and secure attention; for he is evidently in earnest, and utters the result of much thinking and prayer."—Pp. 560-562.

The critic and the subject of his critique have long since met in the great home of the good. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives,' the esteem in which they were held by the public constitutes an encouraging sign of the times: and though, when we remember them individually, the old question, *Quando ullum inveniet parem?* almost involuntarily arises, it is better to exclaim with David than with Horace, and, when 'the godly man ceaseth,' to invoke His 'help' Who made each of them what he was, and Who, out of His fulness, can kindle many such burning and shining lights as those whom we have endeavoured in these pages, however inadequately, to commemorate.

ART. IX.—*The Uprising of a Great People: or, The United States in 1861.* By COUNT AGENOR DE GASPARIN.

'How is slavery to come to its end?' has been the ever-recurring question with all who have of late years discussed the position of America, either with a friendly or a philosophic interest. Those who wished that country ill might be contented that its plague should not be abated, much less cured; but all who cared either for the United States, or for mankind, longed to see the day which should throw some light on the great problem in which the happiness of so many human beings and the honour of considerable portions of Christ's Church were involved. 'When is the end to be?' asked many a slave in his bonds; and perhaps as intently, yet not so bitterly, many a good man who never felt the lash except upon his sympathies.

Among the many conjectures as to how its end was to come, it scarcely ever entered the head of any one to foretell that it would be by the act of the slaveholders precipitating themselves selfishly into a war, wherein, come out as they may, the one only inheritance for which they began, and for which they wage it, will be hopelessly damaged, if not for ever swept away. It was only a power higher than that of man which could make their own mad pride the means of their captives' liberation; and many will think that we speak far too soon, and prophesy far too boldly, when we declare that we regard every step of the Southern States in their rebellion as an advance toward the ruin of the cause for which they flew to arms. But it is better to be thought rash, than to keep down strong convictions. We may be wrong; but, if so, we are content that the error should be on record; and, if it prove an error, those who may judge more correctly, will join in the regret of our disappointment.

It seems scarcely within possibility that any other means than a war begun by the slaveholders could have brought the system to an end in any moderate time. The one rational and practical course seemed beyond all hope. Even the best Americans looked upon an Englishman as conveying a taunt rather than friendly advice, as showing his British pride rather than as seriously seeking the welfare of America, when he spoke of a national ransom for the slaves of the Southern States, as in the case of the West Indies. This idea his American friend brushed aside with little concern, and no investigation. He looked on it as simply impossible; and in doing so he had hosts of reasons, feasible, sober reasons, to keep him in countenance. The sum would be far too enormous for any nation to bear, and such as would make England's boasted twenty millions a bagatelle.

Very true; but how much less will be the sum spent on the war, and lost by it? Goodness is often costly to-day, but gainful to-morrow; and never would nation have done such a money-saving act as America, had it taxed itself heavily, and said to the slaves, 'Be free.' But, the American always told you, that even if the North was willing to buy every slave by a national ransom, the South would spurn the offer, as a miserable, anti-chivalrous, Yankee way of dealing with a great institution. So the South said; but Americans did not mind offering to buy when they really wished to do so, even if the feelings of the holders were liable to be hurt. Spain made no secret that overtures for purchasing Cuba were insults; yet Americans could freely and openly discuss them. Had the South ever seen the fair chance of getting its money for its Negroes, and being rid of the blessings and curses of slavery on good terms, it would have had some effect on the views taken of the relative proportions of blessing and curse in that system; and many, though not all, perhaps not a majority, would have thought that a fair compensation in hand, and a final quittance of contingencies, would be, if not a chivalrous, a very comfortable, termination of slaveholding.

But the South never had a serious proposal to ransom the slaves before it; the North never rose to the height of such a design, and even to the last showed not the faintest symptom of doing so. A quarter of a century was given from the time that the example of a nation disentangling itself from slavery by an act of redemption had been set; and that period was full charged with proofs of the dangers which the system entailed. It had come to be manifest that no public question in America was unaffected by this cardinal one. It was a question of property, and therefore calculated to rouse the most passionate efforts of political men. It turned elections, formed cabinets, shaped foreign politics, decided the choice of officials, from ambassadors and judges down to postmen; provoked war; raised up schools of buccaneering politicians, whose morals, learned in the slave-market, and edged by the rich profits of the plantations, made light of national rights, as of individual liberties, and held all means happy and worthy which aimed at the golden end of extending the fields for remunerative planting, and procuring the slaves to make them pay. A worse, a baser, a more sanguinary code than these men acknowledged, and acted upon, has never been current under settled governments, to say nothing of civilized or Christian countries.

The danger of allowing a party dependent on such an illicit support as slavery to rule a nation, is so obvious that one cannot

but stand stupified at human folly, as displayed by the most boastful race existing, or that ever did exist. The slaveholders were a minority; yet during the quarter of a century which followed the practical appeal made to America by emancipation throughout the British Empire, they were permitted by the majority to hold the reins of power, and shape the course of foreign policy and domestic legislature; and to-day that majority is paying, grieving, and bleeding in consequence.

Why did the majority permit it? Because it was the interest of many to be friends with the slaveholders; the desire of others to keep things quiet; and the habit of all to make the best of a national fault. The absurdity of those who ascribe the rupture between North and South to so vague a cause as 'incompatibility' of temper is clear enough on all grounds; but especially on this ground, that the interests of the two sections of country were so identified that the South itself firmly believed, and never made a secret of its persuasion, that the North was entirely dependent upon it for its prosperity; while, on the other hand, the merchants, bankers, and shippers of the North, and, still more, its ambitious politicians, ostentatiously acknowledged the value of their connexion with the South. This sense of identical interests is the strongest antidote to incompatibility; and nothing but a cause of difference which wounded feelings deeper even than self-interest, could have brought into hostile camps two portions of a nation so mutually helpful, and even necessary to each other's wealth and advancement.

All the interests of the North advised close union with the South, at any sacrifice of principle; and all the men of the North who were ruled by the sense of interest, made conciliation of the South their guiding object; for which pride, conscience, consistency, the posture of their nation before others, their own place among civilized men, the right of their churches to preach the gospel of universal brotherhood, of their press to denounce tyranny, legalized or not, of their orators on any spot of American soil to speak the sentiments of free men, of their religious and benevolent societies to display the true Christian abhorrence of organized and legal injustice,—all these sacred rights were by some bartered without a qualm, and by others painfully parted with, though conscience and wisdom whispered things hard to hear of days of reckoning.

It is not so hard for us to understand how Americans could be so much under the influence of the slaving interest, when we consider how far both the mercantile and landed classes in our country have been so, within our own memory, and, alas! *are so at this moment*. Three thousand miles of sea always rolled

between Liverpool and Jamaica, between Bristol and Barbadoes; not so between Philadelphia and Virginia, or between New York and Carolina. Putting the whole of the population and wealth of the West Indies together, what proportion did they bear to those of the British Isles? Yet were not Liverpool and Bristol zealous supporters of the West India interest? and was not that interest ascendant among the landed gentry, omnipotent in the press, and victorious in Parliament, till, by slow degrees, the religious benevolence of a few roused the human sympathies of the many; and the powerful West India interests, contending to the last, was not annihilated, but overborne by a tide of adverse feeling? And if remote and small interests like these could so affect our nation, how much more would the near, the momentous, the all-pervading interest of the Slave States affect the other parts of America! Every great capitalist had his stake in the South, every tradesman his relatives, every editor and preacher his friends. The two parts of the country were interlaced by every sort of family, mercantile, and political sympathy.

All this made it no less unwise in men out of the Slave States to trifle with the accursed system; but it made it more difficult for them to see how far even their own welfare, viewed by a stronger light than self-interest can ever lend, was imperilled by its continued existence. The mass of men are unwilling to disturb the gains of to-day, by measures which only provide for its duties, though they may also prepare safely for to-morrow.

But, in spite of all the ties which united men at the North to the interests of the slaveholders, and brought them into sympathy with their feelings, the voice of Christianity made itself heard in the breasts of many. It was doubtless gainful to have great planting States, in climates not friendly to whites, to buy the goods of the North; but it was wrong to keep millions of men in bondage. The nature of that bondage became more and more abominable. Law followed upon law, rendering the condition of the slave more helpless, and the criminality of the masters more conspicuous. It is rather the fashion among those who affect to know more of slavery than the crowd, to write as if its form in America was totally different from the popular notion, and much less objectionable in working than we could suppose it to be. This is not the case. Its legal position in America is worse than in any Mohammedan or even pagan country in the world. True, the law forbids the master to kill his slave, but it also forbids the reception of any evidence against him but that of white men; thus putting slave murder easily within the power of any wretch who chooses to resort to

it. And American slavery has curses in it unknown to the laws of any other nation, civilized or uncivilized. Among the Turks, a man who begins life a slave, may end it a potentate; a woman who bears a child to her master, gains thereby her right to freedom; and in the most savage parts of West Africa, the slave may ransom himself, if he can, or be ransomed by any friend. But many of the States of America, by law, forbid either education or redemption; a horrible descent below all former depths of dark doing, which in itself was sure to lead those who had gone down so far into lower and inevitable gulfs.

It is folly to expect that a system which gives such criminal powers to bad men can be carried on without great and crying outrages. We do not believe that American slaveholders are worse than British would be under such laws. We know that many of them are humane, and careful of the poor creatures whose liberty lies dead at their feet; but even they are familiar with acts of wrong, the report of which scarce moves a muscle of their faces, though it would excite the indignation of any man living in a free country. Cases of fearful moral and physical abuse of slaves, male and female; cases of men selling their own children, or the children of their own fathers, or working them as slaves; are, we believe, far more common than many English authorities are disposed to admit.

But whether on grounds of abstract injustice, or on those of individual wrongs, the feelings of good men in the North slowly but steadily rose against the system. Every expression of opinion against slavery was treated by the South as it must necessarily be treated. Men who are living by violence, whose position and wealth are secured by violence, must bitterly feel every word that would awaken their victims to the consciousness that they have friends. It is a fashion both in the North and in England to cast loud blame on the fanaticism of abolitionists, as the cause of the more violent and oppressive attitude of the slaveowners. With any abolitionism which proposed to gain its end by any but peaceful and legal means we profess no sympathy; but not all the wildness of the most ultra abolitionist, who would have overridden law, and throw peace to the winds, did half so much to confirm the slavers in their violent courses, as the countenance, more or less cordial, but always effective, of those respectable men who, professing to be opposed to slavery 'in the abstract,' were always against the abolitionist, and for the slaver in the concrete. Had the moderate men of the North, had its religious men, with anything like unanimity, said to the abolitionist, 'No, we will not tear up the constitution, nor set ourselves above the law; we will not take up arms, nor break national covenants;'



and then said to the slaver, 'We will not stand by and see steps taken to make that a perpetual plague which the constitution obliquely admits as a temporary anomaly: we will not permit that to be a power which was only a tolerated evil: and we will take every legal, every constitutional, means put within our reach to rid America of the last trace of slavery;'—had they said this, the slavers would never have passed from their original position, as representing questionable claims, to assume a sacred place of superiority, in which they and their 'property' were to be for ever protected against the advances of Christian principle.

It was the cover given to them by Northern apologists and abettors, political, commercial, and religious, that encouraged them to those bold strides which have at last brought them to rebellion. The calculating men of New York and New England, those men who prided themselves on wisdom, forecast, and consideration, are the men at whose door lies the blood now being shed. They discouraged the real anti-slavery feeling, they voted for pro-slavery presidents; they gave the South confidence that it should be protected in courses which were sure to bring woe on any country; they made it impossible to place an effectual check on the slave power, or to carry into office men who would honestly administer the constitution with a view to the ultimate extinction of the evil; they magnified any excess of abolitionist zeal, palliated every violence of the slavers; and, professing to discountenance sectional policy to favour national views, they fed to fatal repletion the proud ambition of the worst section of the civilized world.

It was impossible to convince these men that an American slaver was the same sort of creature as any other man who lives by violence. They were gentlemen, high-minded men, large numbers of them religious men, above cruelty, above sordid motives; with them the slave question was not one between living luxuriously by dishonest means, or laboriously by honest ones; on the contrary, it was a high, even a lofty matter of political pride, chivalrous feeling, and manly indignation against the low fanaticism of Northern abolitionists, and the dictation of English meddlers. This sober nonsense was, as a matter of course, paraded before any foreigner, by those very people who claim to be worldly-wise. We have often listened to it with silent amazement. Now the slaver has come out, and proved himself to be what all common sense must have declared he would be,—a man ruled by one idea, his property; in whom that idea was constantly irritated by his violent grasp and uncertain hold of the property; who for the sake of property could pervert every light of reason, every instinct of humanity, every lesson

of the Gospel, could sacrifice his country, could use the highest trust to plot the basest treason, could purloin public goods, and seduce public servants, could first use, then betray, then turn round and shoot the men on whose support he had all along leaned in securing his guilty gains. It is now in vain to talk of the honour of the great slaveholders; they have proved themselves false to oaths, trusts, friendships, to every alliance but that of mutual interest, to every tie but that which held the slave to them. The pro-slavery party in the North now see what their old allies were, and profess to be surprised.

Between the reckless abolitionist, and the Northern abettor of slavery, lay a great and rising power of sincere anti-slavery men, who, with endless diversity of views as to the best mode of dealing with the evil, steadily sought to bring it down. It would astonish people in England, who justly boast of our own anti-slavery heroes, could they go through the annals of the last forty years in America. The cases in which property has been sacrificed by manumissions are so numerous, and the sums of such magnitude, that, put together, they would form one of the glorious chapters which adorn the history of the Gospel. The cases in which violence has been dared, life and limb exposed or sacrificed, have surpassed any ideas we have, or any example we could show. That same Mr. Cassius Clay, who made a foolish speech at Paris, threatening England with the joint wrath of France and America, which England had felt twice already, when immeasurably less powerful than now, and outlived it,—that very man has led a life which, were it well told to the English people, would make him one of the greatest public favourites, in spite of his hasty wrath against our supposed apostasy from our anti-slavery principles. Born in a Slave State, and himself a slaveholder, he not only released his own chattels, but devoted the influence of a great family name, a noble character, some talent, and immense energy, to preach against slavery on slave soil. With pistols by his side, he has written his tirades, not against abuses away across the sea, but against the doings of the men who were at his threshold, and panting for his blood. Mobbed, outraged, in the utmost peril again and again, he has never flinched from his post, sought a covert in a Free State, or relaxed the vigour of his onslaughts on slavery. Compared with such a life, that of our Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, was feather-bed soldiering. In his warfare against the plague he abhorred, England was his pride, his ideal, his boast; and when he saw his country plunged into war by slavery, he naturally looked to England as the staunch ally of the North, the stern opponent of the South. Whether he expected more than moral

support and moral disfavour, we cannot say ; but those he never dreamed would fail. Coming to England, he found our leading journal daily and diligently misinforming the public as to the causes of the quarrel, and teaching us to believe that slavery had scarcely anything to do with it ; he found many in high places disposed to speak of the South, not as he thought Englishmen would speak of a pro-slavery rebellion. He imagined that the proclamation of a wise and honest neutrality meant friendship and favour to the South ; and thus fancied that his country, in the first juncture of his lifetime when he felt unqualified pride in her attitude, rising, as she was, to defend herself against the blows of traitors who conspired because their prey was to be disturbed, had been not only forsaken, but betrayed, by the one power on which any nation contending against slavery might have naturally counted for sympathy. Hence his unreasonable heat, and his absurd menaces.

It was hard for Americans to understand the posture of England, and hard for Englishmen to appreciate that of America. They, knowing our hatred of slavery, naturally counted on an outburst of enthusiasm in favour of the North, and did not find it. Here, on the other hand, the propositions of Northern statesmen read as if intended to prove that on slavery there was little difference between them and the South ; and that the quarrel rather regarded questions of balance of power, jurisdiction, or some other constitutional idea, than slavery. In such questions Englishmen felt no interest ; and could we believe that the press was as ignorant as the public, we should give credit for a mistake. But we must above all be honest. We can believe a great deal as to the ignorance of the press ; but we are not able to persuade ourselves that the men who write for such journals as the *Times*, are so helplessly ill-informed on American affairs, as they must be if they wrote according to their best lights.

The first feeling in England on the outburst of revolution was one of real regret ; and the graceful allusion to the question in the speech from the throne truly reflected the public feeling, which deprecated bloodshed. This was not, as the Americans seemed to suppose, merely a desire to see the United States split up. We are far from denying that many thought that a separation would be good for America, and for all the world : some on the ground that the Slave States left to themselves must soon collapse, and thus end their course of crime ; some on the ground that two communities such as the North and South, after having been once incensed against one another, could never live together again in peace ; and some on the

vulgar, worldly-wise ground that America was an ambitious, boastful country, and it would lower its pride, and make the world more secure, to have it divided. But though those who so thought might be many, they were a small part of the community; the general feeling was an honest aversion to see such a nation either committed to the horrors of civil war, or rent in twain: and that from the right and manly feeling of dislike to war, and reluctance to see the ruin of a great nation. Just the same good feeling which has always made the British people averse to a war between England and America, made them deprecate one between North and South; a feeling of horror at seeing men of the same race and blood rush into battle against each other.

There is, perhaps, nothing in which the politicians of America less understand the English, than on the point of their often-manifested repugnance to fight America. It is ascribed, by some, to fear of the American arms; whereas, if there be one thing plain, it is that our people have had, at least, a sufficiently low view of the miserable military condition and preparations of America. Their feeling has been, that Jonathan richly deserved a good beating, and that it could be administered with ease; but he spoke our own tongue, and was of our own blood; therefore, said the heart of the English, never fight the Americans but under dire necessity; and, if forced to do it, fight them with a vigour never displayed before. Americans confound conquest with defeat. Englishmen never dream that they could make a conquest of the United States; and would no more attempt to subdue those vast territories, than to annex Russia. But they do often laugh, inwardly, to hear Americans talk of the comparative military strength of the two countries, when every sentence shows the Englishman that all their ideas go on the old revolutionary war; and that, because they feel that England could not overrun their endless country, therefore she is the weaker power. The very idea, that she could invade and trouble the country, tells where the truth lies. No, we could at any time inflict on America fearful injuries, and receive but slight ones. Before she could organize a navy, we could desolate all her ports; before she could organize an army, we could place a force in Canada which would laugh at her attempts; and, if her privateers seized some of our ships, they must find foreign ports; for those of their own seaboard would be locked up. Americans so far dupe themselves as to speak of the war of 1812 as a triumph. Let them ask, If England had been invaded, its rivers scoured, its ports harassed, and its capital taken, would she have been counted the victor? That struggle was ungenerously forced on England, when she had upon her hands the

full weight of Buonaparte's war; but in it England suffered nothing, though what she attempted several times failed. It was the American soil on which blood ran, and the American shores which saw, now a city successfully defending itself, now another ingloriously fall, now a ship make a capture, now another become a captive. And, had England been free-handed, able to bend all her strength on America, instead of spending only what she could spare from Buonaparte, how different would have been the tale!

No! the reluctance of England to war with America has been from any cause but military fears. We cannot plead, on the other hand, that it has been from any persuasion of America's deserts. To speak the truth, we believe that the general feeling is quite the contrary. All believe that our reluctance to fight has been ungenerously abused, our territory encroached upon, and our statesmen put to more severe tests of temper than by any other civilized government. One odious fact has long stared us in the face, that, when an American president wanted to make political capital, it was a good expedient to get up a quarrel with England. Every man here knew that an English statesman, suspected of wantonly raising a misunderstanding with the United States, would, instead of gaining, fatally lose public regard; and the fact, that the opposite was the case in America, made the clear and painful impression that ill will to us was so general, that to pander to it was popular. Therefore, the general feeling has been, beyond question, that the Americans richly deserved to feel our arms, and would be the better for it. But, again, they were our own flesh and blood.

When, at the conclusion of the Crimean war, England stood with such an army as she never had, and such a navy as the world never saw, in a condition of preparedness for war, without parallel in her annals, and sorely disappointed that Russia submitted, and France urged peace; when, in these circumstances, she found herself face to face with an American dispute, about the recruiting question, first, and the Bay Islands, next,—a dispute mischievously urged by the government of Mr. Pearce; and following on the long provocation from press and people, during the war, by their strongly-manifested preference for Russia;—when, with a force which the people believed, and the statesmen knew, to be capable of sweeping the American seas, and possessing the American ports, in a few weeks, she found herself insulted and provoked by a feeble administration, did she take advantage? Did she not readily accept the return to reason which followed the submission of Russia? Still she felt that the old, ungenerous game of 1812 had been played over again;

and that, had not the close of the opportunity prevented, we might have had another American war forced on us when our hands were full.

We forbore, the South said, only because of self-interest : England must have cotton, and therefore endured being bearded. There is much weight in this ; but it is by no means all. Strong as was the desire to keep open our cotton supplies, the repugnance to fight with our own kin was yet a stronger element in our peaceful policy to America ; and it was this same feeling which, at the outset of the present crisis, caused the universal desire to see it pass without actual war.

This feeling, and the general tone of our press and our politicians, during the first stages of the dispute, were highly creditable to the nation. We may, hereafter, defy the Americans to point to any act of ours tending to exasperate the quarrel, or turn into physical conflict what as yet was only political rupture. Had England sought to embitter the dispute, she might have expected some of the unworthy suspicions which were early announced as to her intentions, and the reproaches which have since been sent to us from certain parties in America. It is true that men of all classes looked on with astonishment at the facility with which the political fabric of the Union dissolved. Even those of us—and that was the great majority—who regard the Federal Government as an ingenious but ill-contrived machine, capable of standing and moving in fair circumstances, but not capable of bearing a strain, were not prepared to see it made the very instrument for destroying the Union. Rebellions are familiar in history, both of republics and monarchies. Plots are familiar too. But a rebellion, not of individual partisans, but of sovereign States ; a plot, not by outdoor conspirators, but by the cabinet, came upon most with the surprise of a fabulous event. Contempt for the vileness of the men was almost lost in surprise at the weakness of the system ; and, when the president himself meekly reasoned with, and tacitly commended, the revolutionists, and aimed his reproaches not at them, but at their opponents, then wonder ceased to grow ; and we could only meditate over one more spectacle of a government destroyed, but this time by its own hand, and wait to see how the recuperative force of a great people might reconstruct the Union, which the feebleness of a system and the falseness of men had brought to a pitiable dissolution.

‘Will it come to war?’ was the question long debated. The South had been preparing, and the long tenure of power by the slave party had placed all public posts in the hands of their adherents. They had officers, organization, perfect mutual understanding ; and they took care to steal the guns, munitions,



and money of the Government, whenever they found it possible. Still, hope persisted against hope.

Our pro-South politicians then began to show their tendencies; and the English press was disgraced by urgent recommendations to compromise. Had the North done so, not only would the chains of the slave have been riveted as they never were before, but the subjection of the North to the South, from which it had just arisen, would have thenceforth been absolute servitude. The North did not compromise. Its new president manfully avowed his adherence to that constitution which he was elected to administer, and sworn to support. Some Englishmen reproached him that he did not declare for the abolition of slavery. He had no power to do so; the constitution gave him none. No law, no vote, no trust placed it in his hands. It was elsewhere; and his were other powers, which he would faithfully use, as he had sworn to use them. Had he at once declared for abolition, it would have divided the North within itself, as effectually as North and South were already divided; for multitudes who would sustain the government in constitutional acts, and zealously fight for it, if assailed, would resent, as usurpation, any exercise of power not legally vested in it, and scorn, as madness, any overt violence against the slave power.

But many of those who held up the professions of Mr. Lincoln to the English people, as proof that there was little or no difference between him and Jefferson Davis on the question of slavery, could not possibly be so ignorant as they pretended to be. It would argue as much information to say that a lord lieutenant of Ireland was a Papist, because he would administer the laws which recognise and endow Maynooth. He has no other title to the post than a willingness to administer the law as it is; and, if he propose to depart from it while it is law, he is false to all trust. This was Mr. Lincoln's position. His whole life had been given to the anti-slavery cause; for it he had suffered long political ostracism, had made more sacrifices than any English politician ever did; and, just because his mode of proceeding to his end has to be now, as it had ever been, by the slow steps of legal reform, instead of by swift and riskful strokes of power, he was to be represented to Englishmen as another kind of slavemonger, and his party as contending, not against slavery, but for land! We deliberately repeat, that, however innocent may have been the ignorance of some on this point, it could not have been so with all.

The South thoroughly understood the significance of the change of government. By help of Northerners, who played false to freedom and to their country, they had long

elected their own instruments. Their final triumph was the election of James Buchanan, the old man who had offended the decencies of even political life, by his plans for robbing other countries of their possessions, in order to please the president-making South; and who presided over a traitorous cabinet in a spirit as well calculated to foster their schemes, as the maternal heat of the hen is to hatch the eggs she covers. That election was the greatest calamity which has yet befallen America; that man, the worst enemy she has ever seen; and the pro-South city of New York is not unjustly suffering. For, if Buchanan betrayed the country, she knew what he was, and gave him a sweeping majority.

The South wanted another such instrument, and a Northerner, Judge Douglas, had long been proffering himself as such; but, seeing the steady growth of anti-slavery feeling in the North, he had tried to trim his sails so as to catch a little of the changing wind. The South saw his vacillation, a stauncher slaver was sought; both were defeated, and honest Abraham Lincoln, of whose fitness or unfitness for the post of a nation's head we cannot pretend to judge, but who was well worthy to represent the anti-slavery party, became the president of the United States.

What said the South? 'There is little to choose between him and us on the subject of slavery?' No; precisely the opposite of that. They said, in effect, 'If we remain under this government, the days of slavery are numbered. We must set our house in order. Before Lincoln gets the reins into his hand, let us carry our States out of the Union, and frighten the North into conceding all we wish, or fight till they acknowledge our independence.' If the North and its new government were as much pro-slavery as the South; if they were not bent on bringing the slave power down, then the South knew nothing of the matter, alarmed itself by chimeras, and put all its possessions to the risk of war, without even a shadow of danger to justify its fears. A more arrant absurdity than this has never been heard in even political explanations. No, no; the South rebelled, with good reason. The anti-slavery feeling at the North had steadily grown, and, at last, had created a majority, and slavery was in danger.

Up to the time when the secessionists became rebels and assailed the government, by the destruction of Fort Sumpter, the hope that all might somehow conclude without bloodshed was not quite chimerical, and the wish was certainly right. But how any sane man could, after that, talk of peaceful separation, we cannot understand:—of course, we mean any sane man

who does not hold the principles of the Peace Society, If ever it is lawful to fight, it is when a government has to contend for its own existence. If ever a government is bound not to lie down and abdicate at the bidding of a rebel, it is when that rebel raises his hand not because he has been oppressed, but because he fears that he will be interrupted in a course of oppression; not because the law has been wrested to undermine his liberties, but because he fears that it may be used to bring release to his victims. If ever a government felt clear in its consciousness of right, it must have been that of Mr. Lincoln; and if ever rebellion was foul, it was that by which it saw itself assailed. If all war be wrong, it was wrong in defending itself; but if any war ever was right, the call to arms which bore the signature of Abraham Lincoln, coming after much patience and serious provocation, was a justifiable call. That government had no right to abdicate; it was installed to defend the Union, and bound to do so by its oaths; and if there are beings on earth who would scorn a president placed in such a post who saw his flag rebelliously shot down, without trying his power to punish the rebels, it is those very Englishmen who, by a strange whim of sentiment, have chidden Mr. Lincoln for not letting the rebels have their triumph uncontested.

But, it is said, he cannot conquer the South: if so, the necessity of letting them have their independence will appear by the significant proofs which war brings; and necessity will make their recognition both lawful and possible to the government, which without proved necessity would have been an act never done by a government yet. We have no doubt that the very men who reproach the people of the North for fighting, would have reviled them for cowardice, had they let the slavers form themselves into a new nation with the portentous mission of 'eternizing slavery,' without straining every nerve, and making every sacrifice, to prevent such a consummation.

War is horrible, very horrible; and we heartily sympathize with every effort to bring it to an end; but we will not pretend to understand men who can approve of our government defending itself whenever attacked, and most of all if attacked by rebellion at home, who can approve of the Italian government defending itself against Neapolitan insurgents, of the Chinese government defending itself against Tae Pings, of every government in the world defending itself against rebellion; and who yet do all in their power to deprive the government of America of such moral support as the acknowledgment of its rights would give it.

'Had the two sections of the country not better peacefully separate?' This is either a very simple Utopianism, or very thinly

veiled ill will. Does any practical man believe that two such powers could peacefully separate? The territory not included in any State, but belonging to the Federal Government, is as large as Europe; and suppose that the North consented to let the Slave States go, would they peaceably go without this territory? Why, it is in it that their hope of founding the greatest empire in the world lies; it was to make it into Slave States they all along plotted; and the certainty that under the United States no more of it could be turned to that destiny, has been the most humiliating of all their grievances. No, they would have that territory. Would the North give it up? Not while they had the spirit of men; to surrender that heritage of their nation to be the dowry of a perpetual slavery would be to them the bitterest of disgrace, as well as the heaviest of losses. It is a great prize, and a great principle is involved. Had the North been content to let that territory become Slave States, it might have enjoyed the additional demand for its own manufactures which they would have created; and suffered no damage beyond the moral one of seeing a bad power strengthened. But it resolved that this land, that all land not yet blighted by slavery, should be held for ever free from it, preferring the honourable rivalry of new Free States, to the certain custom of more Slave ones. It contended long, and with great efforts, for the freedom of this virgin soil; could it therefore not only allow the Secessionists to break up the Union by their own departure, but to extend slavery as they never could have done in the Union, by giving them all this field for new States? They who can believe that anything would bring the two parties to agree on this subject, but a state of matters in which one was obliged to accept terms, or both were exhausted, must have read their experience from the records of a different world from that with which it has been our lot to be acquainted. Had not the government taken the ground taken in all times by all governments, that it was their duty, if in their power, to punish rebellion; had they consented to treat with the rebels without being compelled by circumstances to do so; they would have come to blows about the terms of partition, with as little hope of settlement as about the terms as union.

However, the idea of a peaceable separation may, in some cases, arise not from the simplicity of one who fancies it to be possible, but from the feelings of one who wishes to see the United States divided. To such we have only to say that the wish is wrong. Few forms of malice are more wicked than that which wishes ill to a nation. The man who wished to see my country rent into two, that it might be weaker, and less capable

of interfering with his, would entertain a feeling that is not only bad, but full of many sources of badness. Patriotism used to be cherished in a form which taught men to regard the sorrows, the poverty, and the depression of other countries as the gain of their own. The lone voice of the Christian, denouncing all malice, and teaching to bewail all calamities, to hail all happiness, was long the only protest heard by men against this dark form of selfishness; but in our day the voices of philosophy and social science have strongly echoed that of Christianity. They teach by self-interest; showing that the prosperity of our neighbours re-acts for our benefit, and that their calamities are indirect losses to ourselves. We object, then, to share a wish for the breaking up of the American nation, on the simple ground that it is wrong.

‘But,’ it is asked, ‘suppose the North could conquer the South, how could they ever live together in peace again?’ And suppose that the South should gain its independence, how can they ever live in peace side by side? When we consider the immensely extended frontier, the questions that must arise about navigating rivers, about the escape of slaves, the extradition of criminals, the attempts to spread anti-slavery documents, what could we look for but a perpetuity of war, compared with which the old reign of foray and raid on the borders of England and Scotland would be but boy’s play? It might have been asked little more than a century ago, (1745,) how ever Scotland and England could live together in peace, if England conquered her by the sword. Culloden was a bloody field; but what tens of thousands of lives which would have been lost in wars were saved by the issue of that day! And if England had cause to be thankful for the victory, has not Scotland now much stronger cause to be thankful for the defeat? Precisely the same may be said of Ireland nearly half a century later. Two contiguous countries, really parts of one country, have infinitely more hope of living happily under one government, than as rivals; and experience does not prove that the resentments consequent on civil discord are near so enduring when rebellion is put down, as when it sets two hostile nations side by side.

Some, however, indeed many, politicians suppose that the division of the United States would be for the general good, and especially for that of our own empire, by preventing the growth of a dangerous power, and lowering the overweening boastfulness and bullying tone for which Americans have rendered themselves notorious. Anything that would abate these last would be a public good, and to the Americans themselves a marvellous improvement; but, nevertheless, we always doubt the wisdom

of those politics which desire our neighbour's injury for our own good, and the benevolence of those which desire it for his good ; we have more faith in the policy of wishing people well, without one reason to show for it, but that it is right, than in that of wishing them ill, with all the deep reasons of the deep men of the world for it. In fact, our experience teaches us to attach exceedingly little value to the opinions of those who calculate how their own good will come out of their neighbour's trouble. Their selfish forecast is a great obstruction to that foresight of which it is the mean parody. We have far too high a view of the mission and providential place of the British empire to feel anything like complacency, when its greater glory is sought by the humiliation of any Christian country.

But we have not a worse opinion of the principle of wishing for a disruption of the States, than of the policy of it ; and though in this we may look for much less concurrence, we are not less convinced in our own minds. To think that it would be for the safety of British interests on the other side of the Atlantic, that the United States should be split into two rival nations, is, we humbly think, the reverse of far-seeing. As heretofore constituted, the States, though able to repel any invasion in the long run, were perfectly harmless as to foreign war. They might trouble a ruin like Mexico ; but they had no army, no navy, for which a military power need care in the least. They could not invade anything, except where, as in Mexico, there was nobody worth naming to defend. But if two rival nations be formed, both must be military powers, both must be naval powers. The one would border on our North American, the other on our West Indian possessions. The one will desire Canada, the other must have the West Indies. In Europe, France and Russia force us all to keep up ruinously costly armaments ; and were two great military states placed on our transatlantic frontiers, we must prepare for a new scale of armament, and for new and frequent uses for our arms.

We have, then, no hesitation in wishing on grounds of policy what is right on grounds of principle, that our American friends may see their present troubles as happily ended, as those have been which in past times arrayed the different parts of this now really united kingdom in deadly conflict. If asked whether we expect it, our reply is that we hardly know. The war is only begun ; and we do not pretend to see its end. Many seem to think that a week or two is a long time in such a struggle. We fear that a year or two may pass before any one is entitled to form decided opinions as to how it may turn. But uncertainty as to the issue is only an



additional reason for honest men to say what they desire ; and our fervent desire is, to see the South utterly vanquished. Yet we do not profess to wish for the North an easy victory. All the well informed Northerners we know anticipated defeat in the first few battles ; and some of them confidently expected that Washington would have been taken before now ; but their calculation was, that each defeat would but bring out the resources of the North, each victory but exhaust those of the South. Our own feeling has always been, that an easy victory over the South would have left the question of slavery where it stood before the war ; for, in that case, the North, both from policy and generosity, would have given the South the easiest possible terms. Since the slaveholder had himself invoked the sword, as the arbiter of his rights in human property, it is well that those rights should perish by the sword.

The Federal Government, suffering under the disgraceful rout of Bull's Run, and the serious reverse at Springfield, has shown no disposition to call upon the slaves to rise ; but, on the other hand, none to conciliate their momentarily victorious masters. On the contrary, with the constancy and the calmness given by conscious resources, it continues to fall back upon its reserves of men and means, gathering up its strength, while it knows that the enemy is wasting his. At the same time, it steadily moves toward the emancipation of the slave ; without, however, as yet doing an act which could be called a violation of the constitution. First, came the measure by which all slaves taking refuge in the lines of the troops were detained, and, if they belonged to rebel masters, were released as contraband of war. Any constitution admits of confiscating the goods of a rebel. But the last measure is a far wider one, and will exercise a great influence on the question of slavery. It provides not only for the emancipation of the slaves of rebel masters, but of all who come within the lines of the Federal army. Further they have declared all property of every rebel confiscated,—a measure within the legal powers of every government, but which, in this case, has only one signification. It is the form in which faulty law permits the government to proclaim liberty. It takes all legal right in his Negroes from every rebel slaveowner ; and if the slaves generally could be made aware of the measure, it might soon produce considerable effects. About the import of the last document from the secretary of war, there appears to be considerable doubt. Some hold that it proclaims liberty to the slaves of loyal as well as disloyal masters, on taking refuge in the Federal lines ; but with this difference, that after proof of

the fact that the slave did belong to a loyal master, the latter shall, in due time, be compensated. If so, it is a proclamation of emancipation by ransom, wherever the forces advance. Others contend that the slave will be kept, and, if his master demand it, will be returned; and we do not decide which interpretation is more in accordance with the letter of the document. But all seem to agree that, be the letter what it may, the spirit is to release all who claim release, and that this will be the practical effect of it. At all events it is felt to be the first great step of the American government toward emancipation by ransom.

There seems considerable hope that the State of Missouri will itself take measures to terminate slavery; and some Northerners who closely watch the war are confident that even if it came to a speedy close, it must leave Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri Free States. We do not profess to be able to give an opinion on the soundness of this view; but many circumstances go to favour it. Maryland, before the war, contained more free Negroes than slaves, with a strong anti-slavery party. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities many slaves were reported as escaping into free territory; and as the whole State has been occupied by Federal troops, it is to be supposed that not a few will have availed themselves of the easy emancipation to be found by fleeing to the lines. Thus the number of slaves will be greatly reduced, and the anti-slavery party proportionably strengthened.

In Virginia, again, the whole of the western part of the State is free territory, and faithful to the Union; in the Eastern the hostile armies are massed. Many slaves have already found refuge in the Federal lines; doubtless many more have been sent by their owners further South, to be safe; but how far these two processes have gone toward clearing the way to make this proudest traitor of the traitor States free soil, we cannot judge. As to Kentucky, it has always been one of the most hopeful of the Slave States, and at one time came very near making itself free. If the present conflict should lead it to that happy decision, its future citizens will bless the day when Fort Sumpter fell.

We lately saw a gentleman from a Slave State further South than any of those named; and his opinion was that, whether the war might turn in favour of North or South, the result would be the end of slavery. He confirmed the impression generally expressed at the North, that there is a powerful Union party in the South; saying, that there were few men of influence among his acquaintance, who were not waiting their

time, till the turn of affairs would enable them to execute justice on the ringleaders of rebellion.

War is always uncertain ; and happy that so it is ; for by that fact Providence holds the strong in check, and makes even the boldest feel that battles may go against them. But every human calculation would lead to the impression that the South would be better prepared to begin the war, and the North to carry it on. The former had long been preparing for it, the latter slumbered till Fort Sumpter was taken. But the eight millions of the South are diluted with four millions of slaves, every one of whom is a burden, if not a danger ; while the eighteen millions of the North are all white, without any mine under their feet. While one asks, ' How many such defeats can the North recover ? ' another may ask, ' How many such victories can the South survive ? ' Humanly speaking, the whole matter turns on one question : Have the people of the North, or have they not, that quality of the British race which makes a few defeats at the beginning of a war needful to bring out the patient power of England ? If they have lost that, they may be thwarted by their own impatience, but never by a fair trial of strength. In men, in money, in arts, in ships, in everything that constitutes national strength, they as far excel their rivals as France does Spain. If they fail, they deserve to be trodden upon. It is not likely that the North would ever think of overrunning the South ; that course would have no object. Their manifest policy is to shut them up, beat them off the frontier, retake great posts, and leave the rest to time and necessity. We deplore the struggle ; but certainly do not blame the government for not running away from half its territory, and leaving it to pro-slavery rebels. We deplore every battle ; but battles there will be, and our prayer is, that success may be with those who did not prepare the war, who did not shed the first blood.

As to the effect of this struggle on England, we deplore it in a moral point of view ; but in a material one are disposed to think that it will bring us nothing but temporary inconvenience, and ultimate advantages of the most substantial kind. In both these respects, perhaps, our opinion is not a very common one. Morally, a condition of our press has been brought out, which is not only sad, but disgraceful. Who would have said, a while ago, that England could have found newspapers to advocate slavery, and welcome and abet a slaving confederacy ? But we have them in London, in Liverpool, and elsewhere ; base specimens of Mammon's prophets, who preach up the cause of the South, and try to make it palatable to us, by saying that

we must have their cotton. The world abroad knows it ; and is well pleased to see English love of liberty so belied. The deliberate and elaborate misrepresentation of some of our foremost journals, seemingly with no particular object but just to stir up bad feeling, is another painful fact. It is a melancholy feature of newspaper information, that it gives all the bad things, and all the irritating ones, but omits the greater part of the good. Fifty articles in America are published without abusing England, and, of course, not quoted here ; one does abuse us, and is ; and so in America with what is written here.

Our own observation in foreign countries passing through great crises, and of our newspaper accounts at the time, give us a painful persuasion that the people of England, are, in really critical times, sadly misinformed. From such remarks we would carefully except such writing as Mr. Russell's letters in the columns of the *Times*, which from beginning to end bear the stamp of candour and fairness, as much as of genius. The country owes that journal a debt for those letters, which goes some way to counterbalance the roods of bad information and bad teaching in its leading columns.

One of the worst things in our English press is the habit of citing from those journals in the North, which are in the interest of the South, and giving their ravings as Northern opinion. Many provincial journals, and some inferior London ones, honestly re-quote these extracts in ignorance. But who will say that the *Times* is so ignorant as not to know what it is doing when it quotes the *New York Herald* as the organ of the North? That paper has always been the violent partisan of slavery, and the rabid hater of England. It is edited by no American, but by a Scotch Papist infidel, whose name is not infamous, because it is below infamy, and shall not stain our pages ; the man alluded to by Mr. Russell when he speaks of 'bewhipped pariahs' of New York ; the man who, on being horsewhipped in the streets, will publish a second edition, and announce it all over the city by placards headed, 'Cowhided again.' His vile print is never to be seen in respectable families. In such houses as in England have the *Times* on their table every morning, it would be held an insult to ask the gentleman if he took in the *New York Herald*. Englishmen who have spent months in America can testify that they never were in one family,—though they lived not in hotels, but in families,—where this print could be found. It loudly preached secession, till the New York mob forced it by public violence to change its tone. From that time it has become fierce against the South—in words ; but has steadily worked to excite

England to war with the States, by abusing us in every possible way, and proposing war against us; and inveighs against the ministry; all this manifestly in the interest of the South. No language could be too strong to characterize the line of conduct by which the sayings of this paper are set before England, as samples of 'opinions at the North.' Let it be represented as the Northern organ of Southern interests, and the case is plain. Another paper quoted by preference in our journals, as a specimen of *Northern* opinion, has actually been presented by the grand jury for treason.

We are far from thinking that the best specimens of American opinion are just to England; for we have not ourselves met with many that are so, either in private or public. They do not understand us, do not like us, and lose no occasion of showing their preference for things and proceedings that are French. They foretold that we would join the South, open our ports to their privateers, break the blockade, and so on; and they go on inventing new crimes, that we are to commit, as soon as the old ones become impossible. They have seen us bear the only consequences which we could have feared in actual war with them,—the stoppage of commerce, and cotton especially; and retain, not the neutrality they held in the Crimean war, of helping both sides to the full amount of pay given, but a real neutrality, of keeping our hands off altogether, giving them the prodigious advantage of shutting our ports against privateers: yet we seem no nearer their confidence. But as certainly English opinion does not do them justice, nor acknowledge the vast amount of hearty love for the *old country* existing, after all, in America.

We believe that much, if not all, of their ill feeling as to the present crisis is owing to the abuse and misrepresentation of the *Times* newspaper. Had the honest representations, and English views of, say the *Daily News*, been taken by the English press generally, the people of the North would have understood those of England, and not believed that we hated slavery in word, and America in heart; that we frowned on the South with our brow, but patted it with our hand; that we were more willing to see a power set up on the principle of perpetuating slavery and extending it, than to see the wounds of a great rival honourably healed. These last are the views taken of our present national feelings by the people of the North, and by those of the Continent. This would be a moral condition anything but noble, or estimable; but the Englishman who, with the leading journal for witness, will try to prove us to have worthier motives in a company of foreigners, will find his task a hard one.

We find a London journal daily writing in favour of slavery, and many hints elsewhere that we must break the blockade, that is, ally ourselves with the South, to get cotton. Such things we hoped never to hear in English air. There did seem one moral point gained in our political life, a horror of slavery; but mere politicians never hold morals as more than make-weights; and now the guardianship of this principle must rest with men, such as those who first brought it into favour,—men whose politics are all coloured by the Christian principles of our duty to our neighbour, and who believe that a loss by doing right is greater gain than a profit by doing wrong. Did England now soil her hand by any touch of the accursed thing, she would sink immeasurably in the eye of the world; and the twenty millions vaunted so often would be quoted, ever hereafter, not as her highest pride, but as her loudest condemnation.

We not only do not trust professional politicians, but think them a class habitually unfitted for those feelings and convictions which are worthy of confidence; yet, in spite of all that has been written, we believe that, on the slavery question, the heart of the non-religious, of the merely political, population of England is perfectly sound; and that were the question put to-morrow, 'Shall we join the Slavers to secure their cotton?' a cry of indignation would be raised throughout the land, while the religious part of the community would be roused to a man. But none of our statesmen would propose such a course; and it is only to be regretted that the writings of others should cause them to be suspected of what they would abhor.

Our course is clearly the one early announced by our government, and honourably adhered to,—strict and complete neutrality.

As to the effect of the conflict on our material interests, we believe that it will be our own fault, if it do not prove to be, ultimately, of incalculable advantage to them. The Morrill Tariff is not a necessary result, but a gratuitous mischief inflicted on themselves and their neighbours by the Northerners. They ask us, 'Cannot you let us raise our revenue in our own way?' That is precisely what we are doing and will do; but if we think it is done in a way worthy of dark ages and anti-social codes, we ought to say so. The condition in which we stood as to our supply of cotton, is the opposite extreme from that aimed at by the Morrill Tariff, and both are unfriendly to peaceful relations. The latter would isolate one nation from others, tearing by the coarse hand of self-sufficiency the unnumbered kindly bands, by which Providence, when not thwarted, links nation to nation, in mutual services; so that, without a sense of dependence on either side, but with a strong



consciousness of advantages on both, they may cleave to one another, and feel that a rupture would be a calamity. It would leave a nation free at any moment to turn upon any other, saying, 'I do not care for you, I can live alone!' This is the policy which China is rising above, and into which America is sinking.

On the other hand, the total dependence of a nation upon a single foreign one for what is, or is deemed to be, a necessary of life, not elsewhere attainable, is a temptation to bully; and, unless with two people very differently constituted from the English and Americans, must bring war: for the latter were not the men to forbear from making insulting uses of an advantage, nor the former the men to endure insult always. So far from our necessity being peace with America at any price, that we might have cotton, it was cotton from elsewhere at any price, that we might have peace with America. The incredible shortsightedness of our statesmen,—deserving the blame of the Manchester men, beyond all they can utter; and the immovable perversity and blind avarice of the manufacturers, deserving that of the statesmen,—have united to leave England, with the finest cotton fields and the richest mines of labour on earth in her possession, a timid dependant on the stores of others. That dependence has been counted upon by the South, as their shield in insulting us; (for be it remembered that all the presidents we have had to complain of were their men;) and, worse still, as their stay in rebelling against a government favourable to human freedom. It was the weakest point in our national machinery, one that was liable any day to involve us in war without and stagnation within. Statesmen saw it, heard that a little outlay would make India at least yield such supplies as would change America from a self-sufficient master into a useful friend: but they had reasons for doing nothing. Manufacturers heard of it, knew it; but they thought the American supply would last 'my day;' and that they could get a better return for their money by investing all in mills at home, than by using a part to develop supplies in India. They were wrong in fact; and totally mistook and misrepresented the lessons of their own boasted science of political economy.

Now, in a way more gradual, less disturbing, than any that could have been foretold, the American supply is stopped. If it continue to be so for some three years, we must suffer, and pay in increased price for cotton a sum which, had it been spent in improving the natural water-ways of India, would have yielded Manchester a higher per-centage on the money invested than the best mills ever built; and would have laden Liverpool with

cotton grown on British territory, by freemen, every one of whom would use the purchase money, in part, to buy British goods. That sum must now be a sheer loss to us, as utterly so as that spent by America on the war is to it; for it will take as much to open communications as if cotton was cheap. But with all that loss, with all the derangement of trade, the process of opening new, various, and inexhaustible sources of supply is going on, and, as the pinch becomes more felt, will proceed more rapidly. It was shortsighted not to begin it long ago, parsimonious not to spend great sums upon it, culpable not to improve providential means laid in our own lap. But to interrupt the process now would be madness.

The selfishness which made men so shortsighted as to be dependent on America, would now make them so shortsighted as to rivet that dependence for ever. 'We must have cotton,' they would say, 'even if we break the blockade!' And suppose you broke the blockade, and had cotton, what then? You would thereby say to the South, the most reckless and domineering set of men on this earth, 'We are your dependents, we actually cannot live without you; we must give up our honour, our national self-respect, our character before the world, to secure your services. Right happy would the South be; and before any long period you would either be eating the dust of untold humiliations, or at war with the cotton country for which you had sacrificed some of the highest considerations a nation has to value. It may be a hard trial to go through the present transition; but it is only one of those momentary pinches which, with a nation like England, serve to keep energy fresh, by giving new difficulties to vanquish; and, the crisis over, with India pouring a tide of cotton upon our shores, beside which what America could send is a dribble, and taking from us an amount of goods greater than three Americas ever will; other sources of supply, British, and not British, open, from the Nile to the Essequibo, from Natal to Fiji; and, above all, America herself removed from the dangerous position of a dispenser of our daily bread to the advantageous one of a friend on equal terms, England will have hopes before her which may Providence realize!

If the dark flag that is unfurled as the banner of slavery by the right, slavery extended, slavery for all time, is to be known as the flag of a nation,—which may it never be!—let us hope that the last power to recognise it will be that which was the first to give freedom to the slave.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

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History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. III. Modern Methodism. By George Smith, LL.D., F.A.S. Longmans. 1861.

IN approaching the completion of his arduous work, Dr. Smith has had to encounter difficulties of a different kind from those with which he had to contend in its earlier portions. It is never an easy task for the historian to describe scenes, or to relate events, in which men still living, or men whose friends and coadjutors are still living, must necessarily appear as the most prominent actors. The difficulty of history increases with its recency. In this third volume, there are no traces of diminished power. As in the former volumes, the style is everywhere perspicuous and manly, the narrative is everywhere clearly traced. The references here and there occurring to national or political events, as affecting Methodism, are always interesting, and sometimes extremely valuable. Of the author's thorough acquaintance with the principles and genius of Methodism, and of his ardent attachment to the Church of his choice, it would be superfluous for us to speak. Yet this attachment has by no means blinded his judgment, or inspired him with the unscrupulous spirit of partisanship. 'The difficulties naturally incident to a work of this kind have been greatly aggravated,' as the author justly says, 'in the period treated of in this volume, by the animosities and divisions which took place in the Connexion.' The first two chapters, which relate to the period between 1816 and 1827, are comparatively free from any such admixture; but from that period onwards to 1837, the historian's attention is occupied with the organ question at Leeds, with the case of J. R. Stephens, and with the agitation of Dr. Warren,—a dreary and troubled decade, which, however, ended in the legal establishment of Wesleyan Methodism, and in the defeat of those who sought to invalidate its discipline. All this is related with great ability, accuracy, and spirit. The period from 1838 to 1843 embraces the jubilant year of the Centenary celebrations, and the happy period of rest which followed. An account of the opening of Didsbury

College, immediately after the Conference of 1843, brings the regular historical narrative to a conclusion. A supplementary book is added, consisting of three chapters. The first of these treats of 'the recent agitation: its causes, character, and results;' the second, of the relation of Methodism to the nation at large; the third, of 'the Methodism of the future.' To the author this must have been one of the most difficult, to the reader it will be one of the most valuable, portions of the work.

The subjects thus introduced, far too comprehensive and connexionally important to be entered upon in a brief notice like the present, may perhaps receive a fuller consideration before long, when we hope to present a more extended review of Dr. Smith's important work. It can scarcely be necessary to inform any of our readers that the position and character of its author are a sufficient guarantee for 'the spirit of perfect independence' in which, as he is careful to inform us, the work is written. Several times in the course of this volume this spirit is freely displayed, though never with the slightest tinge of rancour. Thus, in remarking (p. 148) upon the general administration of the Connexion, he observes that 'it is, at least, unfortunate that the discipline of the Connexion has scarcely ever been amended, except after serious loss;' qualifying, however, this observation by adding, 'We are sure it is most unjust to attribute this circumstance to any illiberal disposition on the part of the Conference: the ordinary working of such a vast machine is sure to create, year by year, sufficient cause for labour and anxiety in its administration.' And again, referring to the action taken in 1835, (pp. 343-349,) while it is regarded as 'evincing in a high degree the wisdom, fidelity, and independence of the Conference,' and while the concessions then made were 'conceived in a liberal spirit,' yet 'it is equally clear, these changes were made too late, and in a degree too limited fully to answer the intended purpose.' Such remarks are perfectly within the historian's province; and they add immensely to the weight of that general approval—most decisively expressed—with which Dr. Smith regards the course of connexional administration, taken as a whole, in the period under review. On one point only do we feel constrained to speak of this admirable work in qualified terms. The references to Dr. Bunting we do not regard with unmixed satisfaction. Dr. Bunting's intellectual power, his administrative ability, his general force of character, and the extent of his influence in Methodism, are not unjustly appreciated; still, when Dr. Smith feels called upon to say in explanation, (page 497,) that he does not 'unite with the revilers of this eminent minister,' it will at once be judged that his tone towards him is not altogether friendly; and more especially the remark, (page 498,) that in the acceptance of official positions and responsibilities which were thrust upon him, 'there was an obvious reason why the Doctor should have exercised great self-denial,' appears to us a reflection of undeserved severity upon one of the most disinterested and one of the most unselfish ministers who have ever fought and suffered for the Church of Christ.

We regard this history as *decus ac tutamen*, at once an ornament and a defence of Methodism. It is equally distinguished by conciseness of statement and by fulness of information; by candour and by charity; by breadth of view and by exactness of detail; by ardent attachment to Methodism, and by unaffected catholicity towards the whole Christian Church. We congratulate Dr. Smith upon having achieved a work so honourable to himself, so beneficial to the public, and which possesses so many of the elements of permanency. We earnestly recommend it, and wish it a wide circulation.

Cohemoth; commonly called the Book of Ecclesiastes. Translated from the Original Hebrew, with a Commentary, Historical and Critical. By Christian D. Ginsburg. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

THE learned author of this large, elaborate, and valuable work will have spent the seven years, which he tells us were devoted to it, to little purpose, if a page or two in a Review are space enough for expounding its merits. We do not pretend to do this within any such limits; much less, can we here discuss at length a number of vexed questions belonging to Mr. Ginsburg's subject, on which we happen to agree or disagree with him. It is but justice, however, both to the writer and the public, to call attention to one of the best Commentaries on an Old Testament book, which the modern English press has produced, and to offer a few remarks on certain opinions and conclusions of the author, which we deem to be erroneous or doubtful. The general plan of the work embraces, first, a copious Critical and Historical Introduction, of which we shall speak by and by. Then follows the Commentary proper, with a new Translation of the Original Text. After this, we find the Translation repeated in a consecutive form without the breaks occasioned by notes. A group of Appendices brings up the rear, containing, among other important matter, a collation of the Syriac Version with the Hebrew of Cohemoth, and, what the mass of Mr. Ginsburg's readers will value still more, a literal rendering into English of the entire Chaldee Paraphrase on Ecclesiastes. As a whole, our author's Translation of the sacred text must be pronounced an improvement upon the version in our Bibles. It is closer to the original, and in many instances easier to be understood. But, where changes occur, we often miss the grand old music of the language of our fathers; and, not to mention passages which are all but hopelessly obscure, we remark more than one or two cases, in which the obvious meaning is either overdone or made less intelligible than it was before. Weakness is strength in philology as well as mechanics. Nowhere is it more so than within the circle of the Hebrew and its cognates. And the more frequently a translator of Old Testament Scripture can render the simple copulative by its simplest modern equivalents, and the more scrupulous he is to avoid, so far as may be, the introduction of connecting links of speech, where his original does not supply them, the better for the exactness, the force, and even

the beauty of his renderings. Mr. Ginsburg has used a little too much licence in these respects, and thus has run together, without gain on either side, the functions of the commentator and those of the translator. As an example of the manner in which the sense is weakened, while the Hebrew is none the more faithfully re-produced, we would point to the last two verses of the book. In the authorized version they are true to the original, and they are robust and noble English. In Mr. Ginsburg's translation the latter part of the passage is a paraphrase, and we fear the English will speak for itself: 'In conclusion, everything is noticed; fear God, and keep His commandments, for this every man should do; for God will bring every work to the judgment appointed over every secret thing, whether it be good or evil.' And when we read elsewhere, that 'generation passeth away and generation cometh on,' that 'the advantage of wisdom is, that wisdom enliveneth the possessor thereof,' and that 'a sinner doeth evil a hundred years and is perpetuated,' we cannot but regret, that our mother-tongue should be made to express so awkwardly and even incorrectly what it has shown itself able to utter in simple, clear, and energetic terms. The form which the author gives to one passage has excited our wonder not a little: 'Happy thou, O land, when thy king is noble, and thy princes eat in proper time, for strength and not for feasting! Through slothful hands the roof falleth in, and through lazy hands the house leaketh. They turn bread and wine, which cheereth life, into revelry, and the money of — is made to supply both.' Our readers will probably be as much puzzled to divine what this hiatus-clause means as we ourselves were when we first met with it. According to Mr. Ginsburg, the blank must be supplied by 'the people,' and the sacred writer designedly suppresses the word he intends, 'because of the danger of speaking plainly to despots? Whatever may be said for the *usus loquendi*, or the demands of the context, in support of a translation like this, we are not careful to inquire. Sure we are, that Mr. Ginsburg will not stand to the consequences which his explanation involves as to the disinterestedness, the moral courage, and the Divine authority of the Old Testament prophets. Altogether the translation of Coheleth, as it appears in this interesting volume, will profit by revising; and we trust the author will soon have the opportunity, which the demand for a second edition of his book will afford him for doing this. The thrilling and beautiful passage in chapter xii., relating to the days in which man has no joy, takes the following form in the hands of our author; and we quote it as exhibiting at once some of the prominent faults and obvious excellencies of his translation. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the days of evil come, and the years arrive of which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them: before the sun becometh dark, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, and the clouds return after the rain; when the keepers of the house shall quake, and the men of power writhe, and the grinding-maids shall stop because they have greatly diminished, and the women who look out of the windows shall be shrouded in darkness; and the



doors shall be closed in the street: when the noise of the mill shall grow faint, and the swallow shall rise to shriek, and all the singing birds shall retire; yea, the people shall be frightened at that which is coming from on high, and at the terrors which are on their way; and the almond shall be despised, and the locust shall be loathed, and the caper-berry shall be powerless; for man goeth to his eternal home, and the mourners walk about the street: before the silver cord goeth asunder, and the golden bowl escapeth, or the bucket breaketh upon the fountain, and the wheel is shattered at the well, and the body returneth to the earth as it was, and the spirit goeth back to God who gave it?

About half the bulk of Mr. Ginsburg's book is taken up with his Commentary on the text of the sacred writer; and of this we must speak in high praise. The author has brought to his work abundant literary preparations. It has evidently been a labour of love to him. He has not allowed himself the ignoble luxury of gliding airily along the surface of his subject. He has thought and thought again. He has taken pains to catch the subtle threads which unite the various parts of the 'Preacher's' sermon into a well-devised and harmonious whole. He has not shrunk from the toilsome craft, by which grammars, and lexicons, and versions, and commentaries may be made the pathway to the highest and most precious truth. Everywhere we see the marks of extensive reading, of patient investigation, of good critical judgment, and of steady purpose in seeking to present the results of careful inquiry in a shape worthy of the subject and of the character of a Christian commentator. We can easily understand, with Mr. Ginsburg's copious grammatical and exegetical notes before us, that his book was not the creation of a month or two, but was wrought at intervals over the term of years through which it lay on his anvil. He will not expect us to agree with him in all his interpretations and arguments. We think we could show reason for differing from him in certain instances, both on the ground of grammar and on that of logic and theology. But we would rather be at issue with many a commentator, whom we could name, than with Mr. Ginsburg; and he has our best thanks for the scholarly pains which he has taken to clear up the difficulties of the difficult book on which he has written, and for the important illustration of every part of its contents, which his sensible, laborious, and well-shaped notes supply. He has a large knowledge of rabbinical literature, and draws upon it at every turn to the great advantage of his reader. It has been the fashion of late to decry the Jewish interpreters of Scripture. We are glad to find Mr. Ginsburg does not share in this tendency. He knows their weak points as well as their opponents. He also knows what few of these do,—what no one, indeed, is likely to know, who is not as much at home with them as Mr. Ginsburg,—that even in philological questions they are often our best guides, and that, where Messianic prejudices have not interfered, they are the fathers of nearly all our best exposition of the Old Testament. The free and judicious use which our author makes of ancient

and mediæval Jewish commentary is one of the most striking features of his work, and one of its chief excellencies. The portion of Mr. Ginsburg's book of which we have now spoken, is but the latter of two great halves which make up the substance of it. The former of these is the Introduction, so called,—a section of the work, which does not yield to the Commentary itself in value and interest. It is mainly occupied with a critical and historical conspectus of the *Cohēleth* literature, old and young, Jewish and Christian, foreign and English. Some portions of it are likewise devoted to a formal discussion of those important questions relating to the title, authorship, and scope of the Inspired Book, which necessarily come up again and again in treating of the works that have been written upon it. We hardly know how to speak with sufficient commendation of the learning, the industry, the patience, and the general good taste and ability, with which Mr. Ginsburg has performed this part of his great task. Beginning with the Apocryphal Book of Wisdom, he carries us through the weary and often ridiculous, yet much underrated, Midrash, down by way of Rashbam, Ibn Ezra, Maimonides, the Zohar, and a troop of their successors, on one side, and, on the other side, by way of a long line of Christian authors, Catholic, Romanist, and Protestant, to the latest attempts which England, America, and Germany have made to elucidate this important section of Holy Writ. Nor is it a mere catalogue of writers and their productions with which Mr. Ginsburg furnishes us. Now we have a rare and valuable piece of biography—now a full and carefully digested analysis of a theory or interpretation—now again, a translation of a tangled passage of Rabbinic Commentary, with notes and observations. Here the writer expounds the mysteries of the Kabbala; there he discusses the merits of a Jewish or Christian divine; yonder he gives us, in whole or part, some scheme of *Cohēleth*, which he has lighted upon in his travels, and which he thinks it necessary to endorse or tear to tatters. We scarcely know whether to admire most the acuteness, or the erudition, or the analytical power, or the good authorship, which nearly every page of this critical history exhibits. The temper, too, with which Mr. Ginsburg writes is worthy of all praise. There is nothing of sourness or dogmatism in the expression of his views. Even when he raps the knuckles of Ewald, as we are not sorry to observe he is fond of doing, or indulges in a little satire on 'Wesleyan warm-heartedness,' and the hyperbole to which, he thinks, it is addicted, we see no trace of theological rancour or of overweening confidence in his own opinions. He writes with manly modesty, and with generous appreciation of the motives, capacities, and attainments of those from whom he differs. Not unfrequently, indeed, he takes occasion to urge upon controversialists and sticklers for theories the lessons of caution, forbearance, and charity, which the facts he brings to view are so well fitted to inculcate; and it is partly for this purpose, that he draws the picture, which we find near the end of his Introduction, of the various and often conflicting notions that have been formed as to the meaning and design of *Ecclesiastes*. We are

positively assured that the book contains the holy lamentations of Solomon, together with a prophetic vision of the splitting up of the royal house of David, the destruction of the temple, and the captivity: and we are also told, that it is a discussion between a refined sensualist, or hot-headed worldling, and a sober sage; that Solomon makes known in it his repentance to all the church, that thereby he might glorify God, and strengthen his brethren, thus imitating his father David, in the fifty-first Psalm; and that he wrote it 'when he was irreligious and sceptical, during his amours and idolatry;' that 'the Messiah, the true Solomon, who was known by the title, Son of David, addresses this book to the saints;' and that a profligate, who wanted to disseminate effectually his infamous sentiments, palmed it upon Solomon. It teaches us to despise the world with all its pleasures, and flee to monasteries; it shows that sensual gratifications are men's greatest blessings upon earth. It is a philosophic lecture delivered to a literary society upon topics of the greatest moment; it is a medley of detached and heterogeneous fragments belonging to various authors and different ages. It describes the beautiful order of God's moral government, proving that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord; it proves that all is disorder and confusion, and that the world is the sport of chance. It is a treatise upon the *summum bonum*; it is a 'chronicle of the lives of the kings of the house of David, from Solomon down to Zedekiah.' Its object is to prove the immortality of the soul; if it be not rather to deny a future existence. It is designed to comfort the unhappy Jews in their misfortunes; it contains the gloomy imaginations of a melancholy misanthrope. It 'is intended to open Nathan's speech (1 Chron. xvii.) touching the eternal throne of David;' it propounds the modern discoveries of anatomy, as well as the Harveian theory of the circulation of the blood. 'It foretells what will become of men or angels to eternity. .... It propounds a view of life inclining to fatalism, scepticism, and epicureanism.' We agree with Mr. Ginsburg, that there is much in all this which administers rebuke to dogmatism; and we thank him for his picture, if it were only for this use of it. We think he might with scarcely less propriety have turned it into a phantasmagoria of human weakness, absurdity, and irreverence within the consecrated sphere of religion. We are glad to find our author himself approving the Midrashic conception of the Book of Coheleth. 'These misunderstood Rabbins,' he says, 'have given the proper view of the design' of Ecclesiastes, namely, that it was intended 'to expose the emptiness and vanity of all worldly pursuits and carnal gratifications, and to show that the happiness of man consists in fearing God and obeying His commandments.' Elsewhere Mr. Ginsburg expands this simple and general doctrine into a form in which we hesitate to accept it. 'The design of this book,' he writes, 'is to gather together the desponding people of God from the various expedients to which they have resorted, in consequence of the inexplicable difficulties and perplexities in the moral government of God, into the community of the Lord, by showing them the utter insufficiency of all human efforts to obtain

real happiness, which cannot be secured by wisdom, pleasure, industry, wealth, &c., but consists in the calm enjoyment of life, in resignation to the dealings of Providence, in the service of God, and in the belief in a future state of retribution when all the mysteries in the present course of the world shall be solved.' We confess we are quite unable to find in the Ecclesiastes that depression of the Church, and that endeavour to rouse and encourage it, which this definition of the object of the book assumes to belong to it. We think this view springs out of Mr. Ginsburg's belief that *Cohleth* is a production of the Persian period of Jewish history, and that it is not sustained either by the general tenor of the composition, or by the particular passages which are quoted in support of it. If any special class of persons and character is contemplated by the instructions of the book, we should be disposed to think it is youth,—and especially youth in the higher walks of society, with its temptations at once to sensuality and religious scepticism. Much might be said for this view; but we do not insist upon it. It is better, perhaps, to content ourselves with the ancient Jewish opinion. At any rate we demur to the theory, which makes the book a plaintive music designed to soothe and cheer the Church, saddened by the triumphs of its enemies. And this brings us to the last point in connexion with Mr. Ginsburg's work to which we can at present advert,—the date and authorship of *Ecclesiastes*. In common with several modern critics, Mr. Ginsburg holds, that Solomon was not the writer of *Cohleth*, but that it belongs to the period of the later Old Testament books, and is the work of an inspired author unknown, who personated the great son of David, and delivered to the Church under his name truth 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' He allows, that the 'son of David' who was 'king in Jerusalem' can be no other than Solomon; he allows too that 'the unanimous declaration of both the synagogue and the Church' attributes the book to him; but he maintains, with Hengstenberg and others, that it is utterly impossible to reconcile the contents of the book with the 'Solomonic authorship,' and that it is 'undoubtedly a post-exile production;' and he adduces various reasons drawn from the book itself, in proof that it is the work of a writer putting words of wisdom and truth into Solomon's mouth long after he was gone to his fathers. Now in regard to this theory of personation, we confess to a strong reluctance to allow it to hold in Holy Scripture a hair's breadth further than undeniable facts constrain us. We are compelled to admit the soundness of it to a certain extent. Possibly a rational criticism will find examples of such a mode of writing both in the Old Testament and the New; and, if it be so, we have no difficulty in making the phenomenon harmonize with the proper inspiration of the Bible. But let us not convert apparent history into apologue, unless a strict necessity force us to do it: much less let us be forward to grant, that one inspired writer can superscribe the style and title of another upon the whole body of his composition. This is the case in question. An entire book of Scripture is admitted into the canon, and goes

forth to the world, professing to be the work of Solomon, and actually producing the impression that it is his upon successive generations of mankind, when, in point of fact, not an iota of it belongs to him: it is the work of a writer who lived centuries after his death. What name would an English jury give to a composition published after this fashion? For ourselves we have great difficulty in seeing any alternative between taking Ecclesiastes as the production of Solomon, and regarding it as a wonderful forgery. Mr. Ginsburg must be indulgent to our prejudices, if we say that the arguments he has advanced in favour of the late origin of the book have not shaken our belief that it is Solomon's. The fact that Solomon's name does not appear in the book, that it is wanting even in the superscription of it, is surely of no great weight. What is there either in the nature of the case, or in the circumstance that both Proverbs and Canticles are formally attributed to Solomon, to render it necessary that every inspired production of his pen should bear his name; or, on the other hand, to preclude the use of a term in the place of it, which would equally well designate the writer, and at the same time carry with it a special significance arising out of the connexion in which it was employed? It is said, that the enigmatical and impersonal name *Coeleth*, a female gatherer, by which Solomon is designated in this book, shows that he is simply introduced in an ideal sense, 'as the representative of wisdom.' We wish we could assure ourselves that we really know what *Coeleth* means. Mr. Ginsburg writes well on this subject, and gives us the opinions of many other scholars and critics: but we fear the clouds are not all gone notwithstanding. We are very much disposed to think that our author is right in taking the word in an abstract sense. But supposing we assume this—what then? Would it be at all more difficult for Solomon to speak in his own person 'as the representative of wisdom,' than for a writer living ages after to put him into this position? The third argument employed by Mr. Ginsburg astonishes us more than anything we have met with in his whole book. It is this. The expression used by the speaker in *Coeleth*, 'I was king over Israel, in Jerusalem,' was understood by the ancient Jews to intimate that Solomon's royal authority had ceased when he wrote this book; and hence the Rabbinical legend of his dethronement. 'But history forbids us to adopt their legend to account for this fact.' Therefore 'we have most undeniable proof that the sacred writer describes Solomon as belonging to the past, and that he has assumed this great monarch to be the speaker.' We should be sorry to see Mr. Ginsburg in the hands either of Gesenius or of Aristotle, with this passage in view. Will he stake his credit as a Hebraist on the affirmation, that Solomon writing at one period of his reign could not use the verb in question of a foregoing period of it, without implying that he had ceased to reign? If not, there is nothing in his reasoning, so far as the tense of the verb is concerned. And how does the whole argument differ from the following? The fact that the sun appears to make a daily journey across the heavens

led mankind for ages to suppose that he moved round the earth: But we who believe in Newton and Herschel know that this is not the case: Therefore we have undeniable proof that the sun does make a daily journey across the heavens. We have no disposition to caricature our author's position; but we really cannot distinguish between these two syllogisms. A further difficulty supposed to exist in the way of the received view of Solomon's having written *Cohoeleth* is what the writer says as to his possessing wisdom and wealth above all that were before him in Jerusalem. It is assumed that the comparison here is with kings who preceded Solomon on the throne of Israel, and that so there is a violation of history fatal to the early date of the book. But is not this mistake, if mistake it be, equally inconsistent with historic truth on Mr. Ginsburg's hypothesis? So far as matter of fact is concerned, it makes no difference whether an earlier or later inspired writer is in the wrong. We believe there is no mistake; and that Solomon might just as truly have used the language in question as any of those who came after him. Surely, too, it is precarious criticism which lays it down, that because the author of *Ecclesiastes* is said to have been king 'in Jerusalem,' the book must have been written 'when there was another kingship, the seat of which was out of Jerusalem: and to affirm that it is 'incompatible with modest wisdom and true greatness' for Solomon himself to speak as he does of his 'unparalleled' knowledge and glory, is simply, as it appears to us, to lose sight of the very sufficient reply which has been given to a similar charge in the case of Moses; namely, that while Divine inspiration is uniformly true to fact, it often sinks individual interests in those that are universal, and causes the prophet to 'speak as a fool,' that the world may be wise. With respect to several arguments which follow in Mr. Ginsburg's polemic, we can do little more than express our surprise that they should have any weight with a writer who supposes, that through the whole of *Ecclesiastes* Solomon is personated by another. If a Jew under the Persian dominion might speak in the name of Solomon, why may not Solomon, for religious and moral purposes, speak in the name of this or that class of mankind? Even allowing the interpretations which our author puts upon the passages to which he refers, we think this an adequate answer to what he says as to Solomon's doubting whether his son would turn out well or ill, as to his satirizing himself in his description of a royal spendthrift, and as to much of the 'oppression, violence, and misery' which the book is supposed to represent as characterizing the reign of Solomon. We have already expressed our entire disagreement with Mr. Ginsburg, as to the last-named doctrine. We believe it is a critical myth, and have neither time nor inclination to do it formal battle. In like manner, we may safely leave the objection raised upon a passage referring to the relations between kings and subjects, in the hands of those who find the Book of Proverbs, which is confessedly Solomon's, altogether free from the like difficulty. And until we know much better than we do at present the



entire history of Solomon, and are much clearer than we now are as to what Divine revelation was possible before the Babylonish captivity, and what after it, we must strongly demur to the affirmation, that 'experiments' such as Coheleth describes himself as making, are inconsistent with 'the conduct of the historical Solomon,' and are 'an idea of a much later period than the age of this great monarch.' On the latter of the grounds just stated, we take equally strong exception to Mr. Ginsburg's assertion, that Ecclesiastes 'must be a post-exile production, because the grand problem of the book is solved by the doctrine that there is a future bar of judgment, where all the present irregularities in the moral government of God shall be rectified by the Judge of the quick and the dead.' We have no confidence in this argument. We believe as thoroughly as Mr. Ginsburg in the progressive discovery of truth by the Holy Spirit during the ages preceding the time of the apostles. But we believe also, that no man is at liberty to draw lines across the course of the development, and to say that on that side so much revelation is possible and no more, and that on this side it must reach to such a point and not fall beneath it. And in reference to this particular doctrine of a judgment to come, we are satisfied that Mr. Ginsburg and others greatly understate the teaching of the older Scriptures on this and kindred doctrines; and that, in point of fact, the Pentateuch, to say nothing of the Book of Job, or the Psalms of David, points again and again scarcely less unequivocally than Ecclesiastes itself to a future life, and its sanctions of good and evil. At any rate there are sufficiently clear intimations of a Final Assize in the Scriptures, as they were before the days of Solomon, to remove all difficulty which the presence of this doctrine in Coheleth may be alleged to throw in the way of its Solomonic authorship.

And now we reach our climax. After all, 'the strongest argument' against the popular notion on this subject is the 'vitiating language and style' of the book. 'We do not refer so much,' Mr. Ginsburg says, 'to the numerous Aramaic expressions, which have no parallel in any other portion of Scripture of equal size, and which would of itself be sufficient to show that it is the last-written book in the canon of the Old Testament: but we refer to the whole complexion of it. We could as readily believe that Chaucer is the author of *Rasselas*, as that Solomon wrote Coheleth.' We are rather surprised that our author has not marshalled the Aramaisms, of which he here speaks, and given them fair opportunity of clearing the field of the enemy. Let Hengstenberg do what he omits. We quote from the article on Ecclesiastes in Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, an article which Mr. Ginsburg praises in high terms. 'The greatest obstacle in the way of considering Solomon to be the author, is the character of the language. Many opponents of the Solomonic authorship went much too far in their assertions. The Grecisms, which Zirkle thought that he had found, have now generally been given up. The Rabbinisms likewise could not stand the proof. The words, significations, and

forms which seem to appertain to a later period of Hebrew literature, and the Chaldaisms, an abundance of which Knobel gathered, require to be much sifted. According to Herzfeld, there are in Koheleth not more than between eleven or fifteen young Hebrew expressions and constructions, and between eight and ten Chaldaisms. Nevertheless it is certain that the book does not belong to the productions of the first, but rather to the second period of the Hebrew language.' He adds immediately, 'This alone would not quite disprove the authorship of Solomon, if we could produce any weighty argument in its favour.' We are content with this issue. We have no wish to twist facts, or to ignore them. We allow an Aramaic colouring in Ecclesiastes which it is not easy to account for. But we think we have indicated very strong reasons for adhering to the traditional view of the origin of the Book: and these reasons ought in all fairness to reduce the linguistic doubt to a minimum, if not entirely to quash it. The truth is, we know far too little of the history of the Hebrew tongue, of its various forms and dialects, and in particular of the relations in which it stood to the bordering Aramæan, to be able to draw any such conclusion as Mr. Ginsburg's hypothesis requires from the scanty remains of it contained in the Old Testament. And, while we agree with Hengstenberg that the linguistic phenomena of Ecclesiastes do not disprove the Solomonic authorship of the Book, we think, that the enormous preponderance of evidence is adverse to the theory which Mr. Ginsburg has maintained. Let us not part, however, from this most praiseworthy and excellent writer without repeating our high sense of the acumen, industry, research, and scholarship which his admirable volume displays. Henceforth no English student of Ecclesiastes will be able to dispense with the assistance of it. So far as we know, it is the best book on the subject in the language. The author has produced a noble successor to his former work on the Song of Songs; and we trust he will not fail to carry out, by God's blessing, his purpose of writing on the whole series of the Megiloth. We wish we had hundreds of Biblical scholars as large-hearted, painstaking, wise, and learned as our latest commentator on Koheleth. We will only add, that the style in which the work appears is creditable alike to editor, publisher, and printer. There are occasional slips in the Greek quotations: but those from the Hebrew—and this is a rare virtue—are for the most part faultless. The book is attractive to the eye, and scrutiny will sustain the impression of worth which it conveys at first sight.

**The Old and New Theology.** By Henry James, New York. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

VERILY the Old is better, if the New is such as this book describes it. Crazed folk and incurable visionaries apart, we are confident this will be the verdict of all its readers. It is a piece of full-dressed, voluble, good-natured, and very conceited Socinianism. Swedenborg, Comte, and Carlyle, so far as we can understand, are the writer's

masters; and he is a pupil of whom none of them need be ashamed. In absurdity, extravagance, and valour in decapitating men of straw, he rivals them all. The great enemy of truth is the 'Sectarianism' which, under various names and guises, has from time immemorial swathed and crippled the human soul:—that miserable, shabby, mumbling thing, which 'plants itself upon the stupid and fallacious testimony of the natural conscience,' which teaches that man is 'contrarious' to God, and can only be reconciled to Him through a Mediator, and which insists on worship and the like as means of spiritual life. Away with this monstrosity! It degrades our humanity. It flies in the face of all true science; for science 'demonstrates the perfect unity of God and man, by showing the whole realm of nature divinely accommodated to the development of man's power, and the aggrandizement of his passional and intellectual existence.' It 'finites' God. It falsifies the mission of Christ, and turns His grace into exquisite selfishness. It puts the creature into an insecure relation to the Creator by making its salvation dependent on His will. It is essentially hostile to the interests of man as man. Its heaven is 'at best a hospital;' even there man 'bears the scars of his original fall, and drags the chain of an eternal servitude or dependence.' This is only part of the picture, which our author draws, of what is commonly known as Evangelical Christianity. The men who adhere to this system, and even those who preach it, are to be respected. They answer a purpose in the evolution of society. They unconsciously push forward the world's work. But this, Mr. James assures us, is their theory, stripped of its conventional wrappings and mystifications. And the author of this wonderful caricature presumes to commend to us the so-called 'New Theology,' and goes off into ecstasies over the future which it is to originate—a future, 'of whose advent theroseate dawn is at length flushing the entire mental horizon of humanity.' We have not space to draw out the Anti-Sectarian creed at full. Our faculties, indeed, might break down under the task, if we attempted it; for it is 'not so easy to define, because it appeals exclusively to the rational understanding, instead of the memory.' But we may humbly offer a specimen of two of its articles. God is 'essential man.' Creation does not spring of God's will, but is necessary, so that the creature cannot but be His image. 'The most ineffaceable conviction of every human soul is that of its inward righteousness.' God's quarrel is never with the sin of man: God never hates man's sin. To postulate for Christ 'a superior intrinsic worth to all other men' is 'the merest gossip.' All that Christ did was to remove the separation which the law of Moses made between Jew and Gentile, and so to restore 'to the chief of sinners a conscience of perfect repose toward God.' He had no mission apart from this. It is a 'popular misconception' of Christianity, to consider it as 'a system of relief provided for man against the Divine displeasure.' And for justification—this is 'in the intensest degree a rational process;' it comes of 'the progress of science;' the 'testimony of science'

becomes ever more and more explicit, till, at length, 'we groov convinced of God's *humanity*, become convinced that God is essentially human, that He is essential man, and, consequently, learn at once to claim Him as the very centre of our righteousness, as the very source of our strength.' Then as to Sabbaths, and Bibles, and Ministers, and Sacraments,—these all belong to 'the oldness of the letter,' and have no place in that spiritual, democratic, and humanitarian Church, which Christ, viewed 'in His ideal and inward character,' came to set up in the earth. No! all this is destined to 'decline before the light of science,' as a farthing candle declines in the blaze of the mid-day. And now let the bells ring in the Millennium of the New Theology. And let the blessed spectacle spread itself before our eyes of a world filled with that angelic type of man, 'who cheerfully abounds in social uses, who diligently pursues his lawful calling, who trains his children to noble and patient labours, who dodges no juries and shirks no political responsibility; but manfully confronts every duty, aspiring with his whole heart to be worthy of the great and beautiful society in which God has placed him.' We presume our readers are pretty well satisfied with Mr. James's production. We have no apology to make for the real evils which he satirizes. We plead for none of the absurdities, either in creeds or Churches, which he has discovered or imagined. There is much in his book which we admit,—much even to admire. But, as a whole, it is as unfair, dogmatic, fanciful, bitter, and mischievous as two hundred pages of charming letter-press can be well conceived to be.

**A Visible Church; and No Invisible Members.** By the Rev. Richard Rymer, Author of 'Memoirs of the Rev. William Jones,' &c. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.; sold also by John Mason. 1861.

THIS is a practical treatise on the duty and advantages of visible union and fellowship with the Christian Church. The subject is important; the publication is well-timed; and, as there are very few books treating expressly and fully of church-fellowship, Mr. Rymer's volume may be said to meet a *desideratum*. The author's views are sound, and are well urged; an earnest and godly tone gives character to his writing; and Wesleyans, in particular, will find the greater part of the volume very suitable to their requirements. At the same time, there are several particulars in which, if Mr. Rymer should be called upon to prepare another edition, we think he might improve upon the present. The first two chapters might, as we think, with advantage be omitted. They are a summary of those commonplaces of Christian theology with which all intelligent Christians are familiar, and which would be equally appropriate as an introduction to a dissertation on any other branch of Christian economy. In the proper body of the work, again, Mr. Rymer falls into the modern—the very modern—confusion, which seems to prevail more among Wesleyans than any other denomination of Christians, and which regards the

Eucharist as a *test* of church-membership. The quotation from Barrow, which Mr. Rymer has prefixed to his eighth chapter, might have suggested to him the correct view. 'By this sacrament is *signified and sealed* that union, which is among our Saviour's true disciples,' &c. Participation in the Lord's Supper is the token and seal, not the test, of church-fellowship. To attest and to test are very different things. Forty years ago, this *was* the 'test' of *Church-of-Englandism*, when received at the hands of an episcopal clergyman, *as a passport to the magistracy*. But, in its relation to church-membership, in connexion with a voluntary and vital Christian organization, the Lord's Supper can only be regarded as the solemn symbol and token by which the membership, otherwise contracted and tested, is celebrated, attested, and ratified. With this qualification, which we deem to be of importance, we agree almost entirely with the author's sensible and persuasive observations upon the subject of church-fellowship. We should observe, however, in reference to chapter iii., that the Jewish nation can only in a very qualified sense be considered, for the purposes of Mr. Rymer's argument, as having been God's visible Church. The High-Churchman, who believes in strictly national Churches, and who holds that admission into the National Church is obtained solely, and once for all, by baptism administered at the hands of the nationally authorized 'priest,' may avail himself consistently of the precedents of Judaism, but hardly a Wesleyan minister. And we must be allowed, also, to say that, in our judgment, the author's style is sometimes too rhetorical and too diffuse for a practical treatise intended for private reading. Strict revision, with a view to increased compression and force, would materially improve the volume. Occasionally, indeed, the author's rhetoric is disfigured by decidedly objectionable phrases; as when, for example, he speaks of the Son of God as having 'stripped Himself of the drapery of His Divine character.'

Some Notes on the First Chapter of Genesis, with Reference to Statements in 'Essays and Reviews.' By the Rev. A. M'Caul, D.D., Rector of St. Magnus, St. Margaret, and St. Michael, Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1861.

THIS pamphlet is in reply to the main positions assumed by Mr. Goodwin, in his contribution to the 'Essays and Reviews.' Dr. M'Caul easily and effectually disposes of the Essayist's assumption that in the first two chapters of Genesis we have two distinct accounts of the Creation. Only a sciolist's reliance upon the authority of some one or two leading critics could have led Mr. Goodwin to say that the position he assumes 'is so philologically certain, that it were useless to ignore it.' Dr. M'Caul is a profound and widely-read Hebraist, and shows that, 'so far as modern criticism is concerned, [and the ancient critics are all against the Essayist,] there are few questions of biblical interpretation philologically more uncertain.' In particular, the high authority of Heinrich Ewald, rationalist as he

is, is directly opposed to the Essayist's assumption. Dr. M'Caul goes on to investigate the meaning of the phrase, 'In the beginning.' His conclusion, abundantly, indeed superabundantly, sustained by the citations of learned authorities, is, that 'the Hebrew word is indefinite, and can include millions or milliards of years just as easily as thousands. The statement of Moses is, therefore, not contrary to the discoveries of geology. Moses's words are big enough to take in times indefinite, and exceeding the powers of human calculation. They also answer the more ancient objection, that it is absurd to suppose that God created nothing during past eternity, but began the work of creation a few thousand years ago. Moses says just the contrary.' Respecting the meaning of the word 'day,' we select a few sentences from the doctor's discussion, from which some idea may be obtained as to the view which he takes. 'It is an old and true observation, that in the Bible the word "day" often signifies undefined periods. In [one part of] this narrative (ii. 4) the word [clearly] takes in the whole time of the creative work. The first three days were certainly not measured by the interval between sunset and sunset; for, as yet the sun was not perfect, and had no light.....The time of light in which the Divine work proceeded, He called Day, and the time of darkness He called Night. It was not a day measured by the presence of the sun's light, nor a night measured by the absence of that light.....The union of these two periods of darkness and light He calls "one day," "a second day," "a third day," to mark the distinctive breaks in the progress of the development of the world. In this fifth verse, "day" is taken in two senses,—first, of the duration of light; and, secondly, of the whole time of light and darkness together. But what was the duration we are not told; and, so far, there is nothing to cause us to conclude that the whole was equal to twenty-four hours.' In attempting to mark out 'the six geological periods,' Dr. M'Caul seems to us to labour under a deficiency of geological knowledge. Of the flimsy objection, that the biblical records 'countenance the opinion of the earth's immobility,' the divine makes short and easy work: nor does he find any difficulty in rebutting the Essayists' affirmation, that the Hebrews understood the firmament to be a 'permanent solid vault.' Altogether this pamphlet is one of considerable value. But it is time that an adequate reply to the Essays, in a permanent form, were in the hands of the public. We are looking eagerly for the volume which has so long been announced.

**Creation in Plan and in Progress: being an Essay on the First Chapter of Genesis.** By the Rev. James Challis, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and late Fellow of Trinity College. Cambridge and London: Macmillans. 1861.

LIKE Dr. M'Caul's pamphlet, this Essay is intended as a reply to Mr. Goodwin's contribution to the 'Essays and Reviews.' Professor



Challis is a man of distinguished mathematical and scientific attainments; yet his faith in Scripture is not shaken by his familiarity with the progress of modern science. The view which he takes of the first chapter of Genesis is, that 'the Scripture gives a proleptical account of the Creation *as designed*;' that what is described by the sacred writer is the plan of creation as it may be conceived to have arisen before the Divine mind, in its order and its harmony. Further, he argues that "the order of the creations in Scripture is to be reconciled with Geology on the supposition that it is not the order of the commencement of the different kinds of organization, but that of their maximum generations as to number or size.' In the earliest stages of the earth's history, he supposes the planet to have been 'self-luminous.' But, afterwards, he supposes that 'a great change took place in the earth's atmosphere, or in the amount of cloud sustained in it,' and that 'the earth ceased to be self-luminous;' 'plants and animals became dependent for light and heat on the sun; and the sun, moon, and stars became visible through openings in the attenuated and disrupted cloud-stratum,' &c. This period would correspond to the fourth day; when the sun, moon, and stars are said in Genesis to have been *made, or constituted as lights*.

**Evidence of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception.** By John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury. A new Edition, revised with Reference to recent Objections. London: Hatchard and Co. 1861.

It would have been easy to excuse the bishops, if, heavily burdened as they necessarily are, they had left it to less prominent or less occupied writers, to 'fight against them that fight against' Christian doctrines, and to 'stand up for the help' of those whose faith is put in peril by the contests of the day. But, not content with protests and judicial proceedings, already several of the bench have contributed useful books in support of truth. Like the Bishop of London, in the *Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology*, the primate, in the work before us, reissues, with adaptations to present needs, a production the substance of which was written in earlier and less engrossed days. This latter volume, as we are told in its preface, is 'the republication' (suggested by the *Essays and Reviews*), 'of a treatise written nearly forty years ago.'

To confute the notorious Oxford volume, therefore, either as a whole, or in any one of its sections, this book does not pretend. It contains no disquisition on the comparative value of the internal and external evidences of Christianity; but more usefully occupies its reader with the study of actual evidence. This, moreover, is done with such force, skill, and completeness, that not merely is the reception of Christianity shown to be the logical duty of a sound intellect, but its more personal and effective reception is pressed as a duty upon the conscience. Here and there, incidentally, the Essayists are directly and satisfactorily dealt with, when either in their noted volume

or elsewhere they come into collision with the deductions or doctrines of the primate. For example, in the fourth chapter, which treats of the connexion of Christianity with the Jewish history and Scriptures, we have a refutation of that shameless theory of invention, coincidence, and afterthought, by which Mr. Jowett accounts for the apostolic ideas of Christ as a sacrifice, and of His death as an atonement. This clergyman the archbishop there designates as 'one of our most ingenious rationalists.'

We are pleased, too, with the limited and modest title which the archbishop has chosen, and have regretted to see it misquoted. *Evidence of Christianity* is far less pretentious and more correct than *The Evidences*; and it would have been well if some larger treatises had been content to say no more of themselves. Any such exhaustive statement as the latter expression implies, has never yet been written, and never will be. For beside that *felt* evidence which experience brings, and that *witnessed* evidence which the progress of Christianity will ever be bringing, every thoughtful student of Scripture details, and of the history and scheme of Christianity, may continually accumulate fresh evidences for himself, and store up new developments of their truth and genuineness, as they will arise to his peculiar view.

In its scheme the book is an argument from the fact of the existence of Christianity, its character and its effects, backward to its origin. This design is very effectively carried out. The first chapter, after showing the necessity of a stronger ground for believing Christianity than that it is the established religion of our own age and country, adduces undeniable evidence of the correctness of the alleged date of its rise, and of the real existence of its asserted Founder. The further purpose and arguments of the treatise are given with tolerable completeness in the following paragraphs, extracted from the concluding chapter:—

'The preceding chapters have been intended to establish a strong moral evidence of the truth of Christianity. Whether we consider the doctrines introduced by its Author;—their originality in His nation; their originality in the world;—and yet the confirmation which they receive from many singular facts, singular enactments, and minute prophecies, contained in the Jewish Scriptures:—Or whether we consider the internal evidence of the Christian writings;—their language; their anticipation of conduct subsequently developed, and their general wisdom:—Or whether we consider the peculiar character formed under the influence of Christianity;—its excellence in individuals; its beneficial effects upon mankind; and its suitableness to their condition as dependent and corrupt beings:—Or whether we consider the rapidity with which a religion so pure, so self-denying, so humiliating, and so uncompromising, was propagated and embraced, even in the face of bitter hostility:—we have phenomena which nothing except the truth of the religion can adequately explain. Except on this supposition, it would be difficult to account for any one of these several facts. But either we must believe that not one

only, but all of these improbable facts concur to deceive us ;—or Jesus Christ did appear in the world, and bear the character which He claimed of Mediator between God and man ;—did suffer the penalty due to human transgression ;—and does redeem from that penalty as many as “ receive Him,” and commit themselves to His care.

‘ It must always be borne in mind, that this is the assertion made throughout the Gospel. Jesus is either the Redeemer of the world, or He is nothing. That He professed to be. That His supernatural birth, His miraculous power, His peculiar death, His predicted resurrection, were designed to prove Him. Unless, then, He is that, His professions are untrue, and the whole authority of His religion falls to the ground. We cannot distinguish between His doctrines and His precepts. We cannot deny His mysterious divinity, and retain His moral supremacy. The precepts and the doctrines are connected together, and depend upon one another. Why should we practise sobriety ? why enforce purity, or humility, or any other characteristic of Christianity, because it is recommended by Jesus of Nazareth, unless Jesus of Nazareth were indeed the Son of God, and requires those qualities as a preparation for that future kingdom which He came to reveal, and offers to His followers ?

‘ What, therefore, the preceding evidence proves, if it prove any thing, is, that the Gospel is a message of reconciliation from God to man, proposed by Christ in the character of their Redeemer. And what those reject who are not living as the disciples of Christ by a vital and practical faith, is the offered means of restoration to the favour of their Creator.’

Throughout his book, the author’s clear thoughts are so aptly expressed in plain words, that the reader may at once understand the sense and catch the force of every argument. Very few will peruse it without learning much ; every one may study it with profit. They who have been accustomed to accept Christianity, as well as those who are hesitating to do so, may read it greatly to the advantage of their convictions. The conductors of Bible-classes for young men would find it an excellent text-book for this winter’s course ; and the mastery and digestion of its contents would prove far more profitable than the disquisitions on dark and doubtful matters which we know have sometimes occupied valuable evenings.

**The Genealogy of Creation.** By Henry F. A. Pratt, M.D.  
London : John Churchill. 1861.

WE shall come right at last. Geology has set us all astir to find spectacles that will see in the first chapter of Genesis what Lyell and Murchison see in the earth’s crust. What if our want is supplied ? The amiable and ingenious author of the book before us believes he has discovered them ; and assuredly he has, if a deeply modest and reverent spirit are an infallible test of scientific truth. Our difficulty, according to Dr. Pratt, is the effect of a very simple cause. We have altogether misread and misunderstood the Mosaic Hebrew. The

authors of the Septuagint did the same before us. So did the writers of the Peshito-Syriac and other ancient versions. For more than twenty centuries the meaning of very much of the Old Testament Scriptures has been utterly overlooked and mistaken. The fact is, there are two Hebrew languages. There is the one which commonly passes by the name, the historic, traditional, pointed, Masoretic Hebrew. This, however, is only a derived and, in great measure, an artificial tongue, which owes its existence partly to changes occasioned by time and accident, partly to the influence of the Greek of the Seventy. There is another and older Hebrew, which is the original and true one. It is the pure text of our Bibles, disengaged from the orthographical envelopments and modifications of the Masoretes, and interpreted in accordance with the 'mystical and prophetic character' which properly belongs to the language, and with certain grammatical and lexicographical principles, which our author indicates. Dr. Pratt believes, that if the key, which his views furnish for the elucidation of the Old Testament, be duly applied, not only will the cosmogony of Moses be completely reconciled 'with the revelations of science even in its most minute details;'—this, he assures us, it has already done;—but 'the great truths of Christianity' as a whole will be brought out 'in such a forcible manner, that none but the wilfully blind will be able to reject them.' Meanwhile he gives us 'a few selected readings for the purpose of illustrating his system, and showing the power of the ancient Hebrew tongue.' Of these the first, as might be expected, is the opening paragraph of the Pentateuch; and we quote some portions of it for the encouragement of those who may wish to pursue the line of inquiry which Dr. Pratt has opened. 'With deliberation God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was crude and unorganized, and inert as to the crust of the heaving mass; and a mighty wind was rushing over the surface of the waters. And God said, "Let there be volcanic action," and there was volcanic action, and God saw the volcanic action that it was good; and God distinguished between the volcanic action and between the inertia, and God called the volcanic action "the Active Condition," and the inertia He called "the Passive Condition." And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the first formation.' This is the beginning of the paragraph. It ends thus. 'And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the sixth formation. Thus were completed the heavens and the earth, and all their development; for God had accomplished in the seventh formation His purpose which he had formed; so he rested in the seventh formation from His whole plan which He had made; and God blessed the seventh formation and hallowed it; for in it He who had created—the God of the formations—rested from all His design. These are the generations of the heavens and the earth during their creation; by a succession of formations God created heaven and earth.' Now altogether apart from the philology of the case, we put it to Dr. Pratt, whether he really supposes that the inspired author of

Genesis ever wrote anything like this, for the benefit of the people whom he led through the wilderness; or whether he imagines that, if he had done so, one soul in a thousand of them would have had the smallest conception of his meaning. To say nothing of those to whom the Pentateuch was first addressed, what sort of harmony is there, we would ask, between this philosophical jargon, and the simple, popular style which the Scriptures invariably adopt in speaking of the phenomena of nature? Surely, if the writer is not so mystified by his theory as to be past seeing what every one else will see, he must perceive that his Hebrew is the child of his geology, and that there is no manner of reason why the first of Genesis, on his principles of interpretation, should not mean precisely what any one wishes it to do. We will undertake, by Dr. Pratt's method, to prove to demonstration from the Old Testament Hebrew as many absurdities in religion, ethics, history, and science, as he chooses to name. With regard to the linguistic argument in which the writer has netted himself, we can only say, that it is a series of fallacies and illusions from end to end. It is a mere hypothesis, that the Hebrew at any stage of its history had the typical and symbolical meaning which Dr. Pratt attributes to it. There is no evidence whatever, that the language underwent any such changes of vocabulary and idiom as he believes it to have passed through: on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that, with few exceptions, the Hebrew of Malachi is that of Moses. Scripture and science too are both emphatic in their teaching, that the languages of Assyria, Aram, and Arabia are not lineal descendants of the Old Testament Hebrew. If chronology and ethnology did not forbid the supposition, the structure of these languages is an unanswerable objection to this part of Dr. Pratt's theory: and we have great difficulty in understanding how any one, who has the smallest acquaintance with them, could hazard such an opinion. History, tradition, analogy, and, we are bound to add, common sense, are all clean in the teeth of the reasoning of this strange book. It will be a kindness to the author not to go into detail. We sincerely respect the motives which led him to the studies out of which his work has sprung. There is not a word in the whole volumes which betokens conceit or moral littleness of any kind. It contains much which the scholar, the natural philosopher, and the student of Revelation may turn to good account. But as a contribution to philology and Biblical criticism it has no value whatever. It is one of those curious day-dreams, in which good and gifted men are sometimes led to indulge, and of which it is hard to say whether the simplicity or the ingenuity that gave them birth is the more astonishing.

**Havelock's March and other Poems.** By Gerald Massey.  
London: Trübner and Co. 1861.

WE welcome a new volume of poems from Mr. Massey for two reasons: first, because it is a token that he is yet alive, and has not

succumbed beneath the cold scorn of Dame Fortune; and, secondly, because we expect to find in it fresh marks of that genius which met with early and wide recognition. And here we cannot but regret that no one of our poet's admirers—and they are neither few nor weak—has exerted the pressure requisite to obtain for him some place (Government has plenty such at its disposal) which, with light work and wages, would raise the poet's spirit above the depressing ills of poverty, and leave him daily a few hours of leisure for the cultivation of those talents which have already afforded his contemporaries so much wholesome gratification. We feel the more strongly on this point, because, though Mr. Massey possesses special qualifications for erotic composition, he has always circled his lyrics of love within the sacred enclosure of home and family life, and has not stooped to be a follower of Moore or Byron, both of whom he could easily have surpassed in breadth of outline and warmth of colouring. To him, indeed, we owe the sweetest songs of courtship, the merriest marriage-ditties, and the most touching lays of child-life, that have ever been given to the world. It would then, be a lasting disgrace to his many friends, and to the age itself, if such a man were always to live as if in a fair way to share the fate of Otway. It is not uncommon for people to laugh at what they think the absurdity of our forefathers in making a poet an exciseman: but there was much truer wisdom in bestowing on Burns a gaugership, and setting Wordsworth to distribute stamps, than is shown by those who can encourage able men to devote their lives to literature, can let them starve or work themselves to death, and can finally acknowledge their merit by a scanty pittance doled out to their children. We would fain believe that the public (or its chief servant, the premier) only needs to be reminded of its duty to a struggling son of genius; and we heartily hope that—though Mr. Massey may not be thought mediocre enough for a line on the Pension List—he may speedily be presented with such a post as will enable him, still young as he is, to sing more freely and cheerily, than he could while beating his wings against the bars of misfortune. We make no apology for thus alluding to his struggles, because they are well known to his brethren of the press,—and he has their deep sympathy,—and because they form an observable ingredient in much of his poetry, and cannot but catch the eye of all his readers. Though he never whines over his misfortunes, or makes them into a mendicity ditty, they give a tinge of sadness to many of his poems, and fairly constitute a public debt, which the nation should creditably wipe out by timely generosity.

In the volume before us there is much that is good, from which we would willingly extract, if we had space. Mr. Massey breaks new ground successfully in 'The Norseman,' 'Old King Hake,' &c. His 'Poem Dedicatory to Lady Marian Alford' is a richly coloured composition; 'Havelock's March' contains some vigorous description and sound sentiment; and the poems in memory of the poet's little daughter are very sweet and touching. But we prefer to take this volume as an earnest of what its author will yet do, should health



and leisure and better fortune be granted him ; feeling confident that yet richer wine than this (sparkling as it is) will hereafter brim over from the poet's chaplet-crowned goblet.

*Horæ Subsecivæ.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinb. Second Series. Edmonstone. 1861.

PLEASED as we were with the first series of these *Horæ*, we are still more pleased with the second. The public generally would doubtless think the selection of subjects less interesting ; but the personal reminiscences, and sketches of character, which occupy so large a part of the new volume, are altogether to our taste. Nothing can be more beautiful than the style of some parts of it. The letter to Dr. Cairns, containing additional memorials of that remarkable divine and expositor, the writer's father, together with a variety of free and appropriate sketches of some of his compeers, like himself departed, is a perfect model of what that kind of writing should be. From it we shall make a few extracts, which however will give but a faint impression of the grace and humour and wholesome tone of the entire volume.

After all that has been written and read about Dr. Chalmers, the following notices of him are fresh and well worth reading.

'We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that a famous preacher was to be at a neighbouring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent, and sat still ; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy ; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight, vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea ; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of blithe company ;" the country side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk, we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell,—

"He had a hardness in his eye,  
He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid, when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was as full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation ! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare ; all the dignity and vacancy of animals ; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little, and look much, and at far off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look with him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves." He looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile, its general benignity ; how he let the light of his countenance fall on us. He read a few verses quietly ; and then

prayed briefly, solemnly with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but his subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why, it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it. He told us how death reigned everywhere at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in, everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme,—the simple, terrible statement,—was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion, and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us, as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier: who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced with redoubled energy and richness the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency, of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power, the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging toward the wonderful speaker; and when he sat down, after warning each of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed Death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sank back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look, exhausted, but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death. Then a short psalm, and all was ended.

'We went home quieter than we came, we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers: we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor: we thought of other things,—that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice, "that tremendous necessity."

In conclusion, we can recommend this volume to our readers as one of the many contributions to a knowledge of Scottish character and manners which we have lately received from the North.

